THE SATURDAY EVENI POST

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March '91 $2.25

Angela Lansbury: Fitness, She Wrote

Dr. Kenneth Cooper Building Tougher Bones

Walking for Optimum Health

Celebrating Stevan Dohanos In the Illustrators' Hall of Fame

Charles Kuralt: On the Road

Heart Healthy Recipes

Award-Winning Fiction

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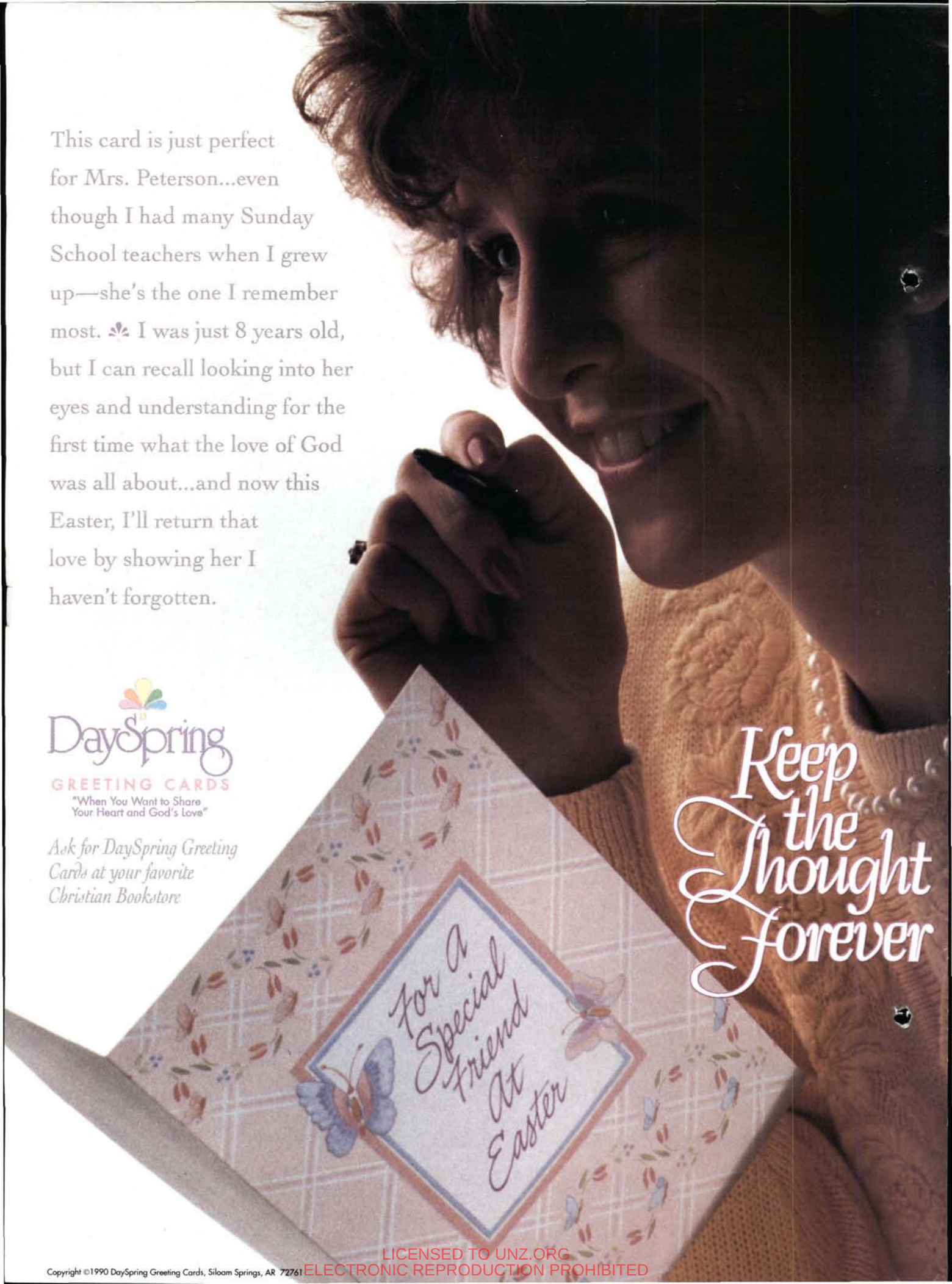
This card is just perfect for Mrs. Peterson...even though I had many Sunday School teachers when I grew up—she's the one I remember most. I was just 8 years old, but I can recall looking into her eyes and understanding for the first time what the love of God was all about...and now this Easter, I'll return that love by showing her I haven't forgotten.
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Ask for DaySpring Greeting Cards at your favorite Christian Bookstore
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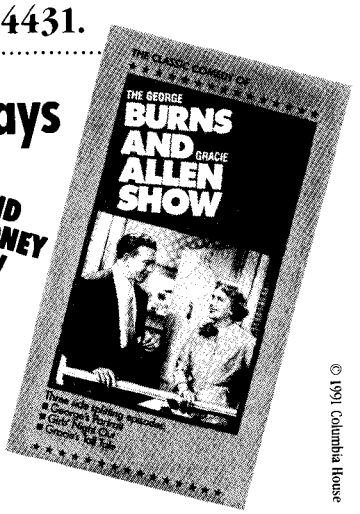

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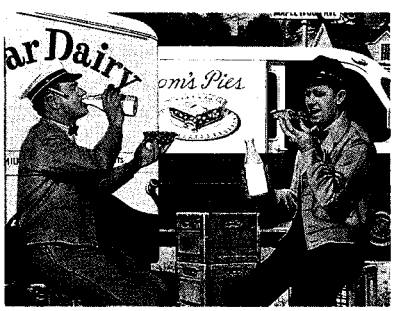
Angela Lansbury—having solved the mystery of staying in shape, shares her secrets with *Post* readers. **42**

Dr. Ken Cooper's Prescription—for healthier bones is a steady but safe regimen of strength exercises. **32**



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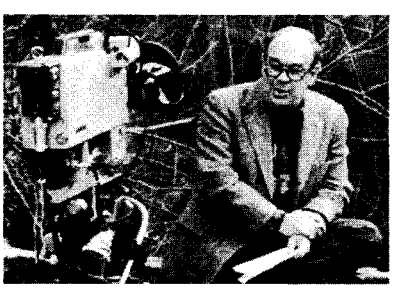

Road Scholar Charles Kuralt—recalls moments off the beaten track in his travels across the face of the United States. **46**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

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(Cover photo courtesy of CBS)

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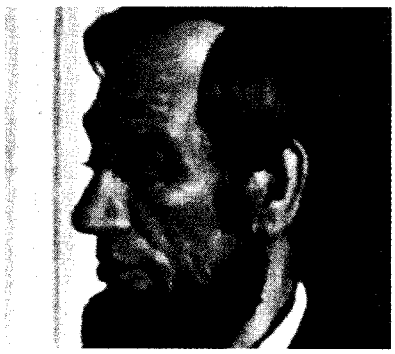
A Reel Catch—in today's market are the ice fishing decoys that once lured bluegill and trout and now are attracting schools of collectors. **64**

Hiking for Health—and a happier life was promoted in the *Post* as far back as 1910. **68**



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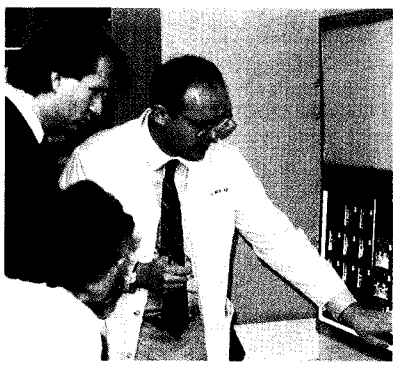

A Pain in the Back—is a pain in the neck for millions of sufferers, but help is on the way. **98**

Letters

A Matter of Choice

Congratulations on your refusal of cigarette ads. Smoking is allowed only because it's not practical to outlaw it, so the next best thing is to discourage its use, especially in young prospective nicotine addicts.

Mrs. Huchet (Nov./Dec. '90) compares smoking to "overeating, alcohol abuse, and excessive sunbathing." Unfortunately, deaths from cigarettes are far greater than all those maladies she mentioned, plus AIDS. Long-time smokers who survive usually have a greatly diminished quality of life. Smoking represents our largest single preventable cause of death and disability in this country, and costs us about $70 billion a year in health care costs and lost productivity. We all share these costs.

Mrs. Huchet would not condone persons with AIDS "exercising their freedom" by continuing to infect others. And yet that's exactly what advertisers of tobacco products do. And as serious and tragic a problem as AIDS is, it pales in comparison to the numbers struck down by cigarettes.

Joe R. Monroe, P.A.
Vancouver, Washington

I am amazed at the faulty reasoning of the two women who canceled their subscriptions because you refuse to carry tobacco advertisements.

After reading these letters, I thought it time to send my subscription renewal for two years.

Keep up the good work.

Frank N. Rice
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I just received my Nov./Dec. issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* (I love you). I first saw the *Post* at my aunt's house when I was 12 years old. (I'm now 51.) I was staying with her and Uncle Henry for the summer on their farm in Charles City, Iowa. They have both passed on but the *Post* hasn't. I never got to subscribe until the past few years and I will always try to keep it coming my way.

I am a smoker. I have smoked for many years (I started at 14). I always read the letter section first and in it there are people who say they won't renew because you don't advertise cigarettes. Please continue not to. Just

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because you don't advertise these doesn't mean your magazine is no good. I have not found one better with or without advertising tobacco.

The only thing that bothers me about this issue (smoking) is that everyone wants to take away a "right" that people have. We have the right to choose. I respect anyone who does not smoke and if I'm in their home I do not smoke. If I see a sign that says no smoking, I do not smoke. But in my own home and personal vehicle when this right is being taken away from me, it's not fair. I enjoy smoking.

Please just let those of us who do smoke for pleasure continue to do so without the government interfering or anyone else. Don't change your magazine but also don't look down on me because I light a cigarette when I feel I want one.

Shirley Haynes
Cairo, Illinois

Editor's note: Thank you for your letter. We're sorry you began smoking at 14. We do believe that the merchants who sold the cigarettes to you at that age were wrong in doing so. Don't you feel that local governments might well pass ordinances to revoke licenses to prevent this from happening? For example, seeing to it that merchants are licensed to sell cigarettes just as they're licensed to sell liquor. Then if they're apprehended for selling to minors, these licenses could be revoked.

The question on the second matter, if you smoke in your own bedroom, you still harm others in society because you will greatly enhance the possibility that you will require medical services that will have to be paid for by your fellow man, all because you smoked. Quitting now will lessen your chances of letting this habit cause you to be a burden on society as you grow older.

The Power of Prayer

George Washington's Christmas prayer was an eloquent reminder of what one of our early Americans felt for his country and the people in it. However, another American expressed his feelings for his people and country in a more poignant and powerful way. Read the following prayer and see if you don't agree.

Margaret F. Hardin
Temple, Texas

"Treat all men alike.
Give them all the same law.
Give them all an even chance
To live and grow....
All men were made by the same
Great Spirit Chief.
They are all brothers....

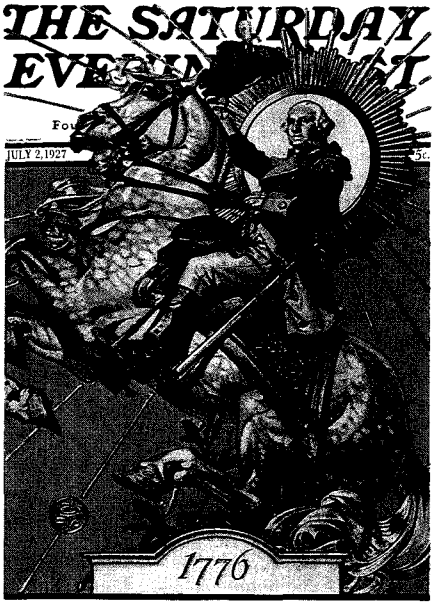
The mother Earth is the mother
Of all people, and people should
Have equal rights upon it...

We only ask an even chance to
Live as other men live.
We ask to be recognized as men...
Let me be a free man...
Free to work, free to trade,
Free to choose my teachers,
Free to follow the religion
of my fathers,
Free to think and talk and
Act for myself....and
I will obey every law or submit
To the penalty."

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians, 1879

In Closing

Your publication of George Washington's Prayer for His Country on page 64 of your Nov./Dec. 1990 edition was beautiful!



But the final paragraph of the petition is missing. An Army and Navy Song and Service Book for Ship and Field, published by the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, in 1942, contains this prayer, and it reads as follows:

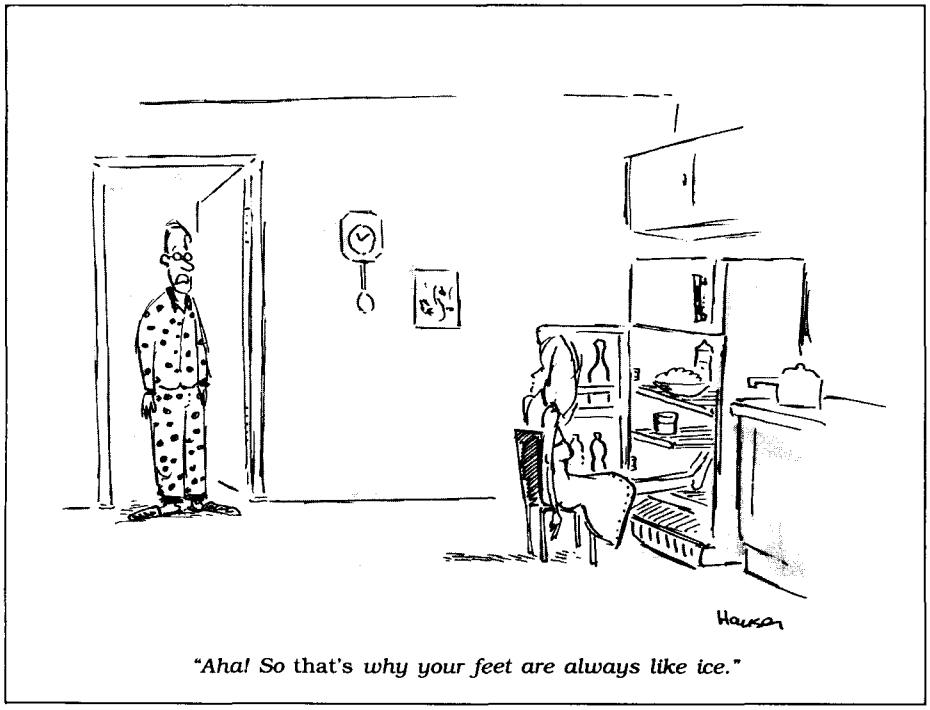
Grant our supplications, we beseech thee, through

Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

It seems important to us that all of President Washington's prayer should have been included.

Charles Phillips
Moreno Valley, California

Editor's note: Several adaptations to George Washington's original letter exist. The original manuscript was not intended as a prayer but as a letter to the governors at the end of the war. To review a copy of the original manuscript, please refer to the official resource on Mr. Washington's correspondence, The Writings of George



"Aha! So that's why your feet are always like ice."

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A 50th anniversary tribute to the most popular film ever made... a Bradford Exchange recommendation

Gone With the Wind – it is a film that has captured the hearts and imagination of millions for generations. Now, artist Howard Rogers re-creates a poignant scene from this immortal movie, Scarlett's last film moment at her plantation home, in "Home to Tara," a new limited-edition plate.

"Home to Tara" is from the *Gone With the Wind: Golden Anniversary Series*, the only plate series authorized by MGM and Turner Entertainment Co. to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the film classic! And, like exceptional collector's plates that now command high prices on the plate market, "Home to Tara" appears well positioned to go up in value after the edition closes.

Not all plates go up in value; some go down. But the edition of "Home to Tara" is strictly limited to a maximum of 150 firing days, and demand is expected to be strong. So if you wish to obtain this plate at the $27.50 issue price, the time to act is now. To order your plate – fully backed by our one-year money-back guarantee – send no money now, simply complete and mail the coupon at right.

© 1990 BGE

GWB-230

Order Form for "Home to Tara"

The Bradford Exchange
Trading Floor
9345 Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, IL 60648

Please respond by: March 31, 1991

Please enter my order for "Home to Tara." I understand that I need send no money now. I will be billed the $27.50 issue price, plus $3.19 for postage and handling, when my plate is shipped. (Limit: one plate per customer.)

X _____
Signature

_____ (____) _____
Name (Please Print) Telephone

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Washington from the Original Manuscript Sources 1745-1799 *by John C. Fitzpatrick, Editor, Volume 26, published by authority of Congress, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.*

Subscription Prescription

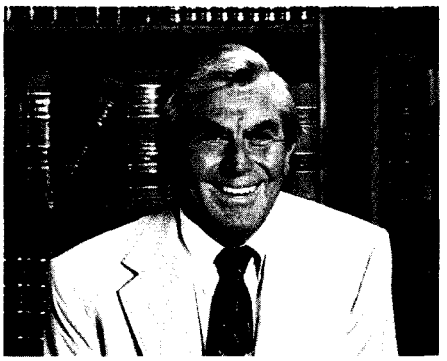
I've been a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for years. I recall reading those absorbing *Post* serials of 30 or more years ago. They were the best. I'd like to make a suggestion as to how to enhance the *Post* of today. Why don't you start running some mystery, adventure, or western serials again? Even reprints of those types would be good. Also, how about some articles on politics, and the world and economy, etc.? I'm sure your readers would appreciate it. I don't feel that television should be a sufficient reason not to do some of my suggestions. In-depth reporting is always superior to pictures on a screen. Let me know, please, about my suggestions. Perhaps you have other views.

David Britt
South Haven, Michigan

Andy's Greatest Role

The "Post People" story on Andy Griffith (July/August 1990) makes a paradoxical statement: "Perhaps his greatest triumph, however, has been in recovering from Guillain-Barré syndrome, a rare neurological disease for which there is no known cure."

It seems to me that the cure is right in front of the medical profession's eyes. The *Post* statement implies that a cure has to be injected by a syringe or come in a bottle that says, "Take three tablets daily at mealtime," before it's considered a cure. Such a definition of cure strikes me as very



narrow-minded and even unscientific. After all, Andy got well, even if it didn't happen the way doctors apparently want such things to happen.

Steve Koehler
Wendell, Idaho

Homesick for America

We are two American Christian boys studying in Paris for the year. We were both raised on *The Saturday Evening Post,* and we both think that it is the reason that we have both done so well in school. We have sure missed the *SEP* since we have been in Paris. We received a copy of it from James' grandmother yesterday in the mail. Boy, were we happy.

We thought we'd send you some thoughts on Europe. It sure is hard for Christian boys to find good, clean fun in Europe. Everybody is a smoker. We sure wish we had Dr. Sullivan to warn the French people about the dangers of smoking cigarettes. Even young mothers smoke right in the faces of their babies! It sure is disgusting. We don't find it attractive at all. When French girls try to talk to us and they are smoking, we just walk away. We think all boys should do the same thing and then maybe girls would stop smoking. It's not cool.

Thanks for the picture of Mrs. Quayle (October '90) on the cover. We think she is a very beautiful woman and more young ladies should follow her example of clean, family living. Can't wait to get back to the U.S.A.!

James MacInnis & Fred Biggar
Paris, France

Misleading the Public?

Your October 1990 issue states that Marilyn and Dan Quayle attended "law school at Indiana University."

Such a statement is misleading: "Indiana University" is generally assumed to be the well-known, Big Ten Conference member main campus at Bloomington. The official name of the Quayles' alma mater is Indiana U.-Purdue U. at Indianapolis. This institution, whose name in abbreviated form is I.U.P.U.I., lacks the national reputation of Indiana University at Bloomington.

Are the Quayles attempting to mislead the public regarding their educational attainments, or are they merely the subject of careless reporting?

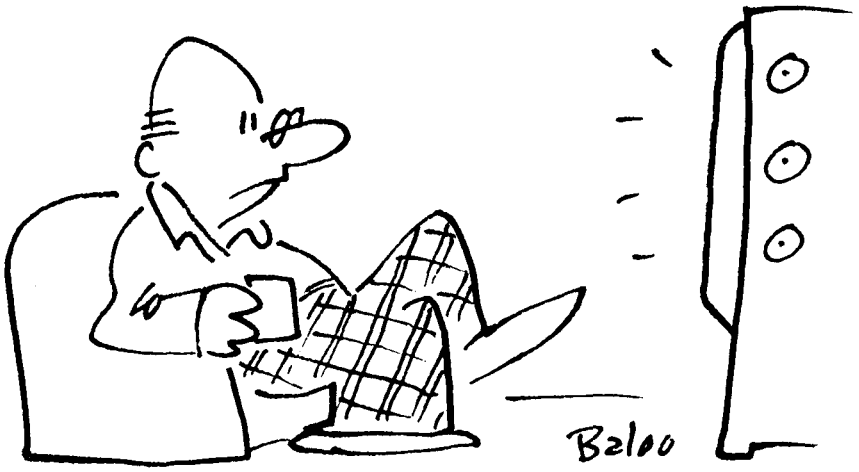
James P. Lambe, J.D.
Fresno, California

Editor's note: The law schools in both Bloomington and Indianapolis are called the Indiana University School of Law, and each has a positive reputation. Any student who attends any Indiana University-affiliated undergraduate or graduate program at I.U.P.U.I. receives a degree from I.U., not I.U.P.U.I. The Indianapolis school is Indiana University's second main campus and a Purdue University extension campus.

Wanted: More Sports

I have more time for reading, now that I'm retired. I never fail to pick up the *Post* at the newsstand. Your magazine articles are interesting, informative, and wholesome.

However, I do have one slight beef: I wish there were more sports stories. Baseball is my favorite, and there seems to be plenty to write about these days—huge salaries, malcon-



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tented players—and it also would be nice to read about some of the unsung heroes of the past. Baseball had some great characters, like Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby, Ducky Medwick, and Hack Wilson. It would satisfy the senior set, some of who are avid readers of the *Post*.

Thank you for a great magazine.

A.W. Kearns
Boston, Massachusetts

The Scoop On Potatoes

The September issue has an interesting article on "A Passion for Potatoes" by Patrick Perry. I found it interesting and would like to know where the author got his information for the article.

Avid Wysocki
Custer, Wisconsin

Editor's note: Our potato lovers gleaned potato facts from the United States Department of Agriculture information division, Purdue University, The Potato Board, and the Post*'s test kitchen.*

"Pumped-Up" On Arnold

As a subscriber to *The Saturday Evening Post*, I was deeply gratified to see the article "Marketing Fitness With The President and Arnold Schwarzenegger" (July/August 1990).

This article with its many fine pictures brought back pleasant memories, as I was one of the many people invited to attend this interesting event.

It was a thrilling experience to see President and Mrs. Bush, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and so many former Olympic champions like Bruce Jenner and Mary Lou Retton, and also ice skater Dorothy Hamill, tennis player Arthur Ashe, and golfer Sam Snead.

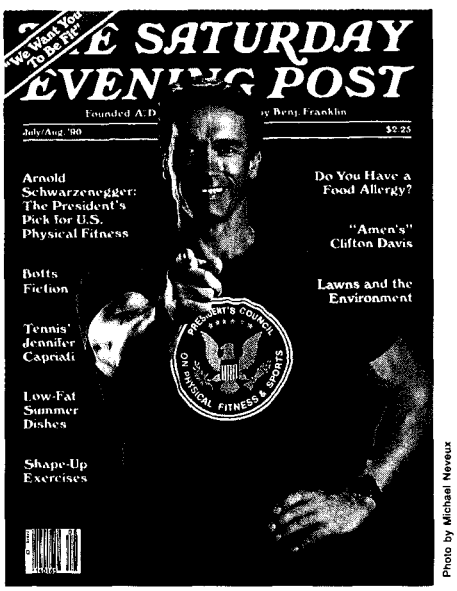

Photo by Michael Neveux

This issue will be passed on to my two granddaughters, who were happy that I was part of this event.

Edna Brecht
Leesburg, Virginia

Don't Forget McManus

Norman Cousins' article in your October 1990 issue, "The Laughter Prescription," presents an interesting concept in dealing with illness, but Mr. Cousins is guilty of an omission.

His list of "What's Funny" books does not include anything by Spokane author Pat McManus. His series of books about the adventures and misadventures connected with hunting and fishing are all hilarious, but the funniest one, in my opinion, is the first one published, "A Fine and Pleasant Misery."

I recommend Pat McManus's works to anyone looking for a good laugh, whether it be for therapeutic reasons or for pure entertainment.

Jack O'Brien
Spokane, Washington

Editor's note: Thanks to you, Post *readers can look forward to humor by Pat McManus in future issues. We encourage suggestions from our readers.*

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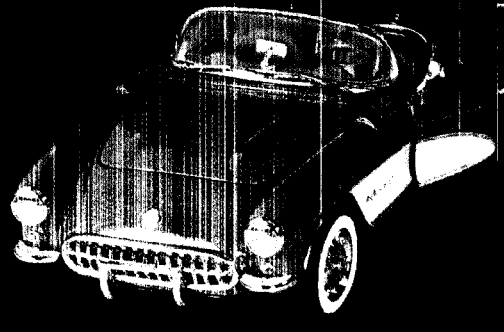

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Post People

Neither snow nor sleet nor a concert tour with Florence Henderson can keep entertainer ***Pat Boone*** from hosting his 11th National Easter Seal Telethon, March 2 and 3.

If, among the telethon audience of over 60 million, there may be one or two who think that this is Boone's once-a-year commitment to the Easter Seal mission—forget it. The truth is, the singer, writer, and television and movie star speaks on Easter Seal's behalf wherever his talent takes him. *The Human Touch*, Boone's latest book, also chronicles the enduring work of this altruistic organization, which since 1919 has been helping families with disabilities to reach maximum independence.

All that's lacking now is a song by Pat Boone about Easter Seal.

Carol Burnett is now succeeding where the likes of Dick Van Dyke, Valerie Harper, Mary Tyler Moore, and, yes, even the beloved Lucille Ball have failed. We refer to the difficult and treacherous Comeback Trail.

Here, 12 years after the demise of her long-running variety hit series, "The Carol Burnett Show," Carol Burnett will be putting the prime in prime time with her second season of "Carol & Company."

Playing a different character in each episode and performing without the support of Harvey Korman and Tim Conway are but two of the obstacles faced by the 57-year-old commedienne and actress. Bucking the hit series "Twin Peaks" in the same Saturday night time slot is another.

"If 'Carol and Company' flopped, it would be a noble flop," Burnett says. "I think I would rather flop with something I enjoyed than succeed with something I didn't like."

Do you remember the Gothic classic "Dark Shadows" that went off the air in April 1971? Do you remember ***Jean Simmons***, the London-born actress who made her acting debut at 14, and at 18 was starring as Ophelia in Lawrence Olivier's "Hamlet"?

Of course you remember. In its five-year run "Dark Shadows" amassed a following which, through fan clubs, syndication and home videos, is still strong today. As for Jean Simmons, she is perhaps remembered best for her Emmy Award-winning role in the mini-series "The Thorn Birds."

The best news is, both are back; 25 years after its debut, "Dark Shadows" returns to television as an all-new prime time production—complete with time travel, the occult and, of course, vampires. Jean Simmons becomes Elizabeth Collins Stoddard, the stoic matriarch of the Collins family—with its invasion of a darkly handsome stranger and a long-lost cousin whose brooding good looks mask an inner, gruesome secret. Wow!

"Columbo," the disheveled but shrewd detective, may have a new raincoat, but that is still ***Peter Falk*** inside. This time in two-hour episodes, the first being "Smokescreen," guest-starring George Hamilton.

Although Falk is best known for his title role in the popular "Columbo" series, which aired for seven years on CBS and earned him three Emmy Awards, he also prides himself on being an artist. He cherishes as well a Tony Award for starring on Broadway in Neil Simon's *Prisoner of Second Avenue*.

As for his degree in political science, his Master's degree in public administration from Syracuse University, and his short career as a cook in South America, Peter Falk no longer pursues those interests.

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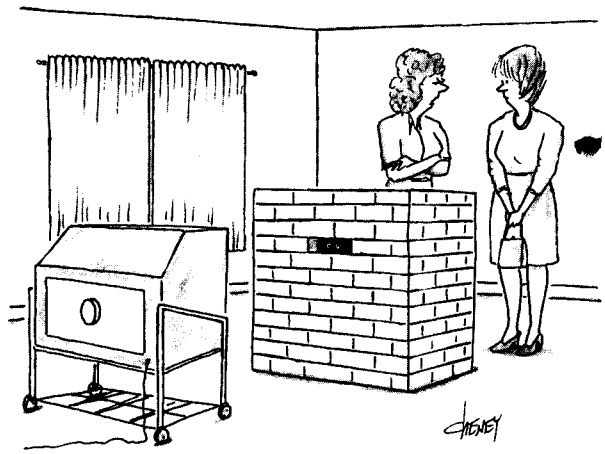
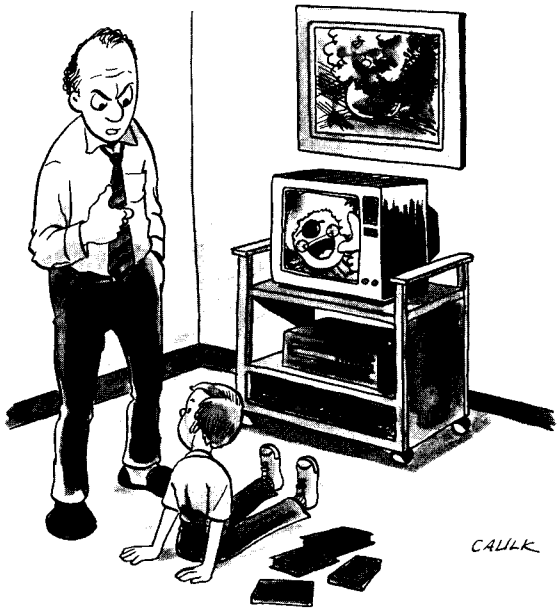


"In a way, it's my fault...two years ago I told him, 'Oh, go ahead and be a macho, non-communicative emotional hermit if that's what you want."



"When I was your age, I had to watch whatever the networks put in front of me!"

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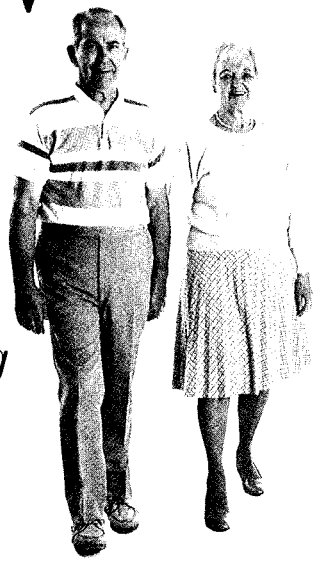

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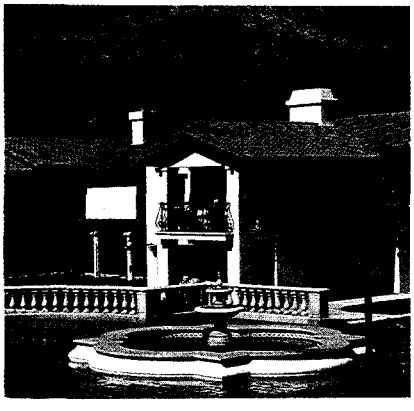

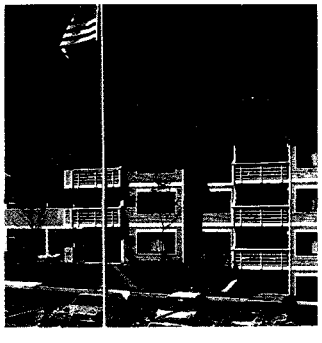

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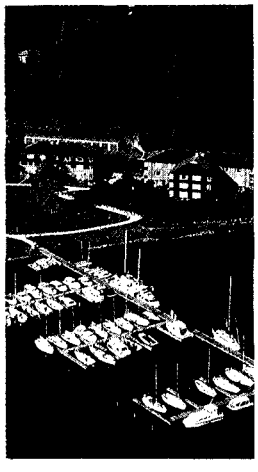

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TESTING YOUR NUTRITION IQ

How much do you really know about what you eat?
Test your knowledge during National Nutrition Month with this quiz from The American Dietetic Association.

1. Which of these foods contains the least amount of saturated fat?

a) 2 tablespoons peanut butter
b) 1 ounce natural cheddar cheese
c) 2 ounces bologna

Answer: a. The peanut butter contains 3.0 grams of saturated fat. Animal products are the main sources of saturated fat in most diets: one ounce of cheddar cheese has 6 grams; two ounces of bologna, 3.4 grams.

2. T or F? For a balanced diet, one should eat an equal number of servings each day from the five major food groups.

Answer: False. Suggested daily servings for most adults are:

Vegetables	3-5 servings
Fruits	2-4 servings
Breads, cereals, rice, pasta	6-11 servings
Milk, yogurt, and cheese	2-3 servings
Meats, poultry, fish, dry beans and peas, eggs, and nuts	2-3 servings

3. T or F? Turkey hotdogs contain less fat than all-beef hotdogs.

Answer: True. One turkey hotdog contains about 8 grams of fat while an all-beef hotdog of equal size has almost 13 grams of fat.

4. On average, Americans consume more than twice the recommended amount of salt each day.

Answer: True. Most Americans eat more salt and sodium than they need. Food and beverages containing salt provide most of the sodium in our diets, much of it added during processing and manufacturing.

5. Which contains about the same amount of calcium as one cup of skim milk?

a) 2 cups cottage cheese
b) 1½ ounces natural cheese
c) 1 cup yogurt
d) all of the above

Answer: d. Although these foods provide the same amount of calcium as the skim milk, they may contain more fat and calories. Registered dietitians recommend low-fat or fat-free dairy products for most adults.

6. By asking a fast food restaurant to "hold the mayonnaise" from your burger, you're saving how many grams of fat?

a) 5
b) 10
c) 25

Answer: b. One tablespoon of mayonnaise has 10 grams of fat, and 100 calories. It's better to season a burger with low-fat standbys like ketchup and mustard.

7. Which of the following foods are not rich in complex carbohydrates?

a) bread and corn
b) apples and grapes
c) split peas and crackers
d) potatoes and rice

Answer: b. Apples and grapes, like other fruits, are rich in simple sugars but contain no complex carbohydrates. Fruits, vegetables and grains all contribute to meeting total carbohydrate needs.

8. Which of the following is considered a safe rate of weight loss?

a) ½ to 1 pound per week
b) 2 to 3 pounds per week
c) 4 to 5 pounds per week
d) 1 pound per day

Answer: a. Gradual weight reduction is more successful because it requires only slight changes in eating and exercise behavior that are easier to maintain over a long period of time.

9. Running a mile burns about 100 calories. Walking the same distance burns how many calories?

a) 50
b) 75
c) 100

Answer: c. Both activities use about the same number of calories.

10. T or F? All margarines contain fewer calories and less fat than butter.

Answer: False. Regular margarine and butter both contain about five grams of fat and 45 calories per teaspoon. Whipped butters and margarines contain less fat and fewer calories per teaspoon.

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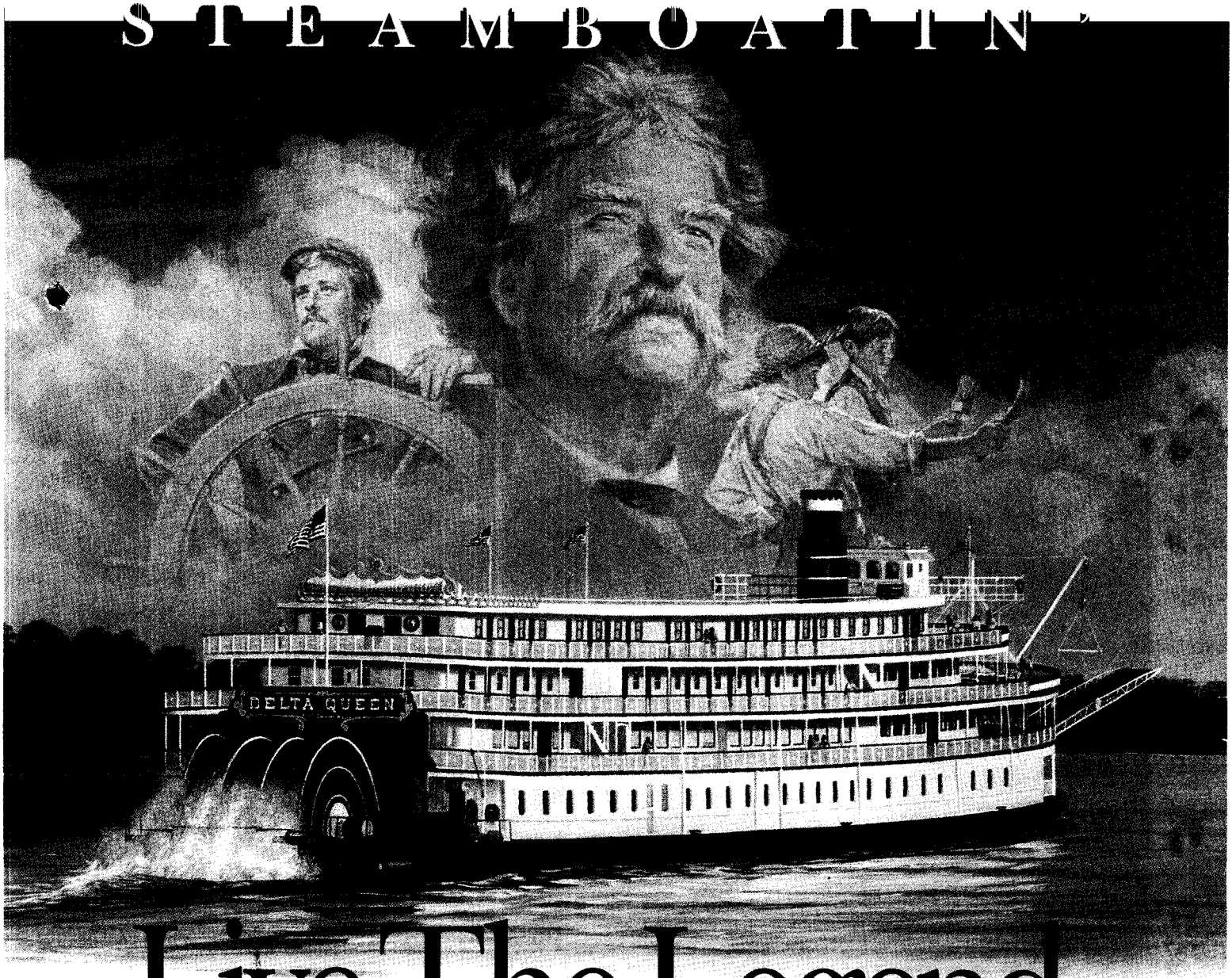

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BONING UP

Whether you are young or old, a diet rich in calcium can help strengthen your defenses against osteoporosis.

by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D.

There's no question that calcium is absolutely necessary in building and maintaining a good, solid bone mass—or what I call "tough bones." Unfortunately, the average person consumes far less calcium than needed in his or her daily diet.

How much calcium do you need each day? The Recommended Daily Allowance (RDA) suggested by the U.S. government is 800 milligrams. In fact, for full bone development and protection against bone loss at all stages of life, you really need more—preferably 1,000 to 1,500 mg daily. That's the range that has been identified by a National Institutes of Health Consensus Conference on Osteoporosis as the necessary amount required to prevent bone-loss disease.

But how much calcium do people really get? Various dietary surveys show that the typical person gets 450 to 550 mg per day. Our studies at the Aerobics Center, where we have done nutritional analyses on the diets of thousands of men and women of all ages, support these findings.

The main sources of calcium in most people's diets are dairy foods, especially milk. Skim milk in particular is a great source of calcium, with about 300 mg in an 8-ounce glass. Whole milk has about 10 mg less. Yogurt is also a good source of calcium.

So why not just load up on three glasses of milk and maybe some yogurt each day to meet your minimum quota of 1,000 mg of calcium? For some people, this solution may work quite well. But other people just don't like dairy products. Still others—an

From Preventing Osteoporosis *by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.H. Copyright © 1989 by Kenneth H. Cooper. Reprinted by permission of Bantam Books, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.*

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◀ *Salmon Steaks with Spinach Pesto*

estimated 60 percent or more of the population—can't consume many dairy products in their diets because of gastrointestinal discomforts such as gas and cramps, which arise from what's known as a "lactose intolerance." This problem involves an inability to digest the sugar lactose in milk products because of a deficiency in the enzyme lactase.

Lactose-intolerant diets should include much of their calcium in the form of various supplements, as well as calcium-carrying nondairy foods such as broccoli and collards. These diets do include some dairy products. The reason for this is that almost all lactose-intolerant people, even those with significant deficiencies in the enzyme lactase, can still handle a certain amount of dairy foods.

Although the U.S. RDA for calcium is 800 mg, I prefer to go with the higher 1,000-to-1,500 range, which has been endorsed by the National Institutes of Health, as well as by Dr. Charles Pak and other experts.

The reason for choosing the higher amount is that it's important to be certain you reach at least a "zero calcium balance" in your body. That is, you should be retaining at least as much calcium as you're losing. If you're consuming only the average amounts of 450 to 550 mg a day that many Americans take in, you're in danger of losing bone mass. Furthermore, you are putting yourself at greater risk for osteoporosis.

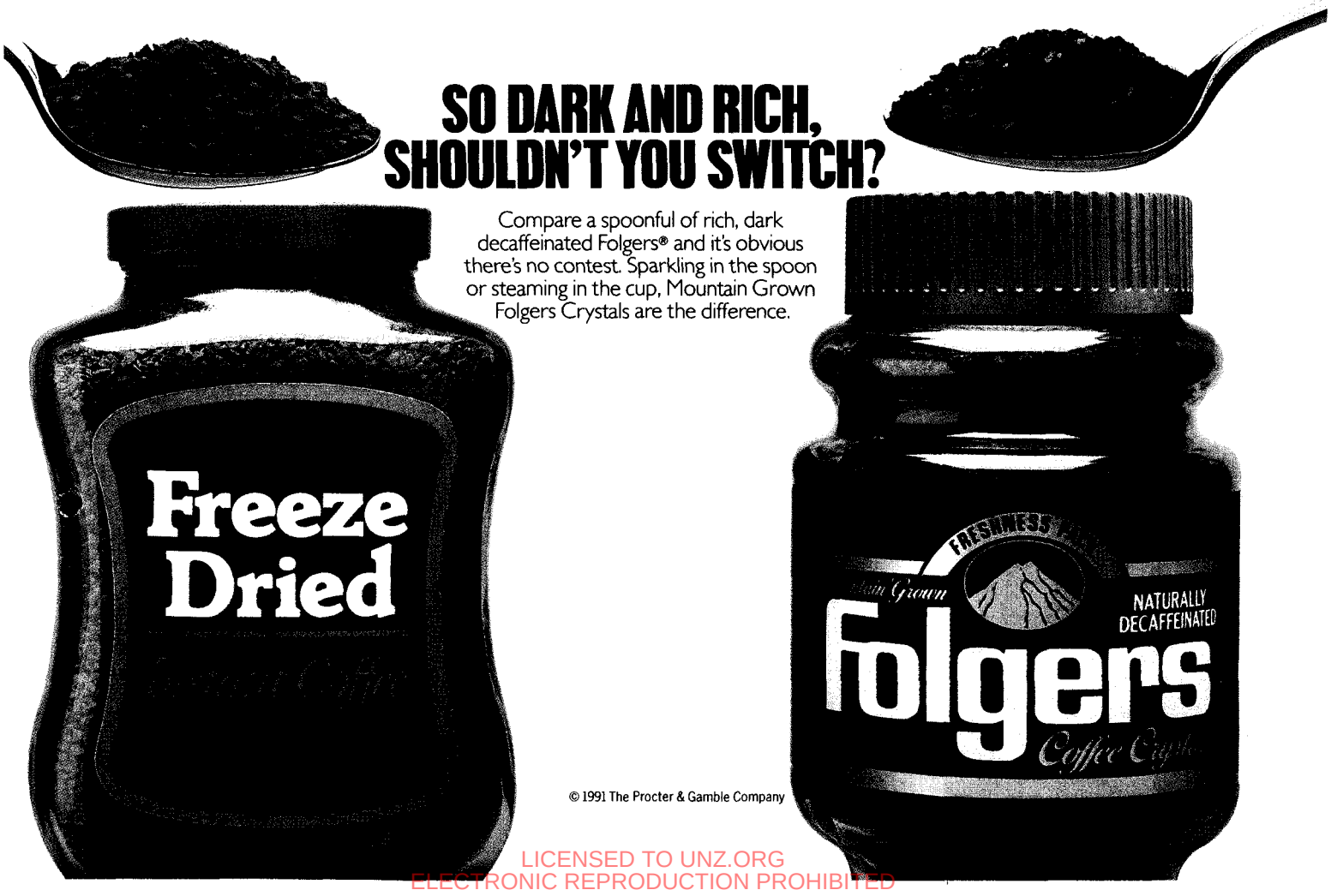
In addition, recent studies have shown that under some circumstances increasing your calcium consumption may lower your risk of hypertension. For example, one study of pregnant women suggested that high blood pressure was associated with low calcium intake. Also, nationwide surveys and clinical studies have indicated that as a group, those who have high blood pressure take in less calcium than do those who have normal blood pressure. Specifically, one study revealed that people who consume fewer than 300 mg of calcium daily have a two to three times greater risk of developing hypertension than do those consuming 1,500 mg a day.

Calcium from different sources is absorbed by the body with varying degrees of efficiency. In other words, calcium may be more "bioavailable" from one source than from another. In general, calcium in certain supplements tends to be better absorbed or more bioavailable than in others.

The calcium contained in milk—calcium phosphate—isn't as well absorbed when it's given as a pure salt. It's much better absorbed in the form of milk. Furthermore, skim milk seems to be better than whole milk, probably because the fats in whole milk interfere with the absorption of calcium.

Spinach contains a great deal of calcium, but it has very low bioavailability—only about 3 percent of its calcium gets absorbed into the body. This is because the oxalates or organic salts in spinach operate in the intestines to prevent absorption of calcium.

Other common calcium-containing foods include yogurt, canned sardines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and salmon (eaten with bones still present), canned or fresh oysters, collard greens, dandelion greens, turnips, mustard greens, broccoli, and kale. In many cases, their exact calcium bioavailability hasn't yet been ascertained through research studies. But you can assume they compare favorably with the calcium bioavailability of milk.

Salmon Steaks with Spinach Pesto
(Makes 6 servings)

1 package (10 ounces) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
1/2 cup fresh, or 1 teaspoon dried, basil
1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 cloves garlic
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 container (8 ounces) plain yogurt
Salt and pepper
2 pounds fresh and frozen salmon or other fish steaks

Puree first 6 ingredients in a blender or food processor until smooth. Add yogurt, processing until blended. Season to taste with salt and pepper; set aside. Grill and broil salmon 4 inches from heat source for approximately 10 minutes, or until done; turn occasionally. Spoon sauce over fish.

Note: Spinach pesto can be made one or two days prior to serving. Keep refrigerated until 1 hour before serving; best served at room temperature. Spinach pesto makes an excellent sauce for cooked pasta.

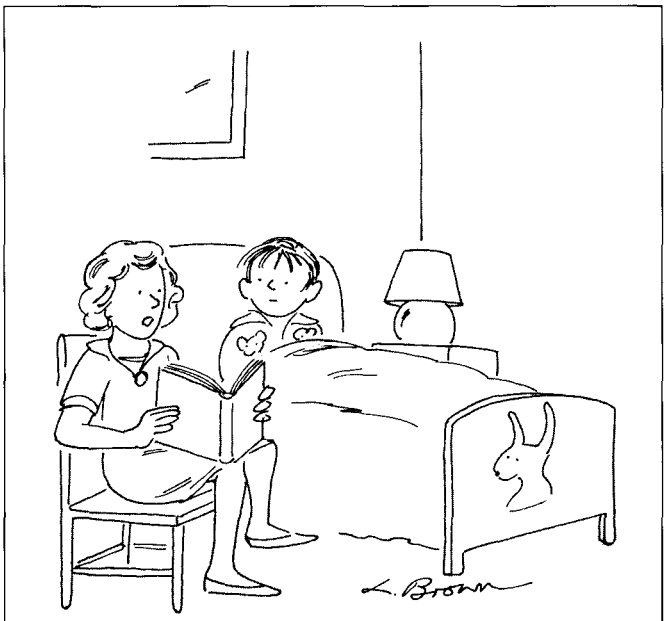
Tomato Rarebit
(Makes 6 servings)

1/4 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon diet margarine
1 10 3/4-ounce can tomato soup, condensed
2 cups (8 ounces) low-fat cheese, shredded
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 slices toast, cut diagonally

In a saucepan, cook onion and green pepper in margarine until tender. Set aside. Heat soup in the top of a double boiler. Add cheese to soup and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until cheese is melted and mixture is smooth. Stir in mustard, Worcestershire sauce, onion, and green pepper. Serve over toast pieces.

Pizza Olé
(Makes 8 servings)

1/2 cup plus 1 tablespoon enriched corn meal
1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt, if desired



"Jack Sprat could eat no low-density lipids. His wife could eat no protein or fiber."

3/4 cup skim milk
1/4 cup vegetable oil
1 12-ounce jar taco sauce
1 15 1/2-ounce can Mexican-style chili beans, undrained
1 medium green pepper, cut into thin rings
2 cups (8 ounces) low-fat cheese, shredded

Preheat oven to 450° F. Grease 14-inch round pizza pan. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon corn meal evenly into prepared pan. In a medium bowl, combine remaining 1/2 cup corn meal, flour, baking powder, and salt. Add milk and oil; stir with fork until mixture forms a ball.

Press dough into prepared pan; shape edge to form rim. Bake 15 minutes. Spread taco sauce evenly over partially baked crust. Top with beans, pepper rings, and cheese; continue baking 10 minutes or until cheese is melted.

Zucchini Quiche
(4 servings)

Crust:
1 tablespoon active dry yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1/2 cup whole wheat flour
3/4 cup all-purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lowfat margarine

Dissolve yeast in water. Stir in flour, margarine, and salt. Knead dough on floured board for 5 minutes until smooth and elastic. Let rise 45 minutes.

Filling:
1 tablespoon margarine
4 cups thinly sliced, unpeeled zucchini
1 cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
1/2 teaspoon dried basil leaves
1/2 teaspoon dried oregano leaves
3 egg whites
2 cups grated part-skim mozzarella cheese
2 1/2 teaspoons brown mustard

Preheat oven to 375° F. Heat margarine in a large skillet and add zucchini and onion; cook until tender, about 10 minutes. Stir in parsley and seasonings. Set aside. In a large bowl, blend egg whites and cheese. Stir into vegetable mixture.

Transfer raised dough to an ungreased 10-inch pie pan. Press over bottom and up sides to form crust. Spread mustard over crust. Pour vegetable mixture evenly over crust. Bake for 25 to 35 minutes or until knife inserted near center comes out clean. If crust becomes too brown, cover with foil during last 10 minutes of baking. Let stand 10 minutes before serving.

Veggie Burritos
(Makes 2 servings)

2 teaspoons olive oil
1/2 onion, chopped

continued on page 96

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What's Wrong With This Picture?

Nothing, Now!

A few years ago three generations of this family had problems that inhibited their ability to enjoy life. Things are different now...here's what they have to say about their experience.

Madeline
Years ago if you told me I would be as active as I am today, I would not have believed it. I was a frail, sickly child and adulthood was worse. I spent so much time bedridden, I needed help caring for my family. I had been severely stricken with **Epstein Barr Virus** which left me totally weak and exhausted. A friend recommended Regina Royal Jelly to help me overcome fatigue. I was skeptical but desperate...I took it. As time went on, I began to experience renewed vitality and strength! Excited about this amazing food from the bee hive, I started my own company to make Regina Royal Jelly available to others. Now, as President of Bee-Alive, I find myself doing more than I ever dreamed possible!

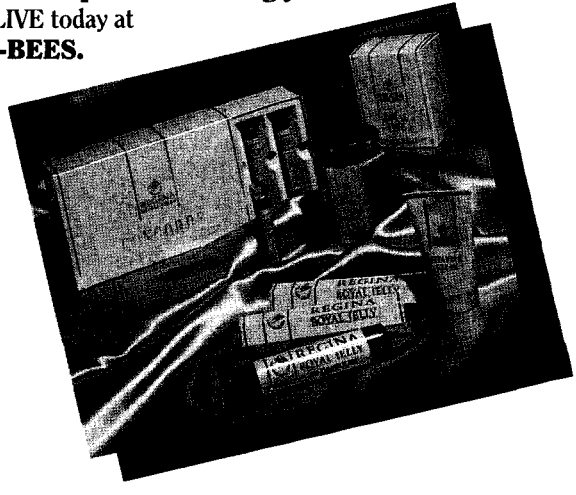
Lori
When my mom discovered Royal Jelly it changed my life. I was sick so often I found it difficult to keep up at school. I also had PMS which made me miserable every month. I was always tired and at my age with so many activities and opportunities available, I became depressed. Regina Royal Jelly gave me energy and stamina and turned my life around! I noticed many benefits, among them; a clear, glowing complexion and strong healthy hair and nails!

[redacted]anca
I was 67 years old and liked to keep busy and feel useful, but aches and pains slowed me down. My fingers were so stiff and swollen I couldn't even do my embroidery. These physical problems interfered with my sleep. I was tired, run down and caught colds and flus frequently. My daughter, Madeline, urged me to take Regina Royal Jelly. It made such a difference in her life, she was sure it would help me. I must admit, she was right, I feel great! Now, I am 67 years young and working at Bee-Alive helping others learn about this wonderful, God given substance. I feel good about myself again!

What is Regina Royal Jelly?
Royal Jelly is not honey or pollen. It is bee's milk, made in nature's own laboratory. It cannot be duplicated by man. This super nutritious food is nature's richest source of pantothenic acid (vitamin B5) which has been shown to slow the aging process. The queen bee's longevity can be traced to her exclusive Royal Jelly diet. She lives almost six years while worker bees, who subsist on honey and pollen, live approximately six weeks.

In China, Royal Jelly has been used therapeutically for centuries while in Europe it was once only available to royalty and used for its beauty enhancing properties. It is still the choice of royals such as Princess Di and Fergie who take Regina Royal Jelly to help cope with busy, stressful schedules. In these hectic times it is not unusual to become so tired and run down that your body no longer has the strength to fight off illness. Studies show that *75% of all illness is stress related* and that stress can weaken your immune system.

If you are sick and tired of being sick and tired, let us help you **take that first step toward feeling your best.**
Call BEE-ALIVE today at
1-800-543-BEES.



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VETS ON PETS

PET PEEVES

by Gabrielle Hoeppner, D.V.M.

Whether dogs or cats are happy additions to the family or doggone sofa-scratching nuisances depends mostly upon their owners.

Behavior problems kill more pets every year than diseases or accidents. Thousands of dogs and cats that drive their owners crazy are abandoned to die slow, cruel deaths or are taken to animal shelters. The tragedy is that almost 100 percent of pet behavior problems are preventable or correctable with a little knowledge and patience. Pet owners often have unrealistic expectations. They think that their pet should be like Lassie or Morris but don't realize the amount of time, responsibility, and commitment that goes along with pet ownership.

Common causes of pet behavior problems are physical illness, failure on the owner's part to choose the proper pet, failure to understand the pet's basic nature or individual personality, and failure to recognize and correct stress factors in the pet's life. Whether a pet is a happy, welcome addition to the family or a nuisance depends entirely on the owner. All dogs and cats should be trained to abide by the "house rules." Properly disciplining a pet really does the animal a favor.

Physical problems are at the root of many behavior abnormalities. Whenever a behavior problem surfaces, we must first rule out any physical condition that may be causing it. Kidney or bladder disease can cause a cat to urinate outside the litter box, a sore ear can provoke a pet to bite, or a brain tumor might be at the root of a personality change. Have a thorough physical examination done before trying any type of behavior modification or giving up on your pet. Good nutrition and preventive medicine are the keys to keeping your pet in tip-top physical condition.

The first step in eliminating or preventing problem behaviors is to understand the basic nature of the pet. Different breeds of dogs or cats have very different personalities. What owners perceive as problems may be very natural, deeply ingrained behavior. Tabbies that hunt mice or scratch the furniture, and terriers that dig up the garden, are only doing what nature has programmed them to do for thousands of generations. Owners must learn to redirect these behaviors or avoid acquiring these pets. Some breeds are better with children, less active, less destructive, or more trainable than others. Ask a veterinarian for some help when choosing your pet. Many animal shelters keep personality profiles on the pets they have for adoption and have an animal behaviorist on staff who can help you with your selection.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
JULY 14, 1928
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Playful but destructive pets can be reshaped by a new breed of animal behaviorists

Stress is a frequent cause of both physical and behavioral problems. Dogs and cats are creatures of habit with definite social needs. Any change in routine, however small, can be very upsetting. The addition of a new family member, either human or animal; a change of work schedule, or residence; remodeling; a houseful of company; being left alone for long periods; boredom; inconsistent or inappropriate discipline; or even changing the location of food dishes or litter boxes can be stressful and lead to objectionable behavior. Older pets are especially prone to developing stress-related problems. Physical effects of aging, such as loss of vision, loss of hearing, or the aches and pains of arthritis, can complicate matters.

Housebreaking Problems

Cats that stop using the litter box should first be checked for such physical problems as bladder disease or parasites. Always provide at least one litter box per cat in multi-cat households, and place boxes in areas pleasant and convenient for the cat. Cats dislike scented litters (use only plain clay varieties), dirty boxes (change daily and use small amounts of litter), and litter boxes with covers. Never disturb a cat while it is in its litter box or allow children or other animals to do so. A cat won't use the box if it is afraid of being "attacked." Make certain the cat has ready access to the box at all times. Never clean out a box with strong-smelling disinfectants or detergents. Simply rinsing the box with water and allowing it to dry in the sun is best. Any kind of stress can cause a cat or dog to break house-training.

Dogs also should first be checked for physical problems. House soiling

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in dogs is often the result of isolation; spending more time with your dog can be the solution. Submissive urination is normal in puppies and very timid dogs. Punishing a dog for this only makes the matter worse. Quiet, consistent handling and low-key greetings will usually solve the problem over time.

Digging, Barking, and Destructive Chewing

All these behaviors in dogs can be linked to boredom and isolation frustration. Develop a good relationship with your dog and spend as much time with it as possible. Confining a dog to a crate when you can't be with it is not cruel and is often the only solution to these problems. Your veterinarian can give you instructions on proper crate training. Because chewing is natural for all dogs, you should supply your dog with a rawhide bone or other acceptable chew toy. Never give your dog an old shoe to chew on and then get mad when it chews up your brand-new pair of Nikes. The dog doesn't know the difference. If the dog chews or digs, say no, discipline it appropriately, and give it something else to do that is acceptable. Taking your dog through an obedience program will usually help solve these problems.

Scratching

Before resorting to having a cat declawed, cat owners should try to train the cat to use a scratching post. Provide a heavy post or one of the new corrugated cardboard scratching boards, and take your cat to it each time it tries to scratch on the furniture. Squirting your cat with water whenever it tries to scratch on the couch can be an effective deterrent. Scratching is a natural behavior that cannot be eliminated but can be redirected to an appropriate object.

Aggression

Aggression in both dogs and cats toward people or other animals is a common problem. Both species have territorial urges that are especially strong in males. Neutering can eliminate many of these problems. Some breeds, such as the pit bull, are more aggressive than others and have special needs that must be taken into consideration. Dogs see their human family as they would a dog pack. In every pack there is a leader (called the alpha animal). If strong leadership isn't provided by the pet owner and other members of the family, the dog may try to take over.

Going to obedience classes can establish the human family members as leaders. If this is not done, your dog will literally run your household, and training will be nearly impossible. Some breeds will require stronger handling than others. Be careful when choosing a puppy. The puppy in a litter that is the first to come to you is probably the most dominant personality and may be the hardest to train.

Cats are more often aggressive to each other than to people. There is usually little that can be done except to avoid overcrowding and give each cat its "own space." No pet should ever be allowed to bite or scratch a person. Stopping such actions early on is normally easily done.

Any training should follow the reward principle. Pets, like people, respond better to positive rewards than to punishment. Punishment should always be appropriate and in a language your pet understands. Yelling and hitting indiscriminately will only frighten and confuse your pet and make matters worse. Ask your veterinarian or obedience instructor to show you appropriate methods of discipline and behavior modification. Many communities have animal behaviorists that can be used by referral from your veterinarian. Then give your pet lots of time and patience. The most frequent cause of failure is inconsistency on the part of the trainer and giving up too soon. Take your time. Your pet will love you for it.

Editor's note: *If you need more information regarding animal behavior, call Dr. William Burghardt of the American Veterinary Society on Animal Behavior at 305-755-0055. He also may be reached by sending a note to 10827 Wiles Rd., Coral Springs, FL 33065.*

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In haste we've abandoned the green garden outside the kitchen for a fast track... But in our haste we are wasting the magnesium in our food.

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Makes Waste

All-American Diet.

Ever since we abandoned the kitchen—and the kitchen garden—for the workplace, we've been wasting the magnesium from our fresh foods. Canned vegetables may be great for working moms, but a can of green peas has lost about 40 percent of its magnesium. A package of easy-to-prepare frozen peas has about 30 percent less magnesium than fresh peas. Processing wheat into all-purpose flour takes a devastating toll on magnesium.

So why should we be concerned about losing so much magnesium?

Because the magnesium in the typical American diet is inadequate for men and pregnant women and barely adequate for other women. Because countries where magnesium in the diet is low have a higher death rate from heart disease than countries where the diet is rich in magnesium. Because Finnish people in parts of North Dakota with magnesium-rich drinking water have fewer heart attacks and strokes than their relatives in Finland, where magnesium intake is low. . .but enough already.

The bottom line is most Americans need more magnesium than their diets provide. Magnesium is essential to cell growth and protein formation. Many enzyme systems depend on it, and without enough of this mineral in combination with calcium, our muscles couldn't contract and relax properly. And more research is showing that magnesium plays an important role in protecting us from heart attacks, hypertension in pregnancy, kidney stones, muscle cramps, even stress and irritability.

The good news is you can get the necessary amount of this important mineral without going to all the trouble of gnawing on a piece of structural metal or downing a barrel of sea water. The foods highest in magnesium are nuts, shellfish, whole grains, green vegetables, legumes, and, yes, chocolate. The calorie content of some of these, however, makes them a no-no for some. And if you like a cocktail before dinner and a glass of wine with dinner, chances are you're losing the magnesium you do get in that meal. (Alcohol is a major contributor to magnesium deficiencies.)

Enter Slow-Mag®.

Among the goals of the Saturday Evening Post Society is the continued good health of our subscribers. Thus, for your subscription we will deliver to your door a 60-tablet bottle of Slow-Mag magnesium supplement. Why Slow-Mag rather than a barrel of sea water? Besides shipping costs, Slow-Mag's enteric coating is designed to prevent the tablet from dissolving in the stomach, where it might cause gastric upset or indigestion. By dissolving slowly and evenly as it passes along the intestine, it provides the potential for maximum absorption of the magnesium.

More than that, Slow-Mag contains magnesium chloride, which authorities think is one of the most easily and efficiently absorbed forms of magnesium available.

Yes, we want you to become—or stay—healthy by adding magnesium to your daily diet. At the same time, subscribing to *The Saturday Evening Post* can add fun, facts, and good, clean fiction to your literary diet. So—for reading material to calm the mind and minerals to sooth the body, the *Post*/Slow-Mag combination is unbeatable. But don't take our word for it. Fill in the card or the coupon below and mail it today!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Report

NEW WAYS TO CUT CHOLESTEROL

Oat bran isn't the only healthy fiber in a low-fat diet—rice bran and psyllium do just as well.

For a while, it seemed like consumers couldn't get enough oat bran. But the new news is: There's more than one way to lower your blood cholesterol.

Besides oat bran, psyllium and rice bran are two other healthful fibers to add to your low-fat diet.

Psyllium (pronounced SIL-ee-yum) is a grain grown primarily in India. Its seeds are high in soluble fiber, the same type of fiber that earned oat bran nutritional acclaim.

Since the 1930s, American pharmaceutical companies have imported psyllium for use in over-the-counter bulk-formers. But last summer, researchers at the University of Minnesota reported that psyllium's effects go beyond treating constipation and bowel irregularity.

Seventy-five men and women with mild to moderate high blood cholesterol, mixed three teaspoons (about 10 grams) of psyllium with water as a daily supplement to their low-fat diets. After eight weeks, their levels of total blood cholesterol were reduced by 5 percent and low-density lipoprotein (LDL) cholesterol by 8 percent. Levels of high-density lipoprotein (HDL) cholesterol, which protects against heart disease, were not affected.

Thirty of the participants continued to take psyllium for a total of 16 weeks. Even though total and LDL cholesterol levels remained lower than those in the group who were not taking psyllium, cholesterol levels did begin to creep back toward their original levels.

SHOULD YOU USE PSYLLIUM?

If you have high blood cholesterol, trying psyllium may be reasonable if you're already doing all you can to lower the amount of fat you eat. In the Minnesota study, participants lowered their blood cholesterol with low-fat diets before supplementing them with psyllium. Some doctors believe psyllium is worth a try, in addition to a low-fat diet, before considering cholesterol-lowering drugs. Before using psyllium to lower your blood cholesterol, consider these caveats along with your doctor's advice:

♥ Psyllium will give you larger and perhaps more frequent stools. But the effect won't be any different from what you might expect if you suddenly started eating high-fiber foods.

♥ Psyllium can improve regularity if you already take a cholesterol-lowering drug, such as cholestyramine or colestipol, that tends to be constipating.

♥ Psyllium usually causes less bloating than cholestyramine. It also doesn't cause the flushing or indigestion common with niacin, another commonly prescribed drug for treating high blood cholesterol.

♥ Psyllium's effects eventually may diminish, as demonstrated in the 16-week Minnesota study. Researchers don't know whether your body adapts to a certain level of psyllium or whether it's necessary to take increasing amounts to keep your blood cholesterol in control.

♥ Although it's rare, a few people have severe allergic reactions to psyllium. Some of the most well-documented cases of psyllium allergy are in people who haven't eaten psyllium but have inhaled psyllium powder. This can happen, for example, as nurses prepare psyllium-containing medications for patients.

The symptoms of psyllium allergy are stuffy nose, itchy eyes, cough, or wheezing. Doctors use a skin or RAST test to confirm a psyllium allergy. Psyllium-sensitive people should read ingredient labels on foods and medications to avoid those that contain psyllium. Psyllium may also be called "ispaghul," a species of the psyllium plant.

You'll find psyllium in over-the-counter bulk-formers and some ready-to-eat breakfast cereals.

To improve regularity, the recommended dose for bulk-formers is up to three teaspoons a day. To get the same amount of soluble fiber from a psyllium-containing cereal, you would have to eat at least three bowls.

BATTLE OF THE BRANS

Rice bran is a newcomer to the fight against cholesterol. In animal studies conducted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, rice bran lowered cholesterol levels in hamsters to the same degree as oat bran did.

Preliminary reports from studies involving humans suggest rice bran has similar cholesterol-reducing action. In one unpublished study from Louisiana State University, researchers compared the effects of supplementing the diets of 11 people with rice bran vs. oat bran. Both grains equally lowered total cholesterol and LDL cholesterol levels.

Rice bran's effects appear to have little to do with soluble fiber. Rice bran has half the soluble fiber of oat bran. Instead, researchers attribute rice bran's effects to the oil that occurs naturally within the bran. The oil may have a component that not only inhibits your body's absorption of cholesterol, but also may decrease the liver's production of cholesterol.

♥ ♥ ♥

Stuffed Chicken Breasts
(Makes 4 servings)

4 (about 1 pound) skinless and boneless chicken breast halves, pounded to 1/4-inch thickness
1/4 teaspoon salt

Repeated from Mayo Clinic Nutrition Letter with permission of Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, Rochester, Minnesota 55905.

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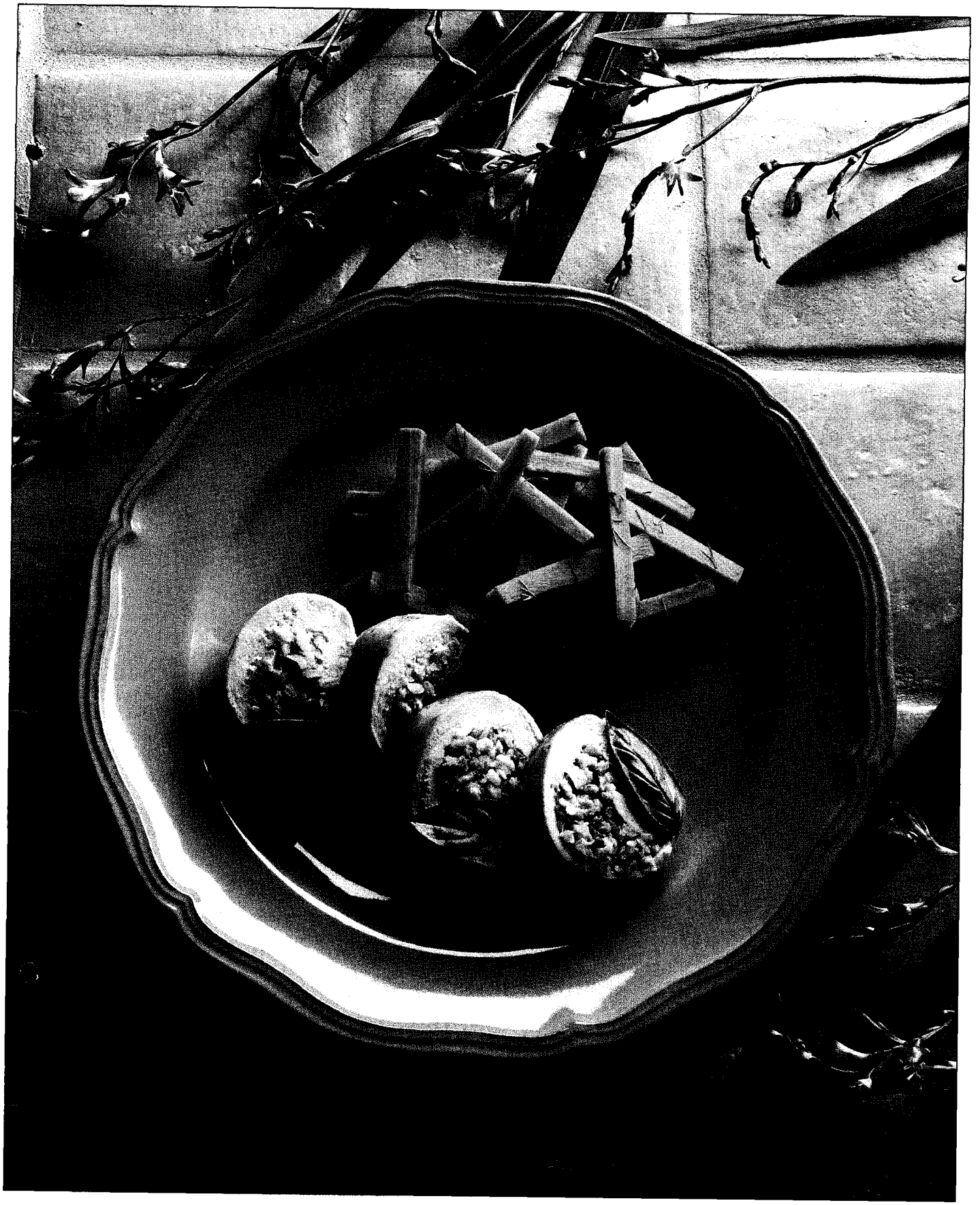

Stuffed Chicken Breasts

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The Chinese symbol for good health.

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1/2 teaspoon ground black pepper, divided
1 cup cooked brown rice (cooked in chicken broth)
1/4 cup finely diced fresh tomatoes
1/4 cup (about 1 ounce) finely shredded mozzarella cheese
3 tablespoons toasted rice bran
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil
2 teaspoons olive oil

Season insides of pounded chicken breasts with salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Combine rice, tomatoes, cheese, bran, basil, and remaining 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Spoon rice mixture on top of chicken breasts; fold over and secure sides with wooden picks. Wipe off outsides of chicken breasts with paper towel. Heat oil in large skillet over medium-high heat. Cook stuffed chicken breasts in hot oil 1 minute each side or until golden brown.

Transfer chicken to shallow baking pan. Bake at 350° F. 8-10 minutes.

Zesty Prune 'n' Orange Muffins
(Makes 12 muffins)

1 1/4 cups whole wheat flour
1 cup rice bran cereal
1/3 cup honey
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup skim milk
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup finely chopped pitted prunes
1/4 cup vegetable oil
2 egg whites, lightly beaten
1 tablespoon grated orange zest

Preheat oven to 400° F. Line 12 muffin cups with paper baking cups, or coat bottoms only with cooking spray. Combine flour, rice bran, honey, baking powder, and salt in large bowl; make a well in center of mixture. Combine remaining ingredients in small bowl; add to dry ingredients. Stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Spoon batter into prepared cups. Bake at 400° F. 15-17 minutes. Remove from cups and cool on wire rack. Serve warm.

Sherried Black Bean Soup
(Makes 6 servings)

2 cans (16 ounces each) black beans, drained
1 cup each *chopped onions, sliced celery, and diced carrots*
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 cups chicken broth
1 can (4 ounces) diced green chilies
1/2 cup rice bran
1/4 teaspoon ground pepper
1 tablespoon dry sherry
2 cups hot cooked brown rice
1/2 cup sliced green onions, including tops
1/2 cup finely chopped fresh tomatoes

Reserve 1 cup black beans. Puree remaining beans with 1 1/2 cups water in electric blender or food processor; set aside. Cook onions, celery, and carrots in oil until tender crisp. Add broth, chilies, rice bran, pepper, and whole

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A BONANZA OF RICE BRAN PRODUCTS

You're already taking advantage of rice bran if you eat brown rice, which maintains its outer bran layer. You can also buy rice bran as an ingredient for use in baking and cooking, just as you can with wheat or oat bran.

In addition, new products that contain varying amounts of rice bran are available. The following products are available at most health food and grocery stores. The Houston-based Rice Council says those wishing to increase rice bran intake should choose a variety of foods to ensure a balanced diet.

CEREALS

- Energ-G Foods Pure Rice Bran Natural Fiber cereal
- Kellogg's Kenmei Rice Bran and Rice Bran with almonds and raisins
- Quaker Oats Crunchy Rice Bran
- Ralston Purina Rice Bran Options and Multi Bran Chex
- Healthy Valley Foods Rice Bran cereal with almonds and dates, and Rice Bran O's Apple Cinnamon cereal

BREADS

- Roman Meal Honey Rice Bran, and Honey Nut and Rice Bran bread
- Healthline Light Rice Bran bread
- Inter-American Foods Natural Grains Rice Bran bread
- Oroweat Foods Bran'nola Rice Bran bread
- Stroehmann Bakeries Hearth Farm Rice Bran and Fiber bread
- Health Valley Rice Bran Fancy Fruit muffins

SNACKS

- Pacific Rice Products Mini Crispy Rice Cakes
- Venus Rice Bran Wafers
- Pennysticks Brand All Natural Rice Bran Pretzel Stix
- Quaker Oats Honey Crunch Rice Bran Topping
- Health Valley Rice Bran Jumbo Fruit bars
- Ansnack Gourmet Rice Snax
- Jacquet Crackle RiceSelect Harvest of California Fromag (cheese) Stick with Rice Bran

and pureed beans. Simmer uncovered 10-15 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in sherry. Top each serving with 1/2 cup rice. Garnish with green onions and tomatoes.

♥ ♥ ♥

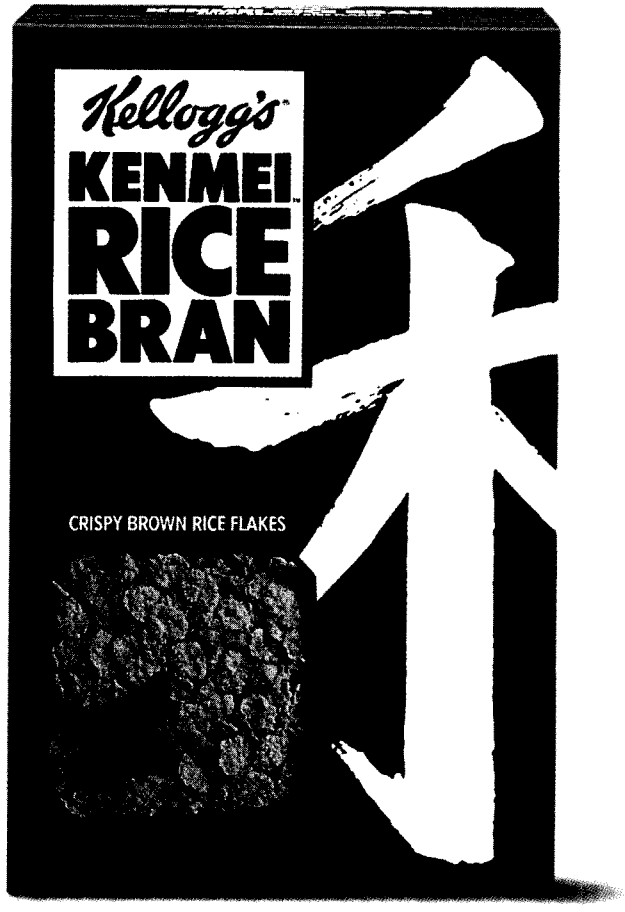
Ratatouille

(Makes 6 servings)

1 tablespoon olive oil
1 small onion, sliced and separated into rings
1 clove garlic, minced
2 cups cubed unpeeled eggplant
1 1/2 cups sliced tomatoes
1 cup sliced yellow squash
1 cup sliced zucchini
1 small green pepper, cut in strips
1 cup vegetable juice
1/3 cup rice bran
2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon dried oregano
1 teaspoon basil leaves
1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper

Heat oil in large skillet or Dutch oven over medium-

The American translation.



The recent National Cancer Institute study suggests that the traditional Chinese lifestyle, including exercise and a low-saturated-fat diet of predominantly rice and grains, may be healthier than the typical Western lifestyle and diet.

And seeing as most Americans are on the lookout for ways to improve their diet, Kellogg's® created Kenmei™ Rice Bran. Kenmei is made from whole brown rice—including the bran. Which is, of course, the healthiest, most nutritious rice. And the crisp flakes of brown rice are not only good for you, they're delicious too.

So improve your diet and your lifestyle. Start by pouring yourself a bowl of Kenmei Rice Bran.

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HEARTBEAT

high heat. Cook onion and garlic in oil until soft and lightly browned, about 1 minute. Add eggplant, tomatoes, squash, zucchini, and green pepper. Cook over medium heat about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Combine vegetable juice, bran, cheese, oregano, basil, and black pepper; add to vegetables. Simmer uncovered over medium-low heat 5 to 8 minutes, or until vegetables are cooked.

♥ ♥ ♥

Mini Bran Meat Loaves
(Makes 8 servings)

1 1/2 pounds lean ground beef
1 1/4 cups rice bran
1 cup finely chopped onions
1/2 cup diced red pepper
1/2 cup snipped fresh parsley
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
1/2 cup picante sauce
2 egg whites, lightly beaten
1 teaspoon lemon pepper
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
Vegetable cooking spray

Coat eight 4" x 2" mini-loaf pans with cooking spray. Combine all ingredients in large bowl; mix well. Divide mixture into pans. Bake at 350° F. 30-35 minutes. Serve with picante sauce or ketchup, if desired.

To cook meat loaf in an 8" x 4" loaf pan, proceed as directed above and bake at 350° 55-60 minutes.

♥ ♥ ♥

Strawberry-Banana Smoothie
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups fresh or frozen unsweetened strawberries, hulled
2 bananas, sliced
1 container (8 ounces) low-fat vanilla yogurt
1/2 cup skim milk
1/4 cup rice bran
1 to 2 tablespoons honey

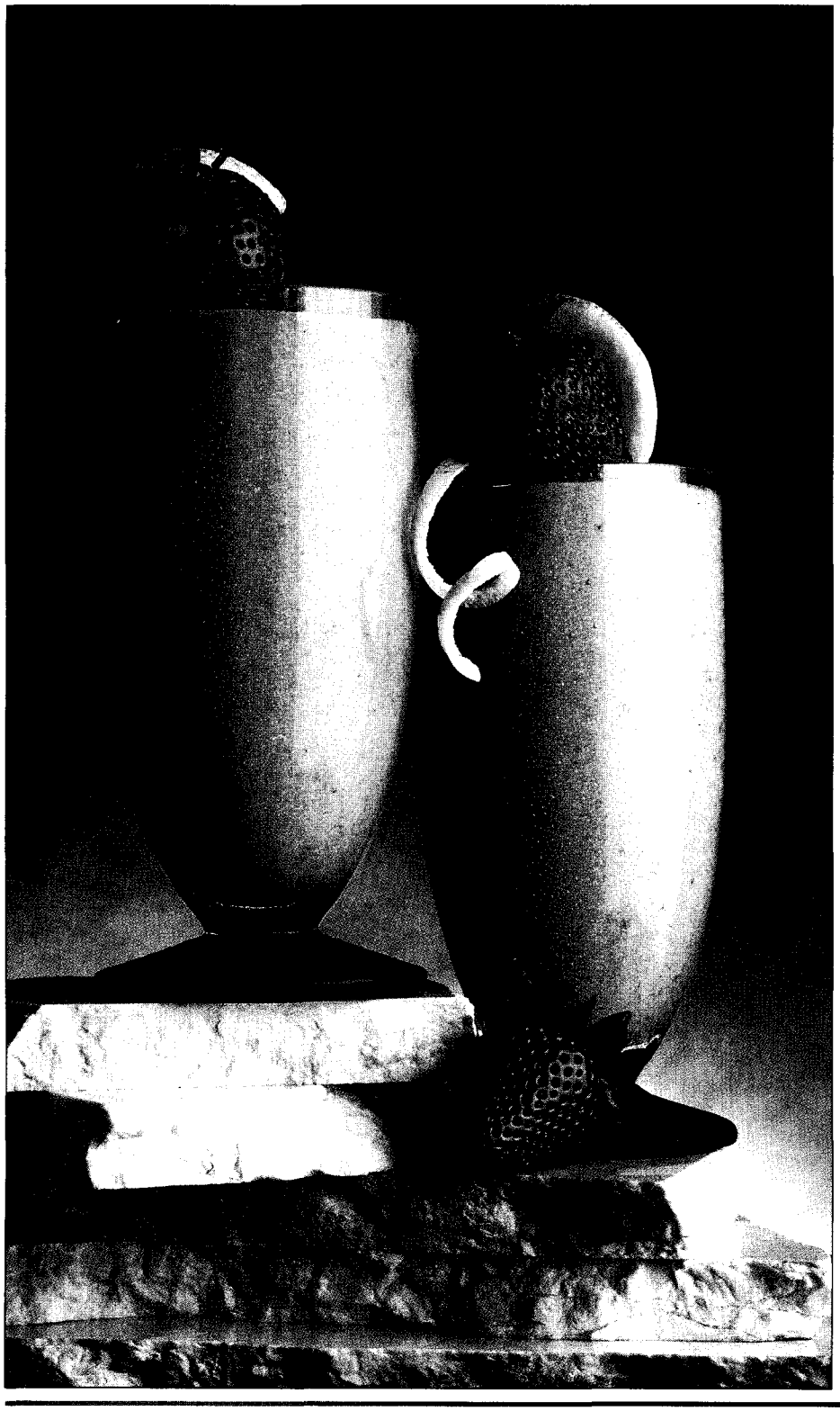
Cover and freeze strawberries and sliced bananas until firm, about 4 hours or overnight. Combine strawberries, bananas, and remaining ingredients in container of electric blender; process until smooth. Serve immediately in chilled glasses.

♥ ♥ ♥

Mushroom Rice Pilaf
(Makes 4 servings)

1 tablespoon olive oil
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1/2 cup sliced green onions, including tops
1/2 cup julienned fresh carrots
1/4 cup slivered almonds
2 cups cooked brown rice (cooked in beef broth)
1/4 cup rice bran
1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
1/4 teaspoon dried thyme leaves

Heat oil in large skillet over medium heat until hot. Add mushrooms, carrots, onions, and almonds; cook until vegetables are tender crisp. Stir in remaining ingredients and 1/4 cup water. Cook until thoroughly heated.



◀ *Strawberry Banana Smoothie*

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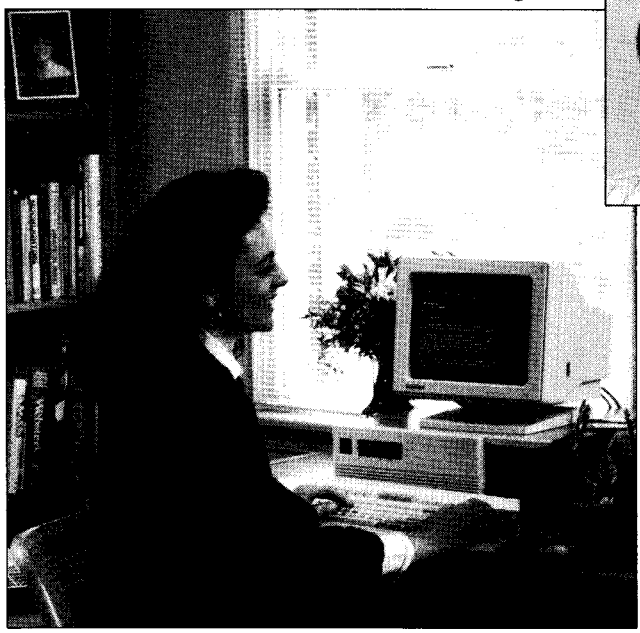

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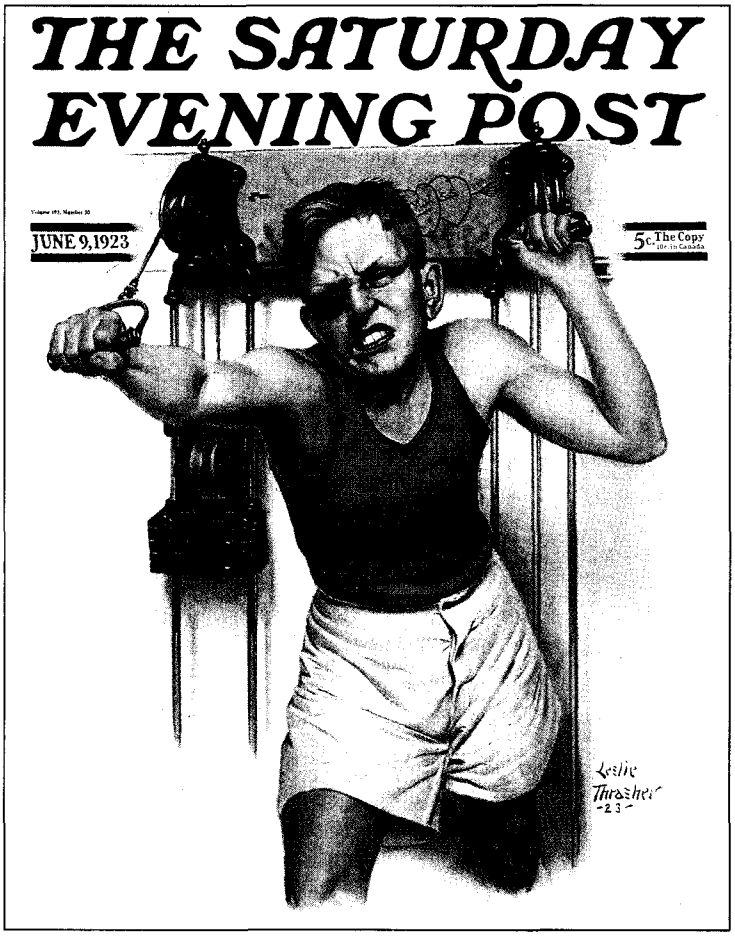
FIGHTING BACK AGAINST BONE LOSS

An aerobics pioneer says strength training can help in the fight against osteoporosis.

by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.H.

The importance of regular aerobic exercise is well-known and well-documented. Weight reduction, improved cardiovascular performance, improved lung function, and an overall increase in physical and emotional well-being are just a few of the many benefits of a regular aerobic workout. In fact, in 1978, the American College of Sports Medicine basically equated fitness with aerobic exercise by recommending aerobic exercise three to five days per week for 15 to 60 minutes for all healthy adults. However, that recommendation made no reference to strength training.

In the last few years the benefits of strength training have been closely examined. While many considered strength training only in terms of increased muscle bulk, its benefits are now known to be far more extensive. Medical research has now proven that strength training can have an extremely beneficial effect on bone mass as well as muscle. In the past, women have often avoided strength training because of a perceived social bias against developed muscle mass in women. But the benefits for women far outweigh the social stigma because of the role that strength training may play in the prevention of osteoporosis. This is one of the reasons that the American College of Sports Medicine has just amended its 1978 recommendations to include two strength training sessions per week in addition to three to five aerobic workouts.



Osteoporosis is a disorder of the bone which currently affects some 24 million Americans. The disease causes gradual bone loss which can eventually result in bone fractures with little or no trauma. Statistically, one out of every three women in their 60's will suffer a fracture in the spine because of osteoporosis, and one out of every three women in their 70's will break her hip.

The treatment of osteoporosis remains very difficult at best. There is no question that the best approach is to prevent it, and one of the most effective means of prevention is to develop maximum bone mass prior to the onset of bone loss and then to maintain the bone to the highest degree possible. This is where the benefits of strength training on bone mass are just beginning to be realized.

The strength of the skeleton is predominantly determined by the amount of mineral in the bone, which is referred to as bone mineral density. For all practical purposes, the terms bone mass, bone density, and bone strength can be used synonymously.

Although bone is often thought of as a hard, inert substance, it actually has a life cycle of its own. During this life cycle, old bone is destroyed, then replaced. In order to increase in height during the growth years, more bone must obviously be made than is destroyed. But even after an individual reaches maximum height, density can continue to increase. Left to its own devices, bone will reach its maximum density level sometime during a person's 20s and almost certainly prior to the age of 30. There is generally no additional increase in density unless specific measures are taken to stimulate the metabolism of the bone. After age 40, a decline in bone density is often seen in both men and women, ultimately resulting in sufficient loss of density to compromise bone strength. It is at this point that fractures of the spine, hip, and wrists often occur. Frequently these occur not because of some serious accident, but simply during the course of everyday activities.

While inherited factors certainly play a role in the development of

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It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.
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It takes a safe exerciser.
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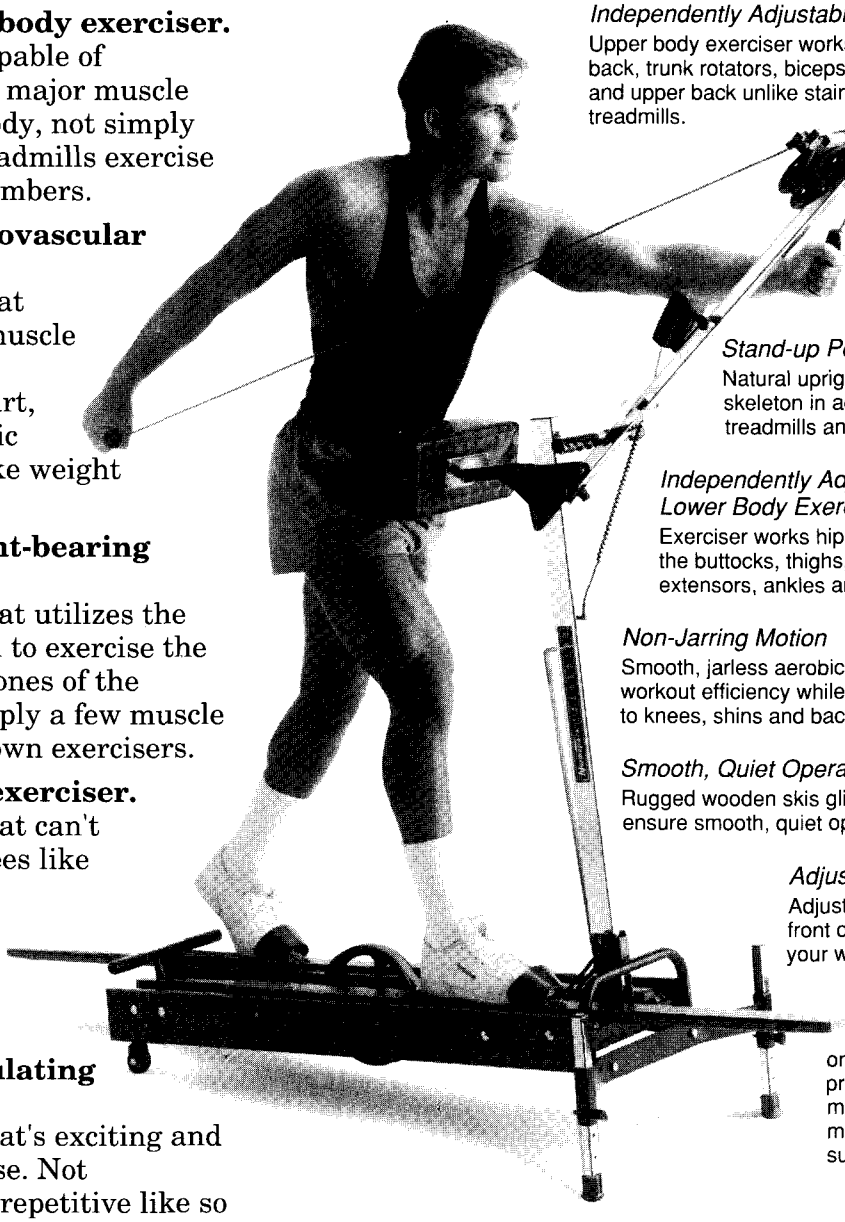

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Electronic Feedback
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Stand-up Position
Natural upright position exercises the skeleton in addition to muscles unlike treadmills and rowing machines.

Independently Adjustable Lower Body Exerciser
Exerciser works hip flexors, gluteus muscles of the buttocks, thighs, hamstrings, knee extensors, ankles and calves.

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maximum height and bone density, lifestyle factors such as exercise clearly influence the development of bone strength. The potential benefits of exercise on bone mass include the initial development of a higher peak bone density prior to age 30, the maintenance of any given level of bone density after the usual age of attainment of peak bone mass, and the ability to increase bone density after the usual age of attainment of peak bone mass.

Along with the many other exciting revelations from the NASA space program, the effect of weightlessness on bone mass reinforced the belief that exercise is important in the maintenance of bone strength. Using techniques which allowed scientists to measure the bone density of the astronauts of Skylab 4 both before and after space flight, it was discovered that weightlessness caused a marked loss of bone strength. In the absence of the pull of gravity, the bones were no longer required to support the weight of the body. As a consequence, the bones began to deteriorate rapidly. The calcium that was lost from the bones was eliminated from the body through the kidneys in such large amounts that there was actually concern that the astronauts might develop kidney stones in space! NASA's original plans for providing exercise for astronauts in space had centered around providing aerobic exercise to maintain cardiovascular fitness, which can easily be done in zero gravity. They are now working to devise forms of strength training that can be performed in space in order to protect the astronauts from muscle and bone deterioration.

Research on the effects of various types of exercise on the bones for those of us who are Earth-bound is also proceeding. Much of this research has been done in just the last 10 years because only recently has the sophisticated technology been developed to measure bone density. As early as 1971, however, research was published in Sweden in which the bone density of the lower leg was measured in three different groups of men: professional or world class amateur athletes, recreational athletes, and those who participated in no regular exercise at all. The types of exercise performed by these various groups included weightlifting, running, soccer, and swimming.

The findings from this early study indicate that the professional athletes and world-class amateurs had significantly stronger lower leg bones than the recreational athletes and non-exercising men. But the recreational athlete had stronger leg bone than the non-exercisers. When the effects of the different types of exercise on the leg bone were examined, the activities which produced the greatest load on the leg resulted in the stronger leg and the greater bone density. The weightlifters had the strongest leg bones, followed by the runners and soccer players, and then the swimmers. This suggested that even the modest exercise programs performed by the recreational athletes could increase bone strength, but the exercises that created the greatest load on the bone were potentially the most effective in increasing bone strength.

"I think I see what the problem is, but I'd better send you down for some x-rays anyway."

In support of this theory were two other early studies looking at specific types of exercise. In 1980 results were published on a group of male tennis players. The bone strength in both forearms was measured in these men. The strength of the bone in the racket arm, which had been subjected to the repetitive impact of the tennis ball hitting the racket, was much greater than that found in the non-racket arm. In the latter part of the 1980's, the technology for measuring bone strength in the spine became available, and researchers began to look at the effects of loading on this area of the skeleton. A study of power lifters in Sweden utilized this new technology to examine the effects of lifting on the spine. The study showed that the power lifters had greater bone strength in the lower spine than a similar group of men who were not power lifters.

Of course, most of us are not power lifters, nor are we world-class athletes, although we may aspire to be. There are many studies now examining the effects of recreational running and fitness regimens using resistance machines and free weights on bone strength. In a study performed by researchers at the Stanford University School of Medicine in 1986, male and female runners were found to have 40% more bone mass than their non-running counterparts. In 1989, at the University of South Carolina, muscle-building exercises performed with free weights and resistance machines were shown to increase bone strength in men. In a combined study at several medical institutions in Texas in 1990, women who regularly engaged in strength training using resistance machines were able to increase their bone strength, while the bone strength of their non-exercising peers declined. Collectively, these studies indicate that weight-bearing activities like running and strength training exercises using free weights and resistance machines can increase bone mass in both men and women in the spine, arms, and legs. Strength training exercises have a greater effect on the bone than purely weight-bearing exercise. However, the strongest bones were found in those men and women who participated in a balanced fitness program involving both aerobic and strength training exercises. The benefits were not only seen in young men and women, but increases in bone strength also were seen after such exercise programs in participants who were in their 70s!

Other studies have looked at the ability to predict bone strength from levels of physical activity in general, and aerobic fitness and muscle strength specifically. Researchers have found that increasing levels of physical

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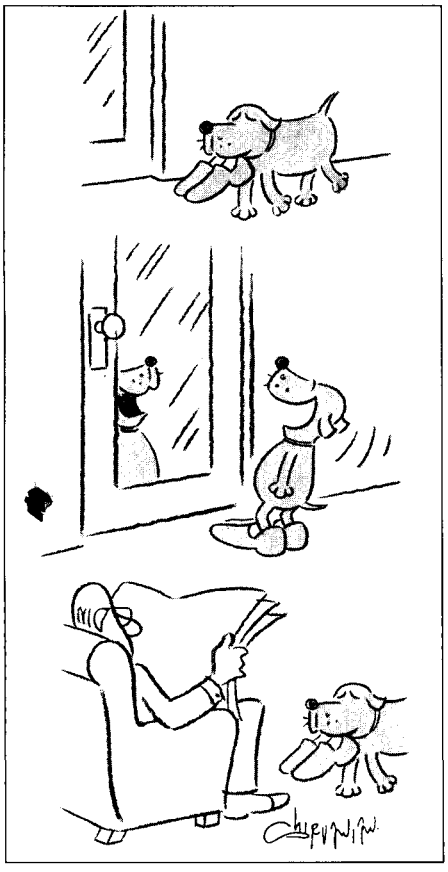
activity in general is highly predictive of increased bone strength. Increased bone strength can also be predicted independently from both aerobic fitness, as measured by maximal oxygen uptake during a stress test, and muscle strength, as measured on an isokinetic dynamometer in participants ranging in age from 20 to 75.

Clearly, both aerobic and strength training exercise can increase bone strength. In the last 20 years men and women of all ages who participated in a variety of exercise regimens have been studied to determine the effects of those regimens on bone strength. As the technology that allows us to study the bones has become more sophisticated, our knowledge of the effects of exercise on the skeleton has also become more sophisticated.

While aerobic exercise has long been viewed as a means to cardiovascular fitness, it is also a means to increased bone mass *and* strength. Strength training, considered by some as only a means to larger muscle mass and enhanced appearance, may be the most valuable form of exercise for increasing bone mass in both men and women. As such, it becomes an extremely valuable tool in the prevention of osteoporosis and the preservation of health and quality of life.



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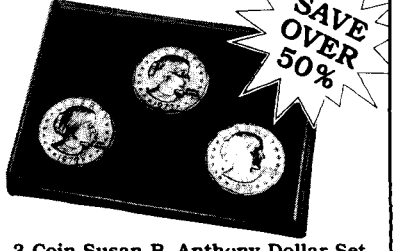

3 Coin Susan B. Anthony Dollar Set in attractive display case

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS TO COME

by Ogden Nash

What am I doing, daughter mine?
A-haying while the sun doth shine;
Gathering rosebuds while I may,
Reveling in the brief sensation
Of basking in your admiration.
Oh, now, when you are almost five,
I am the lordliest man alive;
Your gaze is blind to any flaw,
And brimming with respect and awe.
Though adults oft my charm disparage,
Three times you've sought my hand in marriage.
You think me handsome, strong and brave,
You came at morn to watch me shave.
The neighbors' insults lose their sting
When you encourage me to sing,
And like a fashion plate I pose
While you compliment my clothes.
Who wishes his self-esteem to thrive
Should belong to a girl of almost five,
But almost five can't last forever.
And wide-eyed girls grow tall and clever.
Few creatures others less admire
Than a lass of seventeen her sire.
What humiliation must you weather
When we are seen in public together!
Perchance I'll munch a stick of gum,
Or in the theater brazenly hum;
My hat, belike, will flout the law
Laid down for hats at Old Nassau;
My anecdotes you'll strive to stanch,
And at my table manners blanch;
My every word and every deed
Will agony and embarrassment breed;
Your goal of goals, the end of your ends,
To hide me forever from your friends.
Therefore, I now chant roundelays,
And rollick in your pride and praise;
Too soon the nymph that you will be
Will shudder when she looks at me.

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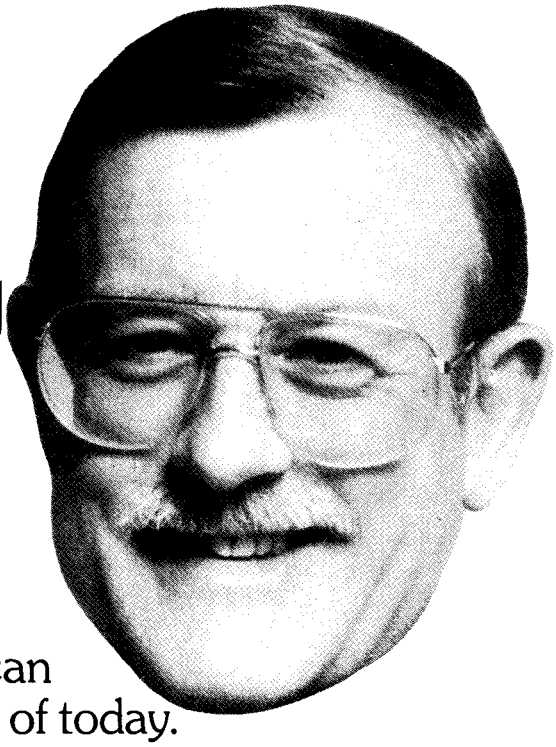
NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

Roger Whittaker



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post scripts

They Do, You Don't

Ever notice that people never ask if you've got a minute unless they do and you don't?

—Frank Walsh

May I Speak?

I like conversing with people who
Allow me to sneak in a word or two,
And though their I.Q.'s are a hundred and ten
Request my opinion at least now and then
Who, having researched, rehashed and conferred,
Are willing that sometimes I venture a word;
I like listening to voices, watching bubbling faces
Detail their adventures in far away places
But I'm much more intent and much more interested
If there's some indication a reply is requested.

—Florence Boutwell

Happy Days

If we would live in harmony,
And never sing the blues,
And obey the Ten Commandments...
There'd be no ten o'clock news.

—Olga McCoy

Blue Humiliation

Kids have a way of teaching us humility when we least expect it. One morning during a recent visit my 3½-year-old grandson came into the bathroom where I was shaving. The previous day my wife had bought one of those things to make the water blue in the commode. My grandson was fascinated by the pretty color and had to flush the commode a couple times to see how it worked.

He looked up at me and asked, "What are you doing, grandpa?" I replied, "I'm making myself gorgeous." But he didn't understand, so I said, "Pretty, making myself pretty." He looked up at me and then at the water in the commode and said with a smile, "No, grandpa, the water is pretty." Then he ran off to terrorize another part of the house.

—Jim Hobbs

Time Changes All

Some days I can't see as plain as I should,
Can't seem to walk as fast as I could.
Although the 80s are approaching fast,
Have trouble remembering things in the past!
As for hearing; sometimes I don't,
But asking someone to speak up; I won't!
When I think back to when I was young,
To all of the dreams, and all of the fun.
Never thought of growing old,
Having to bundle up when it's cold.
But I will be all right, you just wait and see,
Everything changes; why not me?

—Judith Groves

A Dozen "Just" Deserts

"What possible excuse can you give for acquitting this man?" the judge demanded of the jury.

"Insanity, your honor," advised the jury foreman.

"All 12 of you?" bellowed the judge.

—Honey Greer

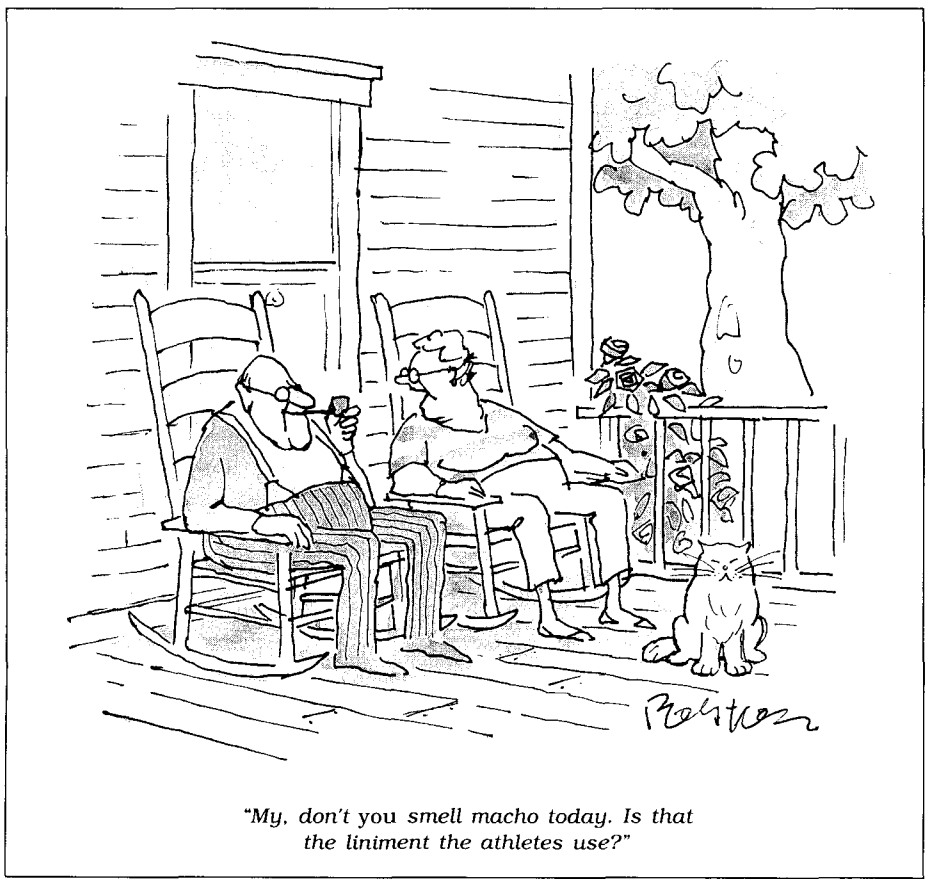
In the Still of the Night

A father told his daughter, "Your date brought you home very late last night."

"Yes," she answered. "Did the noise bother you?"

"It wasn't the noise. It was the silence."

—Mary Umberson



"My, don't you smell macho today. Is that the liniment the athletes use?"

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Man's Best Friend

The judge said, "You're being arraigned here today for claiming your dogs as dependents, deducting medical expenses which were paid for by your insurance company, and treating your wagers at the racetrack as capital losses. How do you plead to the charge of tax evasion?"

"Guilty, your Honor," responded the defendant.

"Do you have anything to say to this court before I set your fine?" the judge asked.

"Yes," the defendant replied. "Are fines tax-deductible?"

—Donald Nigroni

In Fashion

Sign on cement truck: "Fashions Come and Go, But Cement is Never Out!"

—Robert H. Forrest

A Driving Minority

I think I'm the only man alive
Who drives the roads at fifty-five.
No difference if it's day or night
People pass on left and right.
Their looks imply I have some gall
To be out on the road at all.
I guess the truth I'll have to face:
I'm finishing last in the human race!

—James Corkey

Respectfully Theirs

At the Annual Family-Reunion picnic, a young bride led her husband over to an old woman in a rocker busily knitting.

"Granny," she said, touching the old woman's hand affectionately, "this is my new husband."

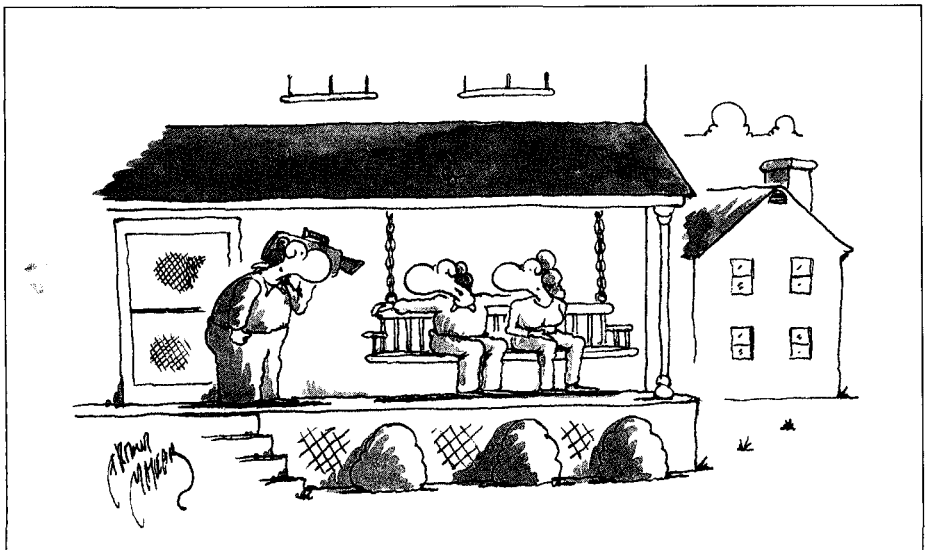
The old woman eyed him critically for a long moment, then she asked abruptly, "Do you desire children?"

Startled by her bluntness, the young man blushed and stammered, "Well, uh, yes; I do, very much."

"Well," said the old lady, looking scornfully at the large tribe gathered around a half dozen picnic tables, "try to control it!"

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

"Subject 'A' was given a crossword puzzle . . . subject 'B' was told not to interfere."



"Do you mind if I have an unrecorded moment or two in my life, Dad?"

The Answer Is Blowing in the Wind

When a rural Kansas preacher returned after a visit to New England, a parishioner met him at the station.

"How are things out our way, Hiram?" asked the preacher.

"Sad, sir. A cyclone came and wiped out my house," was the reply.

"Dear, dear," said the parson. "Well, I'm not surprised, Hiram. You remember I warned you about the way you had been living. Punishment for sin is inevitable."

"It also destroyed *your* house, sir," Hiram replied.

"It *did*?" The pastor was horrified. "Ah, me, the ways of the Lord are past human understanding," he moaned.

—Trenda Leigh

Lettuce See the Light(s Out)

A head of lettuce knows something that you don't. It knows for sure if the light in the refrigerator really goes out when the door is closed.

—Sam Ewing

Past, But Prime

A teenager remarked to an elderly lady who was celebrating her 90th birthday, "My, you're old, aren't you?"

"Not really," was the oldster's reply, "I've just been young a very long time!"

—Henry Boye

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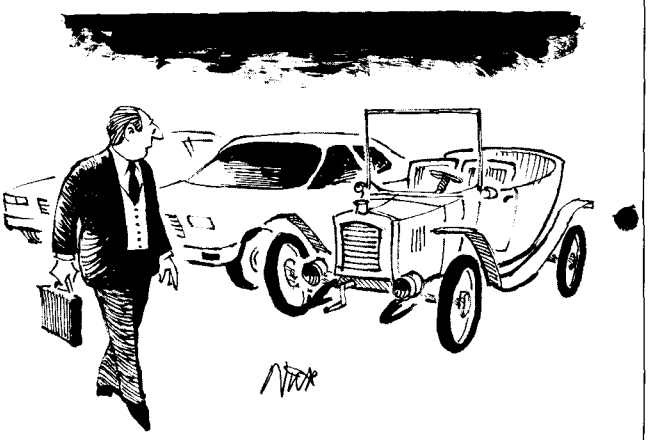
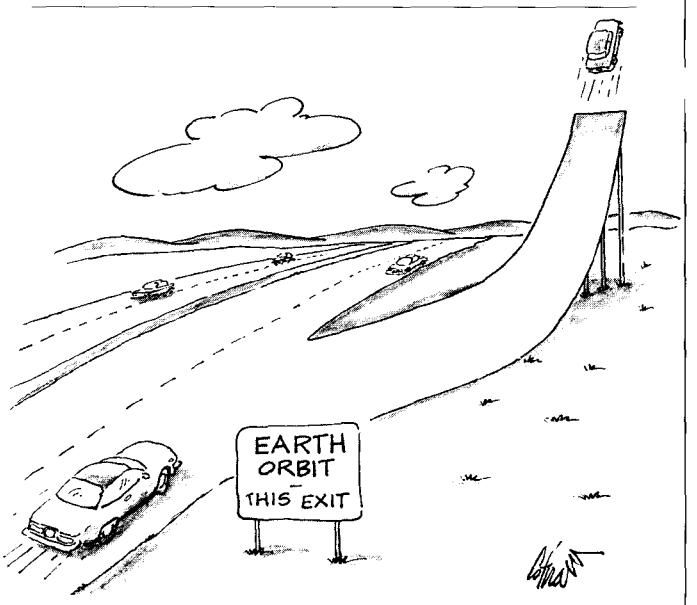
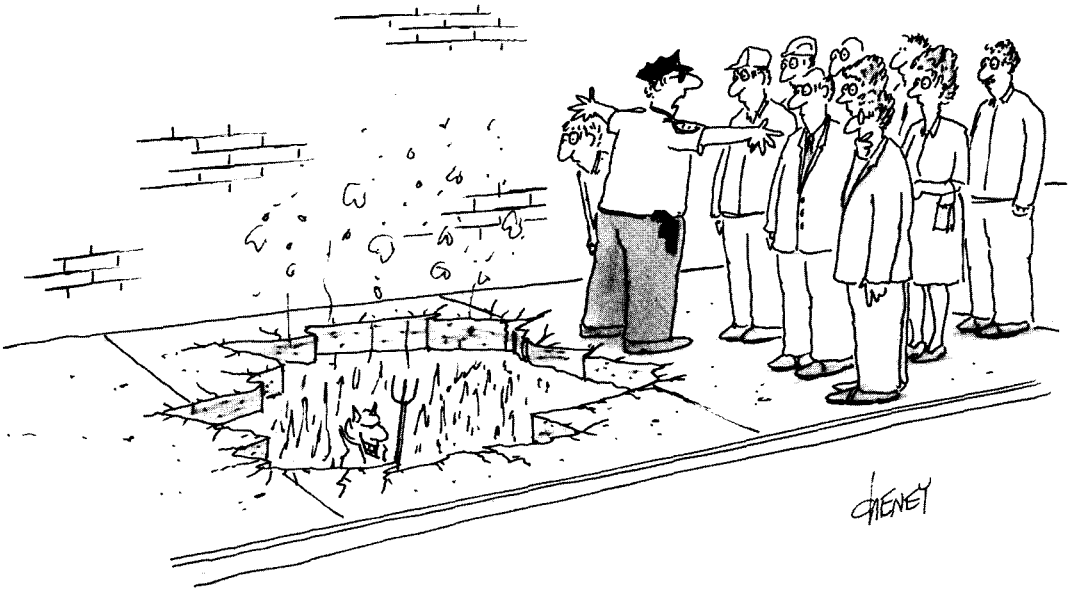
DON'T BELIEVE IT

LONG-TERM PARKING







"C'mon folks, let's break it up. . . . I'm sure you've all seen an abyss open up in the sidewalk which leads straight to Hades before."

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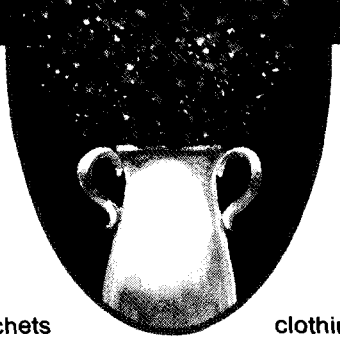

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FITNESS SHE WROTE

Jessica Fletcher's nervous noshing put on the pounds; Angela Lansbury's positive moves took them off.

by Angela Lansbury

Philip Saltonstall

When she was a teenager attending school in New York, Angela walked from 94th Street down to 50th Street every morning. Now she prefers the paths around Mendocino, a northern California coastal village.

I knew it was time for a change when I saw myself on that video. It was the moment of truth. Something "clicked" in my head, and I made the decision to get the extra weight off. I didn't have to lose an ounce to be professionally successful. The producers were perfectly happy with Jessica Fletcher as a big, tweedy lady. But I wasn't happy with myself.

It was no mystery to me how I had gotten up to 165 pounds. During the first season of *Murder, She Wrote*, I started to overeat habitually, nervously nibbling on snacks all day. The routine of doing a weekly television show was new to me, and I didn't know how to cope with being trapped in one place for more than 12 hours a day. In television, you often find yourself sitting a lot, between scenes. It's easy to fall into unhealthy patterns, and I did. In a short time, I was carrying around 15 extra pounds.

For a while, I kind of sank into my expanded body. I said to myself, "Well, this is the way I am. I'm of an age now and I'm going to just stay this way." But as much as I tried to deny the need for a change in the way I was eating, I couldn't ignore the litany of physical complaints that were regularly plaguing me. When someone casually asks, "How are you?" you want to be able to answer, "Splendid!" and mean it, not think to yourself, "I've got a devil of a headache" or "My stomach is out of sorts today."

I think the worst thing about that extra weight was that because of it I began behaving differently, and people treated me in a new way. I became really too sedentary for words, and I took to moving more like a heavy person. The people around me responded by helping me up and down steps. I really wasn't accustomed to having someone extend a hand to help me up out of a chair!

The man who shopped around Los Angeles to find clothes for the show began bringing me dresses from a store for large sizes only, because he couldn't find enough attractive size 14s in the regular stores. I had never thought of myself as an overweight woman who couldn't get into a normal size 12 or 14. I really felt quite ashamed. I had been a mover all my life, and having let this happen to me was rather a horror. My self-image was that of an energetic, graceful woman, not a lumbering, dependent tub. I was

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not even 60—certainly not ready to accept myself as thick and slow in a way I had never been up to then.

Seeing myself on the home video shocked me into finally taking charge of the situation. I knew I could do it. I had lost weight many times in the past. In my business, everybody whips themselves into shape for a role. With me, it had always been a matter of taking off five to eight pounds.

I had never had a real weight problem, and dieting was never a major obsession. I wasn't one of those people who was always trying new diets, repeatedly losing and regaining 20 or 30 pounds. My weight didn't fluctuate that much, and I had never gotten really huge. A few times in my life I'd notice the pounds creeping up. I'd look into whatever the popular wisdom of the time was about dieting, try some regime, lose what I had to, and I'd usually keep the weight off for a good while.

When I was in my middle 30s, for example, my life revolved around my home and my young children. I was playing a lot of tennis, so I was carrying a lot of muscle, but that wasn't all of it, if truth be told. In the process of nesting I had spread a bit, and I was wearing size 16s then. I remember my husband had to go to Rome on a business trip. During the three weeks that he was gone, I decided I would lose some weight. I dug up an entire garden—worked like a stevedore and ate very sparingly. I think cottage cheese and fruit were my mainstays then. By changing my focus from the kitchen to the garden, I got my figure back in those three weeks.

Of course, once I abandoned the cottage cheese and went back to all the foods I usually ate, it was easy to gain again. I remember Albert Finney saying to me when we were in *Hamlet* together, "You do love sweeties, don't you?" With boxes of candy around my dressing room and voluminous period costumes to hide under, I became a somewhat heavy queen. Once *Hamlet* was over and I was scheduled to go into a tour of *Mame*, I took myself in hand and banished my sweeties for a time.

I was in my early 40s when I first did *Mame* on Broadway. Every night I would go back to my dressing room after the final curtain call, flushed with exhilaration from the performance, to find a chilled bottle of white wine awaiting me. I could easily knock off half a bottle before going to the dinners and parties to which I was frequently invited! Doing that show, I exercised so wildly that I was hungry all the time. Not surprisingly, my costumes started feeling tight. I thought to myself, "You're blowing it, kid. Here you are, the toast of New York, and you're putting on weight."

In those days, high-protein diets were all the rage. I decided to try that quick-weight loss method, and I remember I'd have yogurt and a hard-boiled egg for breakfast and every night at five o'clock I'd eat a steak. My breath was terrible, which the diet's advocates explained was an unavoidable side effect that occurred when the body burned up its toxic fat. What malarkey! Everyone said to keep drinking lots of water to clean the breath, but it didn't help much. The pounds did come off, but I was also walking all over New York, which really helped a lot.

As I look back now, I see that whether I was crash-dieting for my work or to look good for my husband,

Murder, She Wrote **producers were happy with Jessica Fletcher's big, tweedy look. But Angela knew what was hiding under those loose sweaters and generous jeans.**

Philip Saltonstall

Every morning begins with 15 minutes of gentle stretches. Either a belt or a sash supports the leg as Angela lifts, points her toes, flexes, and holds the position for a slow count of four.

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Angela was a svelte bride when she and Peter Shaw were married in London, in 1949. Her mother, Moyna Macgill, and Peter's father, Walter Pullen, stood up for the young couple.

When Anthony and Deirdre were growing up, "home" depended on the twists and turns of Angela's career. She did drama in London, comedy in New York, and character roles in Hollywood.

the weight never really stayed off, because I couldn't stick with those extreme regimes for long. They were too confining. They were designed to get the pounds off quickly. Once that was accomplished, I'd go back to my usual way of eating, and the weight would creep back on.

But when I set out to make the woman on the home video a memory, it was different. I had noticed one of the men on the crew of *Murder, She Wrote*, a man about my age, who used to waddle around with a big belly in front of him. One day, I noticed he had become a thin, young guy. He had lost about 20 pounds. I asked him, "How the devil did you do it?" He told me, and I adapted his eating plan for myself. I lost the 15 pounds in about three to four months, got my health back, and regained my sense of self-respect. And for five years, I've kept the weight off and more.

The eating plan that made a difference isn't a diet in the way I had always thought of reducing diets. It wasn't a strange, impossibly restrictive way of eating that was to be followed until one lost the weight and then abandoned. It was a healthy way of eating that I used to lose 15 pounds, and have stayed with ever since. When I first made a commitment to myself to change my way of eating and lose weight, I asked Peter to cooperate with me and not to force food or second helpings on me. He agreed not to make me wobble in my resolve, and I knew the kind of support he gave me was an important element in my success.

We follow a low-fat, high-fiber eating plan that includes lots of fruits and vegetables, grains, and limited amounts of protein. Seventy percent of what I eat is fresh fruits, vegetables, and grains. I limit myself to about six ounces of protein a day. When I'm working, I don't vary what I eat, and that very strict routine helps me maintain my weight and my energy. I eat the same quantities from the same food groups each day. When I want to take off a few pounds, I'll cut the quantities in half or thirds, but the foods I'll be eating will be the same (I'll have a cup and a half of salad instead of three cups, for example.) I'm not advocating that the way I eat is right for everybody. But boy, it works for me.

I'm taking in fewer than 2,000 calories a day. I'm not starving myself—that's a good amount of food, especially when it's mostly lean foods, like fruits and vegetables. As long as I keep my intake under 2,000 calories, I'm not going to put on weight, and the same is true for most people, unless they're terribly, terribly sedentary. It's only when we regularly take in 2,500, or 3,000, or 4,000 calories in a day that we get fat. So if a generous slab of cheesecake contains 1,000 calories, many of them from fat, adding that to what I normally eat is going to push my total over the top. A taste won't wreak major havoc, but since I'm a creature of habit, I've really eliminated ice cream and fabulous desserts from my repertoire.

One of the reasons I've been successful with this way of eating is I've changed my concept of what a great meal is. It was a big adjustment for me not to see my main meal as always having to be meat and two vegetables. Now I might have soup and salad for dinner, a big vegetable plate, or a baked potato with fresh sour cream and chives on it. At first, when I'd eat something like that I'd think, "Gosh, I'm doing myself out of a meal. I could have more." But why not have just what I wanted, regardless of whether it was some traditional version of dinner or not?

Now I consider a terrific meal one that doesn't make me uncomfortable, that doesn't slow me down or give me a headache. The digestive system changes as you grow older. I know mine has. I've become more sensitive to rich foods, and eating at odd times of day—late at night for instance—doesn't work for me. It's similar to the way in which you can dance through the night when you're young and not miss those hours of sleep, but you can't get away with that sort of thing when you're older. The body isn't as resilient. It won't take abuse.

In adapting your own healthy way of eating, the basic information that's supported by the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society can be your starting point: a diet that is low in fat and high in complex carbohydrates such as fruits, vegetables, and grains. You might want to discuss my basic regimen with your doctor, and find out how he'd suggest adapting it to your needs.

But the older I get, the more I realize that you really must learn about

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your body. The doctor doesn't know your body the way you do. Of course, he can read your blood pressure and interpret a lab report or an x-ray. But you, on a day-to-day basis, are privy to more information about your system than your doctor. It behooves you to be aware, to listen, to learn, and to understand how you react to food.

Does MSG in Chinese food give you a headache? Do cinnamon or pepper send you running to the bathroom? Does an unpleasant aftertaste of cucumber stay with you hours after you've eaten one? Do you feel better the next morning if you have a big meal before going to sleep? Or do you sleep better with less food?

There are great rewards to eating sensibly besides looking your best. Having a sense of well-being. Waking in the morning and not feeling sluggish. Not suffering from sugar lows or the nausea of a miserable hangover. It is so worthwhile to get rid of all the emotional baggage that comes with eating badly. It's wonderful just to shut off that boring, repetitive inner dialogue one can get involved in: "Did I eat too much?" "I probably gained two pounds from that mass of roast beef I swallowed." "Can I lose it by Friday night's party?" "I shouldn't have had that ice-cream sundae at lunch." "I'll have to do better tomorrow," etc. etc. etc. Food isn't the only thing in life. If you eliminate it as a problem, your psychological and real energy can be freed for so many other things.

Because of the tremendous Madison Avenue hype, the idea that you can't be too thin sticks in women's minds. And it's so wrong. Women don't have to be like toothpicks. Men don't want bony girls. They love zaftig women. They really do. They love curvacious women, with hips. I remember when I lost the weight when I was doing *Mame*, the conductor said to me, "You look very slim, but, boy, I miss your tummy." He was used to standing down in the orchestra pit, looking up at me, conducting away and seeing my little belly sticking out above him.

By all standards of thinness, I'm not thin. I'm just regular. I have a

continued on page 110

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Angela's Positive Portions

Kitchen Sink Salad
(2 servings)

1/2 bunch arugula, coarse stems removed
1/2 head romaine lettuce
1/2 zucchini squash
1 small crookneck or yellow squash
1/4 jicama, or 1/2 bell pepper or 1 sweet red pepper
2 green onions
1 carrot, peeled
1 medium tomato, peeled if desired
1 cup cauliflower florets
1/4 avocado, peeled
1 ounce slivered almonds

Tear arugula and romaine lettuce into small pieces. Chop all vegetables into 1/4-inch dice. Add slivered almonds to salad bowl. Toss everything with 2 tablespoons of my favorite mustard vinaigrette (recipe follows), or any salad dressing desired. You really don't need to use more dressing than that, because the vegetables themselves have so much flavor.

Note: Of course, there are so many local, delicious salad greens to choose from. Experiment with them and you'll find that each new combination creates a whole different meal.

Mustard Vinaigrette

2 1/2 teaspoons balsamic or red wine vinegar
1/4 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1/2 clove garlic, minced
Pepper to taste
1/2 cup olive oil

Place all ingredients, except oil, in small bowl and whisk them together. Continue whisking and slowly pour in oil until everything is well-blended.

For dinner I'll have fish or poultry (with the skin removed, of course) or sometimes pasta with a salad. If I'm having a small piece of fish, I'll probably have as many as 3 vegetables with it, so it's a substantial meal. That's about it most of the time, and certainly when I'm working.

When I eat out, I'll order my salad dressing on the side, or ask the waiter to bring me a little olive oil and vinegar. I often eat at my daughter and her husband's Italian restaurant in Santa Monica, and my favorite dish there is angel hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil sauce that I eat without cheese. I make my own version at home, too.

Angel Hair Pasta with Fresh Summer Tomatoes
(2 servings)

1 pound ripe tomatoes
2 tablespoons olive oil
1/2 medium yellow onion, sliced very thin
1 large clove of garlic, peeled and chopped fine
Coarse salt
8 ounces dry angel hair pasta, or any long, thin pasta

Blanch tomatoes in boiling water for 1 or 2 minutes. When they are cool enough to handle, remove skins and seeds, and cut into quarters. (I like to use Italian plum tomatoes, but any kind will do.) Heat olive oil in skillet on medium heat. Then add onion and sauté until transparent. Add quartered tomatoes, garlic, and salt, according to your taste.

Don't forget you've probably put some salt in the water the pasta is cooking in, and some of that flavor clings to the noodles, even after they've been drained. Simmer tomato mixture gently for about 15 minutes. When pasta is cooked, pour hot sauce over it and, if desired, add some fresh chopped basil leaves as a tasty and colorful garnish.

Garden Vegetable Soup
(6 servings)

2 tablespoons margarine
1 cup chopped onions
1 cup chopped new potatoes, peeled
3 cups combined coarsely chopped carrots, celery, parsnips, broccoli, mushrooms, spinach, and parsley
5 cups soup stock
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt margarine in heavy saucepan. When it foams, add onions and potatoes, turning them until they're well-coated. Cover pan and cook over very low heat for 10 minutes. Add chopped vegetables and stock and boil until they're soft, about 15 minutes. Don't overcook vegetables, or they'll lose their flavor.

Pour everything into a blender or food processor (be careful not to overprocess) or through a sieve. Adjust seasoning to your taste. This hearty soup is delicious served with a dollop of low-fat sour cream, or even plain low-fat yogurt.

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THE ROCKY ROAD TO POPULARITY

Pride not only goeth before a fall, but in the craft of television news it also becomes an occupational hazard.

by Charles Kuralt

In the early days, before "On The Road" became a familiar part of the *Evening News*, nobody knew who we were. People would see us shooting film by the roadside and ask what was going on. Once, thinking we might somehow make a story of some farm kids flying kites in a field, we stopped and went to work, chasing those little boys and girls all over the place, Izzy lying on his back for a low angle, then jumping up and running after a kid and a kite; Larry running after him with his sound amplifier bouncing on his chest, the two of them connected by wires; Charlie Quinlan trotting along with a big silver reflector; I scribbling in a notebook. What rural parent, glancing through the kitchen window, could be prepared for such a sight? A mother finally came out of the house across the road to inquire just exactly what we thought we were doing.

"Madam," I said, "you're not going to believe this, but we are preparing a story for the 'CBS Evening News' with Walter Cronkite."

Of course, she *didn't* believe it at first and tried to run us off. Izzy says in those days I started every new conversation, "Madam, you're not going to believe this . . ."

Gradually, we became better known. People commenced smiling and waving at the "On The Road" bus. This had a heady effect on us. In the first place, as veterans of stories like civil rights demonstrations, we were accustomed to being unwelcome wherever we went. I had covered the Freedom Rides in Mississippi and Alabama and found that everybody, the Freedom Riders, the Klansmen, the cops and the local population, suspected or despised the press; Izzy, Larry and Charlie had lately been dodging brickbats during protest marches in Chicago. "On The Road" was different. Patrons of small-town taverns would hail us as celebrities come to town and buy us rounds of beers. The editors of country weeklies would feature the news of our passing on page one, with photographs of us posed beside the bus. People would ask for autographs, "for the kids," they'd say. I signed bits of paper and restaurant menus and dollar bills. Once, a man asked me to sign the

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Fresh from the cornfields, Kuralt dons suit and tie to anchor "Sunday Morning" for CBS. Nobody in journalism has a better job, he says.

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back of his T-shirt. A man asked me to sign the blade of his chain saw. The peaceful stories of "On The Road" were making us popular; even, we fancied, making us loved!

Local boosters made us welcome everywhere. "Gee," I said to Izzy one day in Oklahoma, "a couple of months ago they made me a Kentucky Colonel, last month they made me an Arkansas Traveler, and this month I was inducted into the Kiowa tribe."

Izzy assumed the solemn expression of the rabbi at his Chicago synagogue. "My good man," he said to me sardonically, "you are slowly working your way up to Jew."

Occasionally, it got ridiculous. A producer and camera crew from Public Broadcasting traveled with us for a few days to make a documentary about "On The Road." As we shot a story in Leland, Michigan, about the morning coffee klatch in the firehouse, the PBS crew tagged along. The Traverse City television station heard we were nearby, and a camera-man-reporter showed up to shoot a story about us. "Hey," said the PBS producer, "a local station shooting a story! That's part of our story!" So, while we shot our story, the Traverse City newsman shot us shooting our story, and the PBS crew shot a story about him shooting us shooting our story. I felt I was a character in some sort of Kafka nightmare. The morning coffee drinkers probably were glad to see us all leave town.

In time, people stopped being surprised when we showed up in their small towns. It came to seem almost as if they were expecting us.

We went to Sopchoppy, in the Florida panhandle, to look into a story about worm grunting. Worm grunting is not practiced just everywhere. Maybe I'd better explain it:

You go out into the woods and pound a hardwood stake into the ground, preferably using a heavy truck spring to do the pounding. Then, you rub the truck spring sensually, but with a certain pressure, across the top of the stake. This sets up a vibration in the ground which you can feel in the soles of your feet. Earthworms must find the vibration disagreeable, for to escape it, they wriggle to the surface; whereupon, you pick up the worms and go fishing.

I didn't believe this when I first heard about it, but it turns out that

Fame is gratifying, but a reporter can be mistaken for the breadman.

some people around Sopchoppy make a living at it, selling their worms by the canful to Mr. M. B. Hodges's bait store. It will not surprise you to learn that if you go worm grunting in the National Forest, you have to have a federal Worm Gathering Permit displayed in the window of your truck.

We parked the bus outside Mr. Hodges's store to inquire where we could find some worm grunting going on. An old man was sitting on a bench outside the store whittling—not carving anything, just making a pile of shavings the way old men do outside stores in the South. As I walked by, he looked up at me and said, in a soft, confidential drawl:

"I knew you guys would show up here sooner or later."

It was as if he had been sitting there waiting for us.

We were careful not to display our wondrous new importance, but the truth is we were beginning to feel like big shots. Therefore, it was good for us that a few days later, down the road in Fort Myers, we stopped the bus on a residential street to consult the map, and a woman came out of her house smiling.

I smiled, and she smiled, and I opened the door to accept the usual congratulations for our stories about America, or perhaps to sign another autograph.

She said, "I think I'd like a couple of loaves of rye today, please."

She thought we were the bread truck.

In the course of the years, we have also been mistaken for the library book van, and several times for the Red Cross Bloodmobile. (Izzy says the next time we are mistaken for the Bloodmobile, he is going to say, "Just step to the rear of the bus and remove your garments, ma'am. The doctor will be with you in a moment.")

Such incidents have made us wear our fame a little more lightly. In one of the after-work seminars Ed Murrow used to conduct in Colbee's bar on

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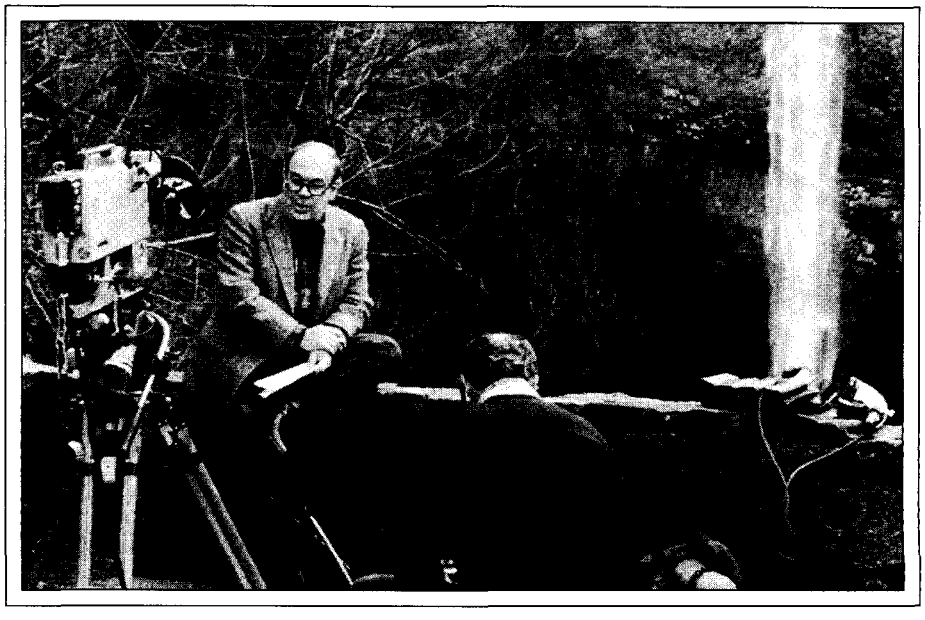

Filming at an Oregon waterfall. After 23 years on the road, Kuralt has stopped worrying about finding stories. Now, he says, "they find me."

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Lent: The Slow Fast

The latest short story by the award-winning author and former Saturday Evening Post *managing editor.*

by Starkey Flythe, Jr.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

The phone rang Easter morning. Ten o'clock. Jo Ellen was lying in bed beside Chris. The children, old enough not to believe in the Easter bunny and young enough to be oblivious to the spurious relationship between chocolate and pimples, had grabbed their baskets and run off across the front yard to a neighbor's, where she imagined they were analyzing the smears on each other's faces.

She had reached toward Chris, stretched really, found him halfway. The bedroom door was locked—the door the children banged on to wake her and Chris every morning. Years, she thought, since they'd had time for morning love. "One more privilege," she heard Chris say, "the middle class is being deprived of."

Jo Ellen found the phone across Chris's bare chest.

"I think there's been a breakdown in communications," Peter said. Peter was the priest at St. Xavier's. At the beginning of Lent, 40 days before, he had weighed 230 pounds.

"A breakdown in communications?" she said.

"Yes," Peter said. "You were supposed to fix breakfast for us—for the choir—this morning."

Jo Ellen thought she could hear Peter's hunger, heavy and boundless, shifting inside his vestments. She knew what must have happened. He had been late, rushing to eight o'clock mass—the nuns, their mass already celebrated, had called to him, "Father Peter, have some breakfast?" and he had replied, "No. Haven't got time," thinking all the while he'd get one of Jo Ellen's wonderful breakfasts, sausages she'd stuffed into the casings herself, the fluffy eggs scrambled with cheese, homemade muffins.

At the beginning of Lent, Ash Wednesday's cross barely washed off the congregation's forehead, Peter had bubbled from the pulpit—his text, "Feed My Sheep"—that St. Xavier's was going to "compensate for the inner city's unemployment with a Saturday soup kitchen."

"St. Xavier's," he'd said, "has the best cooks in the world and Jo Ellen Rostineau's the best of the best; we're making her head of the project!"

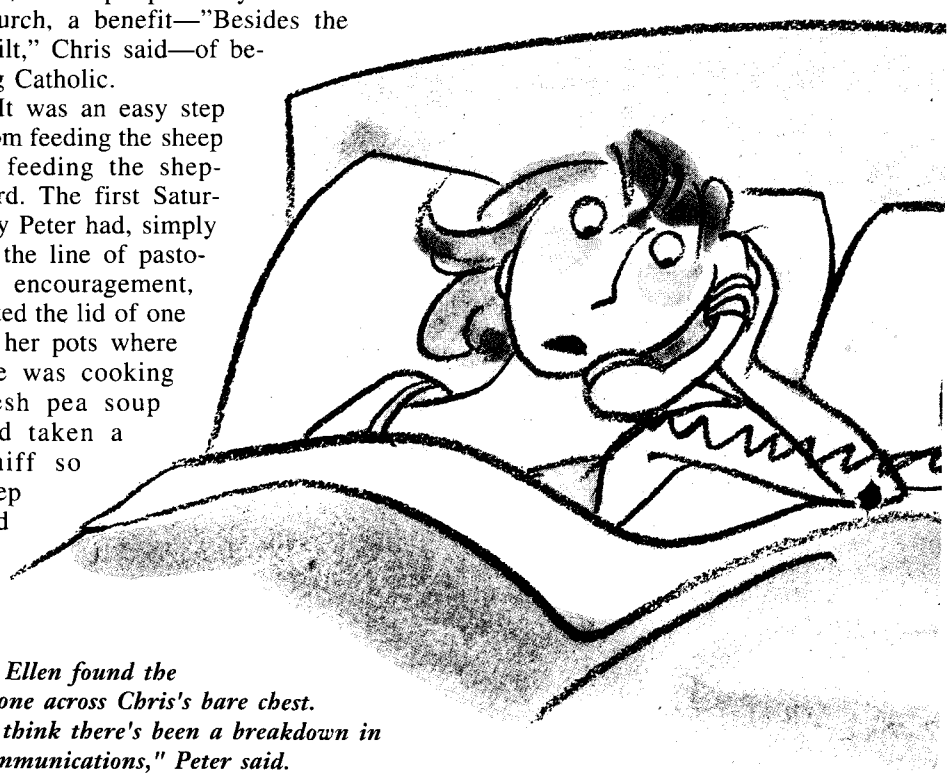
She and Chris were new in the city. People hadn't been very friendly to them until she began to cook. Now most of the people they knew and went out with, the children's friends, too, were people they had met at church, a benefit—"Besides the guilt," Chris said—of being Catholic.

It was an easy step from feeding the sheep to feeding the shepherd. The first Saturday Peter had, simply in the line of pastoral encouragement, lifted the lid of one of her pots where she was cooking fresh pea soup and taken a whiff so deep and satisfying she thought the bells in the tower would clang.

"Ahhh," he'd breathed, and what could she say but, "Try some?"

"Feed Cambodia?" Chris had told her two weeks later, foreign mission Sunday. "Why all the Christian Children's Fund has to do is slice the white meat from Peter's thighs: stuff Bangladesh."

Then Peter had asked her, again from the raised stage of the chancel, the cross behind him in authoritative support, to oversee a breakfast in the parish hall, "to bring everybody together during this special time. Maybe lead off with eggs Benedict?"



Jo Ellen found the phone across Chris's bare chest. "I think there's been a breakdown in communications," Peter said.

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The third Sunday in Lent, 8 a.m. service, he'd said in his homily, "I can smell delicious scents wafting in from the kitchen. No telling what all Jo Ellen isn't stirring up for us." It was so folksy—$3 apiece—attendance increased, and at Matins, too, as people could come for breakfast, get the children in Sunday School, and be in their pews by 10:30. Jo Ellen could hardly stand it, people knowing her name, asking her for recipes, hugging her: Peter asked her to put on a lunch, Wednesday. Then a dinner Thursday. It seemed she was at church every day. Businessmen's Bible class, Youth for Christ. She had watched in astonishment as Peter, 230, became Peter, 250. His legs rubbed together when he walked, made a noise like taffeta skirts.

As Lent moved forward, Peter's sermons dealt increasingly with Bible feasts: the Wedding Feast at Cana, the Supper at Emmaus.

The loaves and fishes (he intoned from the pulpit) you can almost taste those crusty loaves, the insides lightly and airy, but chewy, and the fishes, those wonderful Mediterranean catches, skates and scampi, barely simmered in a little olive oil, a squirt of lemon, very simply prepared—all the Jewish culinary genius brought to bear on the boy's lunch.

Jo Ellen, aproned, sitting in the back poised to rush out at the benediction to push the fish under the boiler for lunch, could almost see the herbed oil dripping down Peter's lips.

How thrilled that little boy must've been. Allowed to go off on his own, secure in the love of his mom who'd packed his lunch, wide open to faith, the scent of the fresh-baked bread and the marinated fish reaching his nostrils as he walked along the early morning way. Maybe a piece of goat cheese—feta or chévre.

He looked right at Jo Ellen, going over the rows of parishioners whose Sundays (and Wednesdays and Thursdays) had been so pleasantly altered by her cooking. She tingled with pride.

And how full of charity when the time came, how ready to be loving when HE asked this vast crowd if anybody there had food? How proud the boy was to say, "Here, Master, here am I. Take this, take all of this."

Jo Ellen stirred. The congregation had murmured somewhere between expectation and embarrassment, turning obliquely to each other as if a stranger who was not a member of the church and was never likely to be had come in the back door.

"What does he want?" Chris demanded, breaking her recollection, his hand flat against the inside of her leg, their bed warm with desire. His long fingers rested a minute before insisting. She propped her elbow on his chest. The plastic phone receiver was smooth as his skin. "Hang up!" Chris said.

"Peter? I talked with the organist. She said they sang better on an empty stomach. I put out some fruit, some cheese yesterday for them."

"Some cheese?"

"In the refrigerator." She knew he was calling from the church kitchen. The phone was right next to the refrigerator. Jo Ellen thought she heard him opening the door. The image was so strong she imagined his opening the door to their bedroom, mischievous, like the children, seeing her and Chris, advancing toward them, not sternly, but lovingly, pulling back the sheet and criticizing their lovemaking the way he would her vegetable soup.

"Well, we're all down here and there's nothing to eat," Peter said, speaking absently into the refrigerator.

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MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH DANDELION

The author finds that the common weed can be a healthful delicacy.

by Peggy Jones

It must have begun in my childhood as the Great Depression helped to shape our menus. Salads in winter months usually were limited to coleslaw or chilled canned tomatoes. Perhaps we bought lettuce for special occasions. By February we were more than ready for fresh greens.

We also ate a common weed that, as we learned later, was an excellent source of Vitamin A, calcium, and potassium, with one-half cup of greens providing 60 to 80 percent of the recommended daily allowance for Vitamin A, 121 milligrams of potassium, 73 mg of calcium, and only 17 calories. All we knew at the time was that we liked dandelion, which seemed refreshingly wholesome.

"All right, children," Mother would say as my brother, Bob, and I arrived home from school. "When you change your clothes, dress real warm. It's time to gather dandelion." She would hand us each a basket and butcher knife, and we would head for the open fields around our home.

Years later I asked her how she could stand to see us out in such blustery, cold weather. Granted, our ears and hands were covered but, oh,

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the wind! "I felt it was building character," was her reply.

Once Mother finished supper dishes, she would pull up a stool by the sink and attack the job of cleaning our harvest.

No one has ever measured up to her meticulous work. Armed with a paring knife, she dealt with each individual stalk. Folding back any brown layer, she cut off the root neatly and trimmed the leaf ends off, because they could be bitter. She cut the hearts crisscross to make sure any dirt would be washed away. Actually, part of the appeal was the fact it was dandelion *heart* salad.

When finished, she used four waters to wash thoroughly, and even more if she saw any signs of residue. Then, for the rest of the night, she placed the covered pans, filled with water, in the back porch to keep the dandelion crisp and chilled. Today we have refrigerators!

Though we never cooked the dandelion, it was wilted by the boiled sauce we poured on it.

Our fondness for dandelion spread, and the neighbors wanted some. So Bob and I developed a little business: Mother cleaned quantities until well after midnight, and we sold dandelion at 10¢ a quart in the morning before leaving for school. For two years running we sold enough to pay our way to summer camp at $12 a week, a ‘dy sum in those days.

Years later, when Bob became a prisoner of war during the Battle of the Bulge in World War II, he scoured the campgrounds for every dandelion he could see, cleaning and washing his find as best he could. He ate it knowing he was getting important nutrients his diet was lacking.

I continued to eat dandelion, also. No matter where I lived it never seemed like spring if I didn't gather a mess or two of dandelion. The farther south we lived, the more bitter it tasted. The cold-weather climate semed to be ideal.

Dandelion growing in a lawn is usually not as good as that found in the garden or a free area, nor is it tender and succulent once flowers appear. It is definitely an early spring delicacy. The sooner it is gathered, the better it is. While vacationing in Williamsburg one March, I just could not resist gathering dandelion from the children's play area outside our motel.

My dandelion gathering was not limited to the United States. While visiting in Sweden one April, we were shocked at the price of food. Our hostess served salad (Chinese cabbage) only once. She presented us only a sad, wilted stalk, and we had to pay an exorbitant price to get it. But just 50 feet away in her garden was the richest dandelion I had ever seen. The white part of the stalk was inches high.

"How about if I pick some and fix it for dinner?" I asked.

"Fine," she answered. The hostess said she had read that dandelion was one of the richest sources of vitamins and nutrients. "I went out on the lawn and dug some," she said. "It was late summer and it was so bitter. Furthermore, I didn't know how to prepare it."

As I used the precious egg, bacon and vinegar, I thought how dreadful a waste of good food it would be if they didn't like it. Fortunately, they did, raving and telling their friends about it. Before leaving I gave a lesson on the whole process; they, hopefully, have been enjoying some dandelion every spring.

After living in the South for many years we returned to Pennsylvania for retirement. Naturally I looked forward to my favorite salad. By now my husband was as addicted as I. It was as good as we remembered.

Thinking of our former next door neighbor who had always been our best customer, I realized she probably hadn't had any dandelion for years. In her late 80's, with sight about gone, I wondered if she wouldn't enjoy our mutual favorite salad again.

Ringing her doorbell just as I had almost 60 years ago, I waited. As she appeared I told her I had a gift for her. Would she care for a box of dandelion just as she had many years ago? When she realized what it was she kissed me and said, "There isn't anything in the world you could give me that I'd rather have."

Driving home and thinking over the pleasure this worldwide common weed gives to some of us, I thought, "Why not share the blessing?"

OUR PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH RECIPE

(Makes 4 servings)

1 beaten egg white
2-3 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon honey
2-3 tablespoon water
Salt, if desired
4-5 cups dandelion
1 strip bacon (optional)
2 tablespoons onion, diced

Combine egg white, vinegar, honey, and water in bowl and beat well. Fry diced bacon. When partly cooked pour off grease, add onion and continue frying. Add egg mixture. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Pour over well-drained dandelion and mix thoroughly. Hard-boiled egg white optional.

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MR. LINCOLN'S MYSTERY CAKE

The story of a remarkable confection that no one but the President himself dared to eat.

BY JOHN PAUL HEFFERNAN

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

Grandfather and his famous cake passed into memory on the same day. The old man knew that his hour had come and that was why he had my mother call in a professional photographer to take pictures of the cake for the family records. Then, when the photographer had gone and we were still bleary-eyed from flash bulbs, grandfather asked mother to remove the bell-shaped glass top that had covered the cake for more than 86 years.

"I hate to see this happen," grandfather said, "but the cake and I have lived out our time."

Mother sniffled a little bit as she unscrewed the things that held the top in place. And the minute air touched the cake it seemed to sigh a little bit and fell apart while we watched.

Grandfather looked very sad, and he died about an hour later, sighing a little just as the cake had. It was his own fault that he died so young. He celebrated his 100th birthday by going ice skating with us kids on Blodgett's pond and broke a leg when he started showing off by doing figure eights. After that he sort of went into decline and died at the age of 107.

Grandfather was a Civil War veteran. He enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment in 1861 and fought with the Army of the Potomac through all its generals and battles from Ball's Bluff to Appomattox.

After General Ambrose Burnside did his best to help the Confederacy by losing the Battle of Fredericksburg in December 1862, he took the beaten troops on a long march through the mud and then put them into winter quarters.

"Going into winter quarters," Grandfather always reminded us, "was none of this fancy business of moving into steam-heated barracks and living off the fat of the land. It meant that you and several of your friends were allowed to chop down some trees and build a log hut to keep from freezing to death."

Grandfather said that the Army always seemed to be ahead of the supply trains, and food was hard to come by. Most of the time the soldiers lived on bacon, hardtack and coffee. Sometimes they couldn't even get that, with the roads what they were in Virginia and the commissaries siphoning off the palatable stuff for the officers. In addition, he said that the chaplains who took care of the soldiers' mail weren't above sniffing at some of the boxes from home and appropriating a little for themselves when the devil was strong in them. Grandfather said it was a caution how unholy a man could get when his stomach was empty.

It would make mother mad to hear him talk that way about chaplains, and she would tell him to shush because all chaplains were good and holy men. Then grandfather would get mad, too, and start swearing in Latin and Greek, in deference to our tender years—and our big ears. Grandfather was a well-educated man and could swear in long, periodic sentences that sounded like something right out of Livy or Cicero.

To get back to the cake, many of the soldiers had their families send them food to supplement the terrible diet doled out by the Army. But that didn't always work out too well. Cakes and cookies would be stale by the time the soldiers received them, and the jars of jam and preserves would be cracked and leaking sticky syrup all over the new suit of underwear that might be in the package.

"Even hardtack and salt pork were better than plum preserves mixed with a set of red flannels," Grandfather once said.

So, just before they went into the Fredericksburg fight, grandfather got a hankering for some cake and wrote his mother about it. He played it smart and asked her to send him the ingredients and he would bake the cake himself.

Grandfather's mother complied and shipped along the ingredients: flour and sugar, molasses, spices, raisins, dried fruit and various kinds of nuts. Other ingredients grandfather foraged locally, especially eggs, which had to be obtained from unhappy Confederate hens. The package reached him about a month after the battle and just about the time that grandfather and three friends of his had finished building a log hut to live in until spring.

Even after 86 years you could tell that it must have been a beautiful cake, with white icing all over it and a colonial flag with 13 stars to decorate the top. Grandfather said the flag was an afterthought and had been put on there in a final burst of patriotism at a time when things looked pretty bleak for the Union.

Although grandfather was the cake's architect, the other three soldiers helped out. One cut the wood for the fire; another collected the flat stones they used for an oven, and the third man kept the fire going while grandfather did a spell of picket duty,

"How should you know what's in the cake when you haven't even tasted it?" Lincoln asked the young soldier.

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swapping news and insults with Confederates who were also doing picket duty on the other side of a stream.

The cake turned out so beautifully that they all voted not to eat it. Grandfather often repeated with pardonable pride that it had to be an unusual cake to produce such an unheard of reaction among hungry soldiers. He said that the Army of the Potomac was probably the hungriest army that ever wore the uniform of the United States. He said that even a mule had to look pretty sharp when there were soldiers around or he'd get euchred out of his corn.

Grandfather said they made kind of a mantel in their hut by driving two pegs into the wall and then resting a plank on the pegs. They put the cake on the mantel to age and admire. He said they never voted absolutely against eating the cake. They just wanted to admire it for a while, and it boosted their morale to know that they could always have a piece of cake if they wanted it badly enough.

A few weeks later grandfather and his cabin mates got into a little trouble with the soldiers in the next hut by throwing a cartridge down their chimney one night after their neighbors had gone to bed. He said this was a favorite stunt. When the paper cartridge fell down the makeshift chimney and into the fire, it made a lot of popping and flashing and invariably resulted in the startled inhabitants running out shouting, "Fire!" and looking frantically for water. It also resulted in a good deal of hard feelings, strong language and a number of bruises if the culprits were discovered.

Grandfather's company commander got wind of the fracas and took a pretty humorless view of it. When grandfather confessed that he had dropped the cartridge down the chimney, the captain gave him the rough side of his tongue and a week of extra duty digging "sinks," which is what grandfather said they called latrines in those days. He said he got pretty tired of that kind of duty, so he went to the captain and said he would give him a nice, fairly fresh fruitcake if he would let him off.

My older brother hooted and said the Army had never been like that, but grandfather said that in 1863 a soldier who was willing to give away a fairly fresh fruitcake was a rare bird in the Army of the Potomac, and that no officer in his right mind would have turned down a proposition like that after all they had been through.

After the cake changed hands it really started going places. It seems that grandfather's company hadn't done too well at inspection the week before, the result being that the company commander was sort of low on the regimental commander's list. So the company commander took up a notch in his belt, looked longingly at the cake, and then brought it to the colonel in the interest of better relations.

"I endorsed a check on the wrong end. And you?"

As luck would have it, the colonel had planned a little blowout in his quarters for the division commander, and the cake was a real windfall. He had his cook set it up in the center of the table and gave the general a fancy story about how the cake had been baked just for him.

The general was as happy as a clam in high water. "It would desecrate that beautiful old colonial flag to eat that cake—at this level," said the general. "I am going up to Washington tomorrow, and I think I will take the cake along and give it to the Secretary of War."

Secretary of War Stanton was touched by the present from the cold, hungry soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. He said he didn't know the boys cared that much. He took the cake home to his wife, figuring that they could use it sometime when they had guests in for dinner, since even in those days there was a considerable amount of freeloading going on in Washington.

This was the only time in its long life that the cake failed to create a favorable impression. The Secretary's wife was on a diet at the time, and she accused her husband of bringing home a delicacy just to try her moral fiber. They had some sharp words about it, and she told him to take the cake from the house and give it to the Library of Congress or some other worthy charity.

Secretary Stanton, like most husbands, didn't follow his wife's advice, largely because he thought he would look pretty silly presenting a fruitcake to the Library of Congress, when every fool in Washington knew that all the Library of Congress cared about was books. What he did with grandfather's cake I will take up later.

Winter gave way to spring, and the Potomac soldiers were committed to another campaign. Mr. Lincoln, who had been using the hit-and-miss system trying to find a general who could win battles, had made Maj. Gen. Joe Hooker the top dog in the Army of the Potomac. Hooker was a fine-looking man with a way of ingratiating himself, a flare for fighting, and as ambitious as any you could find among the high-level shoulder straps.

When the spring rains slackened and blossoms were falling on the twisting clay roads of Virginia, Joe Hooker mounted a magnificent gray horse and led the Army of the Potomac toward an insignificant little place called Chancellorsville. And he ran into that terrible combination that had been scaring Union generals for a long time: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart.

Grandfather was a sergeant by then. He was never the one to brag, and we had to fill in a lot of gaps about what he did there. But it must have been a lot because he got a medal for it. His company was pinned down in a nasty little patch of woods, with the company commander wounded, ammunition running low, and underbrush and second-growth timber catching fire.

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Grandfather never went into detail about it, but there came a time when he went out under fire and through the burning woods to rescue his company commander from a nasty situation. And on the way back to his position he found the regimental commander with a Minié ball in his left leg, and brought him back to safety, too.

Both the officers survived, thanks to grandfather, and they wrote about his exploits in their reports. Grandfather was such a hero that he was selected to carry dispatches to the President. It seems a little improbable at this distance, an enlisted man being sent with dispatches for the President of the United States, but, as grandfather pointed out, it was a smaller country in those days and the President was more accessible.

Grandfather never tired of telling about his visit with Mr. Lincoln. It was a warm, rainy morning when grandfather reported to the Executive Mansion after sprucing up a little at Willard's Hotel. He said the President's house was crowded with high brass waiting to see Mr. Lincoln and the usual brigade of politicians and plain citizens with axes to grind.

Grandfather said he figured it would be a long wait, but when the door to the President's office swung open, Mr. Lincoln noticed the young sergeant standing there looking a little shy and out of place among all that brass and starched shirts, and he shooed all the others aside and beckoned to him to come in. It was a big moment for grandfather when he passed through all those black looks and heard the President's door close behind him.

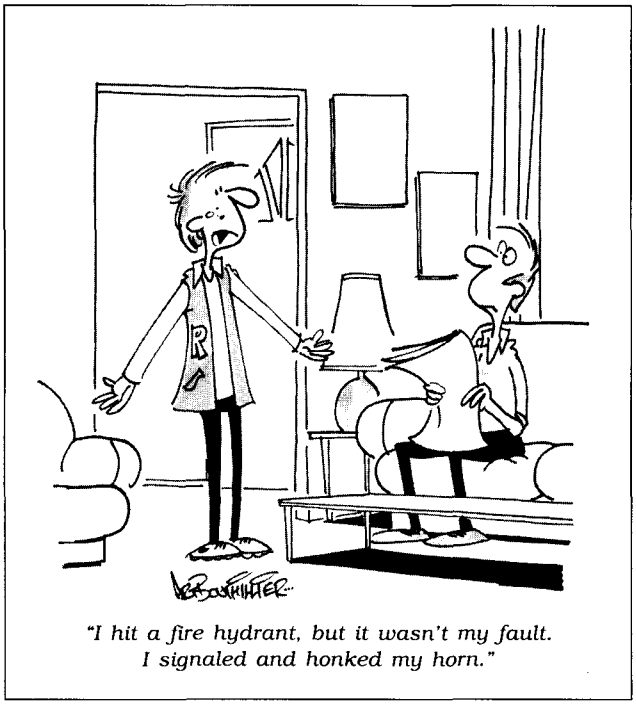
Grandfather got all tangled up in trying to shift his dispatches to his left hand so he could salute Mr. Lincoln with his right, and the papers fell on the floor, and the President, chuckling, helped him pick them up and get them in the right order.

"Sit down, son," Lincoln said. "No need to get all upset about coming in here. After you get to know me better, you'll find out I'm just like a comfortable old shoe—or at least I try to be. You just rest easy while I read some of General Hooker's excuses here." He put on his steel-rimmed spectacles and sighed when he noticed the length of the papers. "They always write long ones when they lose a battle. The only reports I'd like to get from my generals could be written in just two words—'We won.' "

The President read rapidly and without further comment down to the last page; then he said, "Hum," and looked at grandfather over the rim of his spectacles.

"How old are you, son?" he asked.

Grandfather said he really didn't hear the President the first time because he was staring open-mouthed at his fruitcake, which was reposing under a glass cover on a side table in the President's office. He knew it was his cake because of the flag on top, but how it got into the office of the Commander in Chief beat the daylights out of him. Mr. Lincoln was a patient man and he asked grandfather how old he was for the second time.



"I hit a fire hydrant, but it wasn't my fault. I signaled and honked my horn."

Grandfather dragged his eyes reluctantly from the cake and replied with a gulp that he was pushing 21.

The President wagged his head and said that grandfather was a mighty young man to have done all the fine things said about him in the report. Mr. Lincoln turned to his desk and started writing on a long, official-looking paper that he found in a desk drawer; then he tinkled a little bell on his desk; and one of his secretaries came in and held a whispered conversation with him. Grandfather said he noticed the secretary glancing over his shoulder at him several times and it made him a little self-conscious, so he concentrated on the cake and didn't even hear the secretary leave.

"Son, are you hungry?" Lincoln asked good-naturedly.

"No, sir, Mr. President," Grandfather stammered. "It's just that I can't keep my eyes off that cake."

"Then you must be hungry. Would you like a piece?"

"Oh, no, sir, thank you."

"Well, I think I'll have a piece," the President said. "It's been sitting there for some time, and I'm beginning to wonder what it tastes like." He took a pen knife from his desk and cut himself a small sliver. He chewed it thoughtfully, nodding his head. "A little old, but mighty fine cake all the same. I must have the Secretary of War ask his wife for the recipe."

This remark confused grandfather completely. What the wife of the Secretary of War had to do with his fruitcake he had no idea, but he made a partial recovery and rattled off the cake's ingredients while the President looked bemused.

"Now that's exactly what's in the cake," said Mr. Lincoln, giving grandfather an odd glance, "but how should you know when you haven't even tasted it?"

"Well, Mr. President," said grandfather, "I don't know how the Secretary of War's wife fits into this or what she says about it, but I baked that cake and I ought to know what goes in it."

"Suppose you tell me about it," the President suggested dryly.

So grandfather told all about baking the cake, how the other soldiers had helped out and how they had voted not to eat it for a while.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch," said the President, who was sometimes careless of his grammar, and he laughed so hard the tears ran down the furrows in his cheeks and glistened on his chin whiskers.

Grandfather allowed how he thought it was pretty funny in a way, but what had him stumped was how the cake ever got to Mr. Lincoln.

"Son," said the President, swabbing at his eyes with an oversized hand-

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HERNIA AND HISNIA

He took the swelling to be an overdeveloped muscle, but was scared into an operation by his dear wife's admonition of "a stitch in time..."

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

It couldn't have happened from lifting pages of copy; my writing isn't that heavy. Nor do I use a big word (usually because I don't know one) when a little word will do. To tell you the truth (which will be a switch, according to you-know-who), I took this swelling in the lower left sector of my abdomen to be nothing more than an overly developed muscle from power-walking my dog and my dear wife. Why I hadn't developed the corresponding muscle on the lower right side failed to occur to me. But one out of two wasn't bad.

That was before I went for my six-month checkup.

"Why, Mr. Stoddard," the doctor remarked jovially, "you've got a hernia." (The difference between a rupture and a hernia is about $200.)

Who, me? was my first thought. *You don't get a hernia from banging on typewriter keys*, was my second thought. (Hernias come with old age, I was told; what does that have to do with me? I answered.) And before I could come up with a third thought—which would have been a record—the doctor cheerfully scheduled an operation.

Until the operation, should I be doing any manual labor around the house? I suggested hopefully. No problem, do anything you are ordered to do. In that case, since the thing didn't hurt, why submit my unblemished Greek-god chassis to the knife? My dear wife, an R.N. who had hung up her pruning fork, or whatever, 10 years ago, stopped laughing long enough to explain that if I let the thing go I might find myself skipping rope with my lower intestine. Or worse.

With this in mind, I agreed to have my body delivered to the hospital by noon sharp the following Monday. But if you think one goes popping into the outpatient department at 11:55 Monday morning and announces that he's up for a hernia operation, you're as crazy as I was. One must first pop in the Thursday before for a battery of tests.

"What tests?" I asked my nurse/wife. "I'm not too good at patting my head and rubbing my stomach at the same time, you know."

"Don't be silly," she cackled. "They just want to find out if your so-called body is qualified for an operation."

So I went slogging into the outpatient department on Thursday morning, wondering if maybe skipping rope with my lower intestine might not, after all, be the lesser of two evils.

For test No. 1, I was directed to follow the purple lines along the wall until they stopped. This brought me to Hematology—for a CBC (or Complete Blood Count, for you unhernias). How they count blood, I didn't ask. All I asked was that they leave me enough to get home on.

For test No. 2, I followed the green lines to Cardiology for an EKG. Don't ask; I didn't. It appeared to be only an excuse for one of the single nurses to get her kicks sticking tabs on my manly chest. If the console to which they were connected was to indicate if I was romantically inclined, she was disappointed. Then it was off to the green lines to x-ray, where I was ordered to disrobe to the waist and slip into a gown having three armholes. Since I have enough trouble getting into anything with only two armholes, I didn't show up in the X-ray waiting room for another half-hour.

Two other gentlemen, both evidently escape artists, had gotten into

their gowns first. One was absorbed in a book, the other a copy of *Fortune*. The only other literature left on the stand was a slim hardcover bearing the title, *The Bingity-Bangity School Bus*. I decided to wait for the movie. Forty-five minutes later, it began to look pretty good.

I won't give away the plot, in case you might be coming through later. But it was encouraging to read that the bingity-bangity bus, which "sounded like a thousand tin cans" after having an accident, became its old self again. While trying to relate this to my own situation, I was ushered into a room for a full frontal view and a profile x-ray of my chest. What the girl was looking for was

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At 1:00 someone tippy-toed in with a flashlight to check my IV tank, and while at it why not flash the light in my eyes to see if they were open. They were open.

never discussed. If she thought I had slipped the book under my gown, she also was disappointed.

Upon leaving the hospital, I received a sheet of instructions for the upcoming main event:

- Don't wear jewelry.
- Don't bring money. (I read that twice.)
- Don't eat or drink after midnight Sept. 30 (My operation was scheduled for the following day).
- Bring a driver (Indication, I foolishly thought, that I would be going home after the grand opening.)
- Do you have any capped teeth? (Indication that they might be taking my caps in lieu of cash.)

If the operation is scheduled for 1:30, as mine was, why, you might ask (as I did) must the victim—or patient, as the medical people prefer to call the victim—show up at 12 o'clock? For a hearty lunch, considering that his stomach growls by this time are no doubt registering on the nearest Richter scale? Nope. It's to give him time to undress, get into a gown and robe, stick his feet into a pair of brown disposable socks trimmed in white zebra stripes, insert his clothes into a six-inch-wide broom closet...and wait. Without so much as a bingity-bangity book to read.

Turned out that the zebra stripes were not for decoration after all. They were for the soles of the feet to prevent slippage, as everyone else in the room had known from birth. It also turned out that my operation would be delayed until 2:00 (my doctor no doubt having been tied up in rush-hour traffic at the cafeteria).

Eventually, one of the pallbearers—but I'm jumping the gun—came to escort me to a curtained-off cell, where I mounted some portable steps to a cot on wheels that awaited me. And here I awaited, counting the squares in the ceiling, then straining to overhear the conversation in the stall to my left. Finally, a lady—make that female—barber with a dishpan of suds entered my cubicle. After winning a short tug-of-war with my gown, she proceeded to lather and, with a disposable razor, defoliate my abdomen from bellybutton to the extreme southern border.

I was still licking my wounded ego when a seemingly benign gentleman stopped by to announce that he was going to relax me preparatory to rendering the *coup de grace*. Giving credit where credit is scarce, he relaxed me until 5:30, only to learn, upon regaining my faculties, that I would be spending the night in the hospital as an outpatient.

I can say this for an outpatient spending a night in the hospital: it's better than an outpatient spending two nights in a hospital.

Why, one might ask—I being the one—would I have to be checked on every half-hour during the night? If the doc had sewed me up with a good grade of catgut, surely my incision wouldn't be popping open. And if it did, surely with all the current medical technology available there would be a gadget out at the desk that would inform night personnel that the guy in #310 had ripped his stitches.

From a previous visit I had learned that the Hippocratic Oath or the Florence Nightingale Pledge of Allegiance or whatever calls for a night nurse to come busting into a patient's room 12 times a night under the pretext of taking his temperature and blood pressure. So with one of my rare smiles, I bribed a 3-to-11:30 temperature-taker to leave word before she checked out that she had taken care of everything, which might allow me to sleep right straight through from 12 till maybe

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STEVAN DOHANOS: COVER TO COVER

For two decades, Post readers saw themselves at work, at play, and at war through the art of this renowned illustrator.

March 7, 1942

Though much of his work gave Post readers a chuckle, for his first cover, in 1942, Stevan Dohanos chose a somber scene from World War II.

Of all the unlikely places for a Hungarian-born American teenager to begin his career as an artist and magazine cover illustrator, an Ohio steel mill would seem to top the list. But it was here that Stevan Dohanos serendipitously discovered a talent that would take him out of the somber environment of the steel mill and into "the bright world of imagination."

Had he not worked into an office job, where he became entranced by art calendars arriving in the mail, Dohanos might have drawn nothing but an eventual steel mill pension. But he began copying the pictures in colored crayons and selling them to fellow office workers for two or three dollars a copy. Although most of the pictures were scenic landscapes, in the process—fortunately for the *SatEvePost* and its readers—he discovered magazine art.

One of the budding artist's three-dollar best sellers turned out to be the Norman Rockwell *Post* cover of a tramp roasting a hot dog over a fire built in a tin can, with a hungry dog eyeing the cooking with anticipation. How Dohanos would have derided any suggestion that one day he too would be producing art for the famous *Saturday Evening Post* and become a personal friend of the equally famous Norman Rockwell!

Only after attending night classes at the Cleveland School of Art and graduating to sign painting and billboard design did Dohanos begin his "*Post* graduate" work. Beginning in 1938, his scenes of suburbia and the trials and tribulations of life in middle America were to grace the covers of the *Post* for the next two decades.

Dohanos left little detail to the imagination. Once, while illustrating a bullet-punctured tire for an adventure serial, he carried a tire to the local police to pump it full of lead. To his dismay, the bullets left only tiny, "self-healing" wounds.

If imagination were necessary, however, the artist had no trouble coming up with it. One of his most famous *Post* covers depicts a tree house, which actually was perched on real estate owned by Harold Von Schmidt, a fellow *Post* artist. At the time Dohanos recreated the scene, his three sons, who had often played there, were grown and gone; the artist's memory of those happy scenes, however, served him well.

The imagination and talent of Stevan Dohanos also brought him to the attention of the Postal Service Stamp Advisory Committee, where he served as art advisor for a number of years. Although government policy prohibits the stamp designer from signing his work, many of the stamps the 20 million or more collectors are competing for today were done by none other than Stevan Dohanos.

For these meticulous assignments,

continued on page 108

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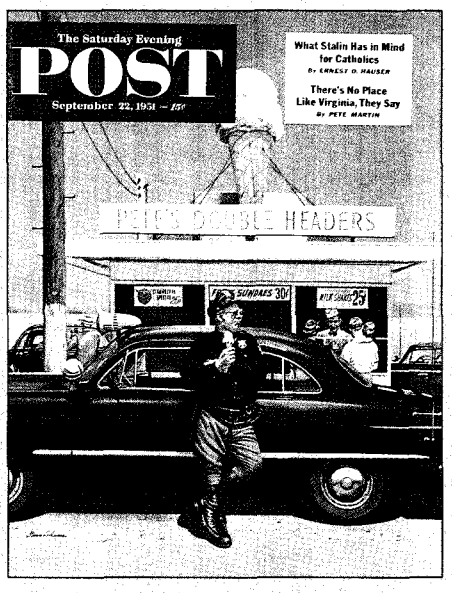
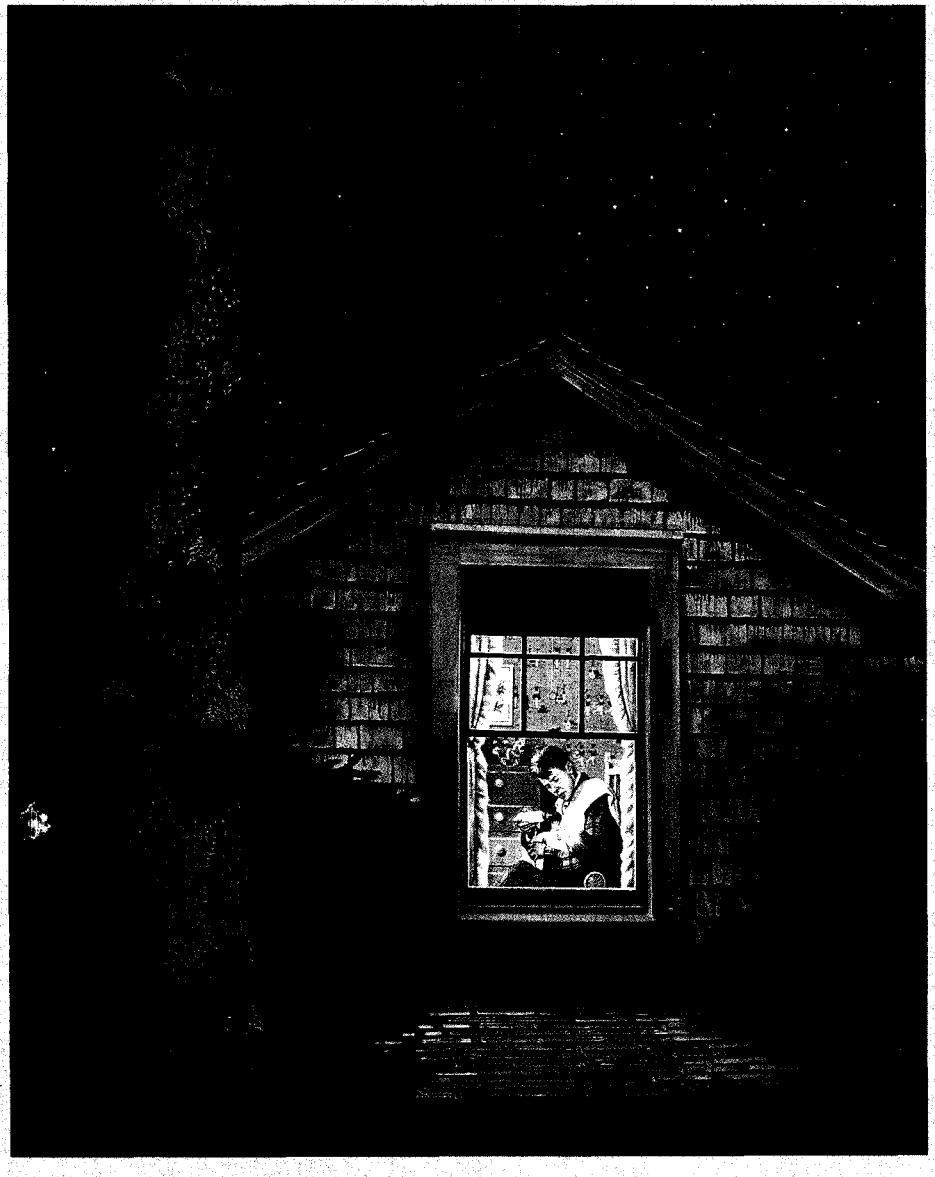
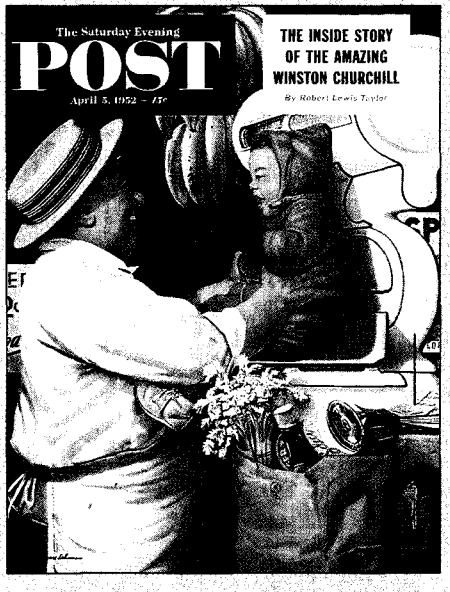


September 22, 1951

March 27, 1954





April 5, 1952

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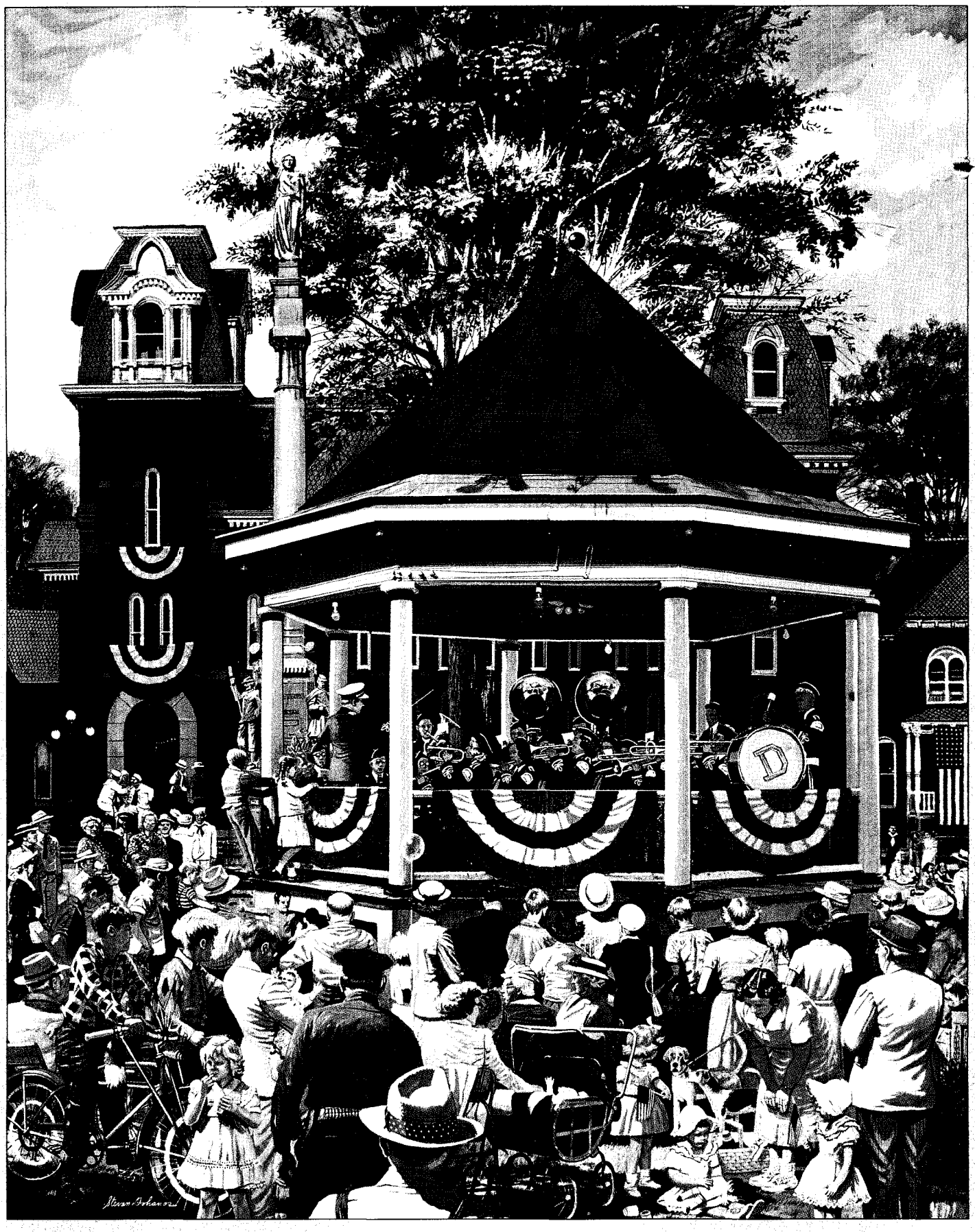

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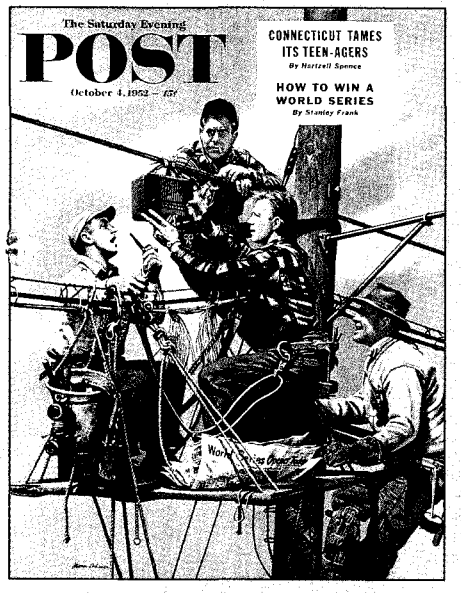

October 4, 1952

February 21, 1953
July 7, 1951 (opposite)

October 11, 1958

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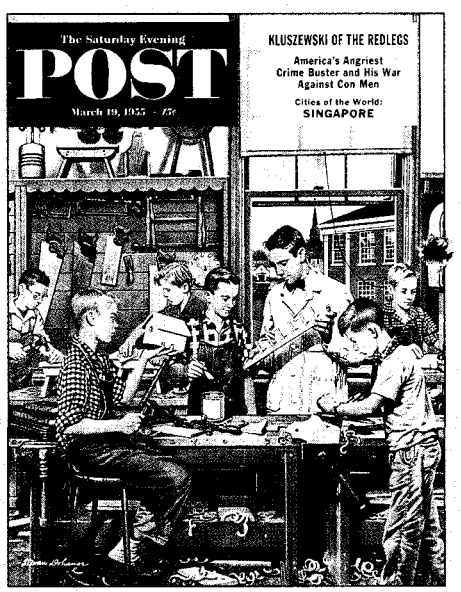
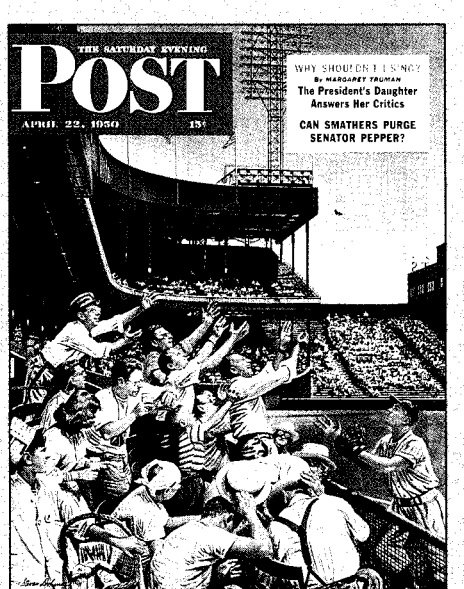
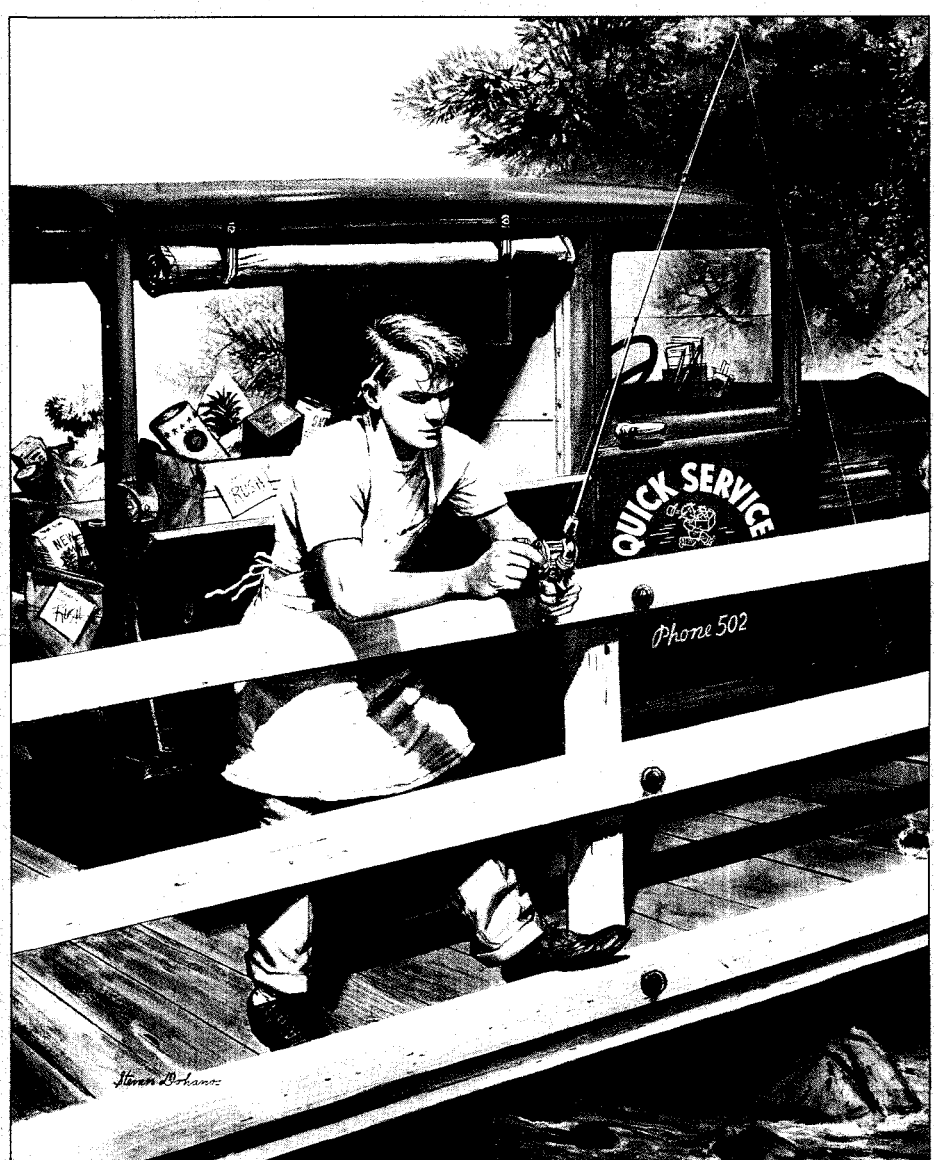

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 19, 1955 - 15¢
KLUSZEWSKI OF THE REDLEGS
America's Angriest Crime Buster and His War Against Con Men
Cities of the World:
SINGAPORE

March 19, 1955



April 22, 1950



May 9, 1953

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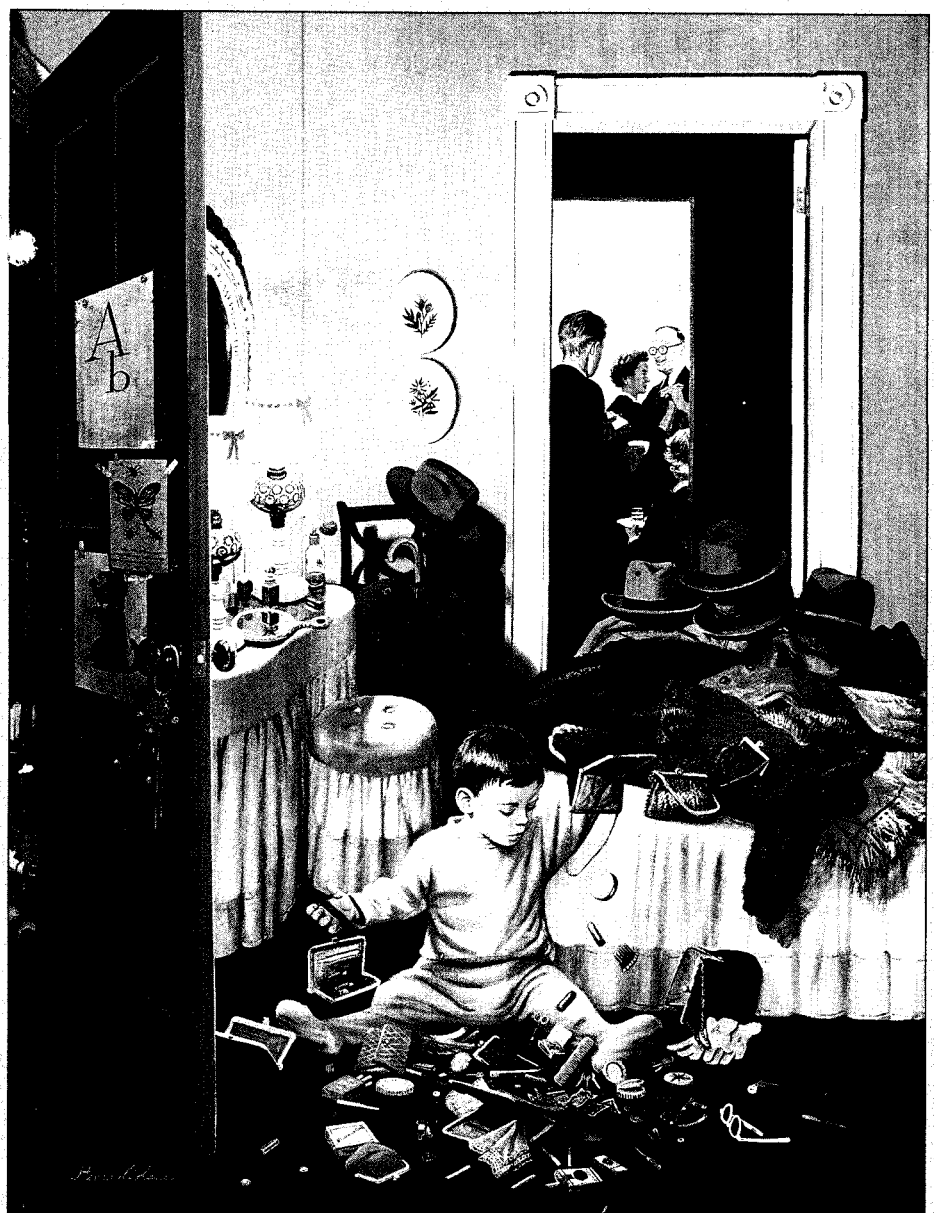
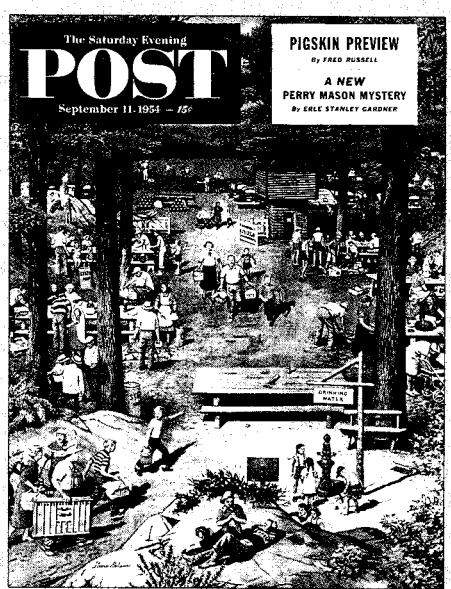


November 22, 1952

September 11, 1954



July 5, 1947

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HOOKED ON DECOYS

If a duck decoy can be auctioned for a price of $319,000, can fish decoys be far behind? Collectors of these meticulously carved scale models say no.

by Tobin Morrison

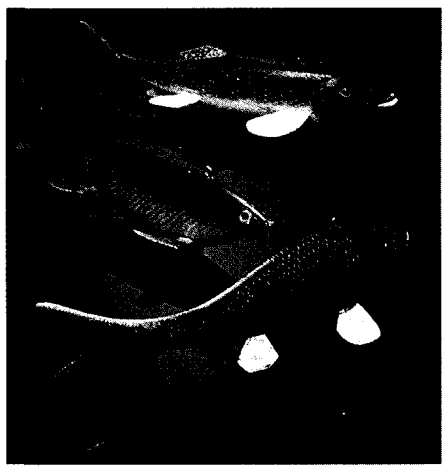
Sixty years ago, when the ravages of the Great Depression erased jobs, emptied cupboards, and made winter even more cruel, the fish decoy suddenly became a vital tool for many upper Midwesterners. They relied on these flashy hookless lures to attract fish so that they could spear them through the ice. Today, the same decoys that might have sold for $1 apiece at the local bait stand are fetching hundreds, even thousands, of dollars as they become a major force in the world of sporting collectibles.

But the practice of fishing with decoys was invented long before the depressed days of the 1930's. It's generally believed that Native Americans from nose-numbing climes were the first to lure fish with decoys as early as 1000 A.D., but the beginnings of this device are still debated, with some historians claiming it all started in Siberia and Japan.

The first American Indians to share their skills with the white man were from the Great Lakes—primarily Ojibways (Chippewas)—and this, according to many experts, led to the development of winter spearing as we know it today.

"I think the oldest use of wood decoys, outside of Indian use, was in Saginaw Bay (Michigan) on Lake Huron—primarily for walleyes," says Art Kimball of Boulder Junction, Wisconsin, one of the country's leading experts on fish decoys, who has written three books on the topic with his sons Brad and Scott.

"It went on commercially for years there," he continued. "In the mid-1870's they had a whole village out on the ice called Pickerelville. It had streets, hotels, stables, a tavern, even a mayor. There were cabins on the ice for the fishermen, and buildings where the catch was cleaned and readied for shipment. Occasionally some ice would break off and a part of the village would go. Boats would have to go out and rescue the fishermen."



Fred Collins Studios/Museum of American Folk Art

(Top) Bass by Augie Janner, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, 1950s. (Center and bottom) fish and bluegill by Andrew Trombley, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, 1940s.

Another early decoy-spearfishing stronghold was on Lake Chautauqua in New York, where furniture factory workers bolstered their incomes by spearing fish and selling them to inns, restaurants, and residents. This endeavor was so successful, fish populations were seriously depleted.

Just how productive is decoy spearfishing? So much so that in most states its practice has been outlawed. In New York, for example, it was banned shortly after the turn of the century. Today, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota are the only states where decoy spearing is allowed (though restricted to certain areas and species). Here, the tradition of the sport is strong among non-natives, and even more fervent among Native Americans who still rely on the decoy and spear for subsistence.

The winter spearing methods used by Great Lakes Indians today differ little from the way their ancestors skewered fish. A large hole is chopped into the ice, big enough to maneuver a decoy and spear. The ice around the opening then is covered with a carpet of spruce, pine, or balsam boughs to block out the light and provide padding to lie on. Next, a tent, or tepee, is built over the hole, covered with skins, blankets, old sleeping bags—anything that's warm and will shut out the light.

Inside the tepee, the ice hole gives off a frosty luminescence, like a TV screen without the test pattern. The fisherman lowers the decoy on a line into the water and brings it to life by imparting action with a jigging stick. The spear is kept at hand to thrust at any fish that swims within range.

Non-native spearfishing methods are basically the same, except a shanty or "dark house"—big enough to sit in with a few more creature comforts—is often used instead of a tent.

A typical fish decoy is whittled from wood with molten lead inset in its belly so it will sink. The decoys usually range in size from 3 inches to 50 inches.

The heyday of non-Indian fish decoy carvers was during the Depression, which explains the sizable school of 1930's vintage fish that are available today. During these lean years, the materials used to paint and ornament decoys weren't exactly of high priority. Nail polish, house paint, whatever was handy often covered the fish; rhinestones, pieces of mirror, sequins, and glitter were sometimes applied to add sparkle. Beer cans and food tins were used for fins, and tacks, nail heads, screws, pin heads,

(Top) Hans Janner, Sr. decoy with metal fins, 1930s. (Center) La Crosse, Wisconsin, 1920s. (Bottom) Chippewa Indian, Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin, 1950s.

James Krajicek

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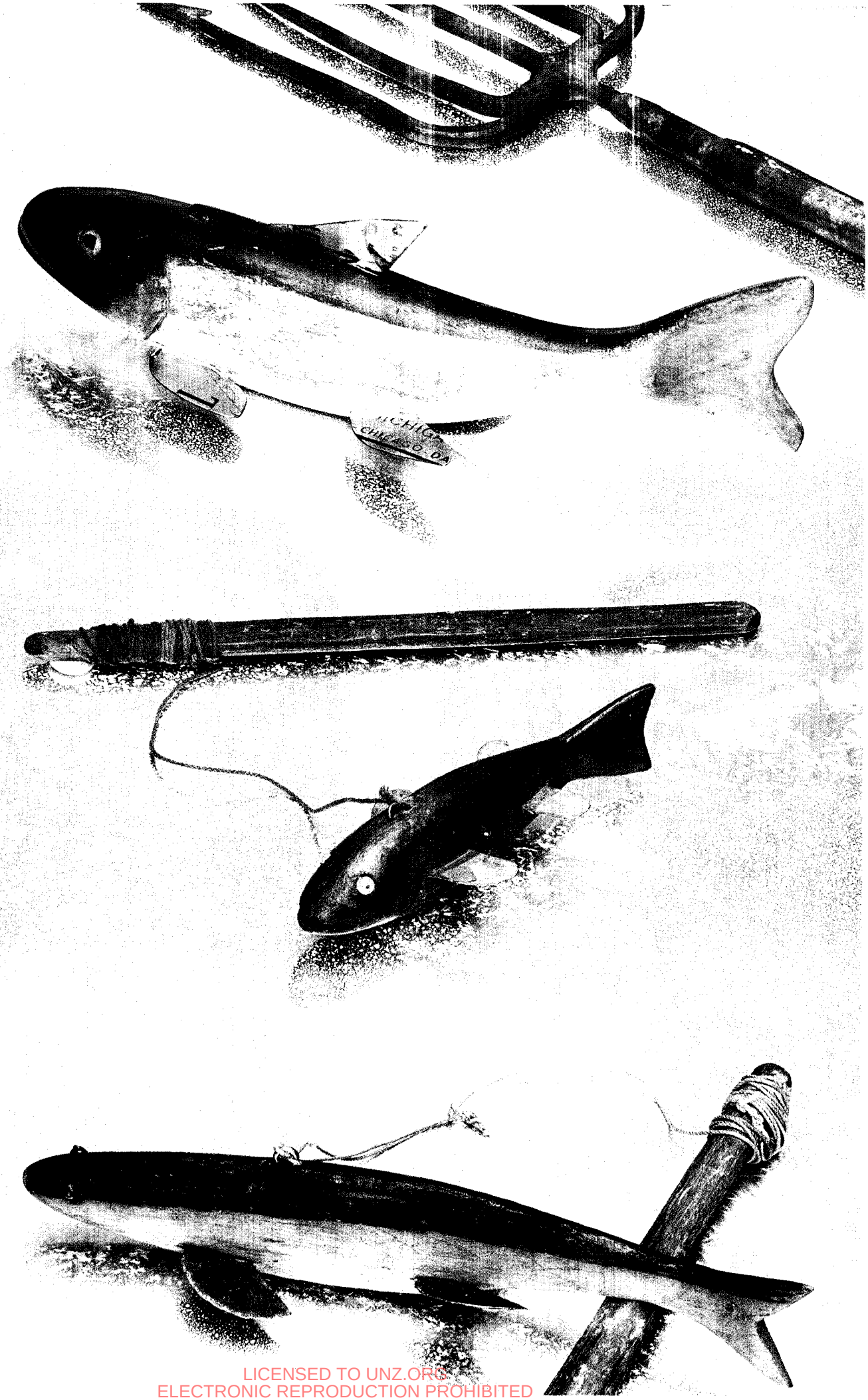

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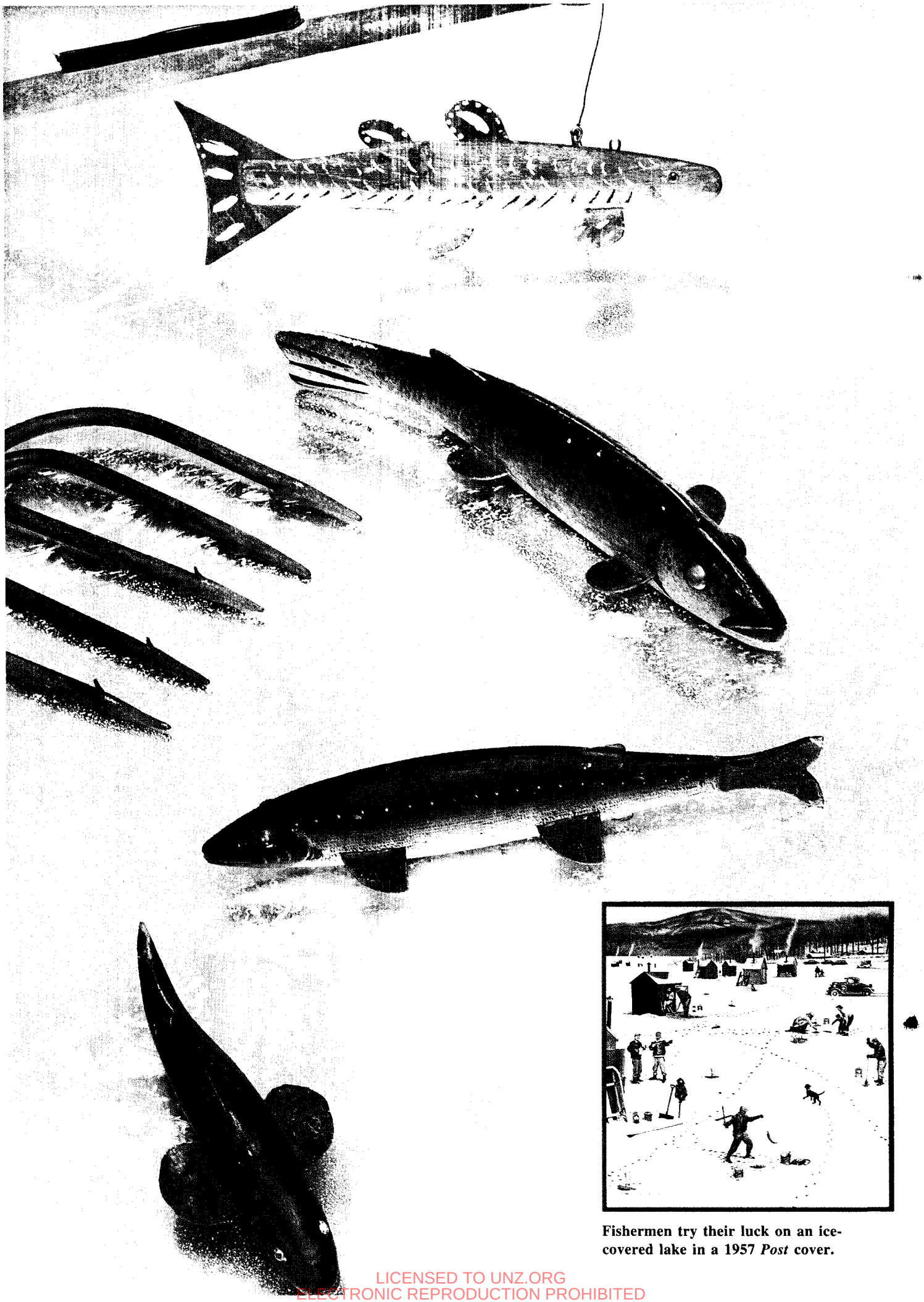

Fishermen try their luck on an ice-covered lake in a 1957 *Post* cover.

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(From top) Pearl Bethel, Minnesota, 1950s; Oscar Peterson, Cadillac, Michigan, 1930s; Harry Seymour, Lake Chautauqua, New York, 1890s; Saginaw Bay, Michigan, decoy, 1890s.

and brads were used for eyes.

Because these early-day carvers perceived their decoys more as tools than art, few of the fish from this period are signed. Often they can only be linked to their makers by style, species, and region.

One of the most important spots in the country in terms of the high quality and desirability of its decoys is southeastern Michigan's St. Clair/Mount Clemens area. The large decoys produced in this region—mainly for spearing muskies—by such artisans as Gordon "Pecore" Fox, Isaac Goulette, and Theodore Van den Bossche are now legendary among collectors and fishermen. But perhaps the best carver ever to put a blade to wood was Hans Janner, Sr., who, like these other Mount Clemens craftsmen, was active in the 1920's and '30's.

Though Janner worked as a blacksmith, his touch with a knife was delicate and precise. He preferred to carve walnut, and shaped his fish with a full body and broad tail. He often fashioned fins for his decoys from the metal tags of parts made by the General Fire Truck Company, and occasionally he would cut them so that they read "Gener," providing his phonetic signature.

Janner decoys are widely praised by folk art experts, who expound upon the "line" of his fish.

"What appeals to me about his decoys is his line," says Ben Apfelbaum, guest curator of the first major museum exhibition of fish decoys at the Museum of American Folk Art. "I mean the simple hydrodynamic quality of those fish is just resonant of the '20's, '30's, and '40's of American design. Janner's decoys have a design quality that makes them at once abstract fish and real fish."

But hydrodynamics and abstract design mean little to the cadre of fishermen who still use Janner decoys with great success.

"A collector I know was unable to get one of the Janner's that's still out there that he wanted to put into the exhibition for me, because the present owner said that he just had to have one more season with that fish," says Apfelbaum. "He said he just couldn't part with it. And we're probably talking about a $20,000 purchase."

Like a quiet country preacher, Janner performed his good works for a small congregation of family and friends, while about 200 miles to the northwest a Jimmy Swaggart type was appealing to the masses. Oscar "Pelee" Peterson, with his dramatic, kinetically colorful style of decoy, made an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 fish in his lifetime. He also carved countless decorative fish, plaques, and signs for bait stands and sport shops.

Due in part to his prolific, high-profile output, the name Oscar Peterson is synonymous with old fish decoys. Today the work of this Cadillac, Michigan, master is the most sought after of all the carvers.

Peterson is believed to have started decoy making in the early 1900's. Like most carvers of this era, his peak was in the 1930's. His fish are generally thin, streamlined, and subtly curved. The lower jaw usually juts out slightly, giving the fish a perpetual pout. He carved a wide variety of decoys from yellow perch to suckers to walleyes, in a range of sizes from 3 to 14 inches.

The unmistakable panache and appeal of Peterson creations led several of his contemporaries to copy his ideas. But what sets his decoys apart from all others is his brilliant brush work. He had a penchant for bright, brash colors, particularly on the mouths of his fish, which he usually painted a bright lipstick red.

Peterson decoys, which exemplify the type known as the Cadillac style, are now fetching Cadillac prices. At a Sotheby, Park-Bernet auction last January, a Peterson brown trout went for $18,700—a world-record auction price for a fish decoy. Private sales snare between $10,000 and $20,000.

Though Michigan-made decoys are probably the most coveted by collectors, there is a wealth of fish to discover in all shapes and styles in the other Great Lakes states.

One of Wisconsin's most noteworthy decoy-spearfishing hot spots is the Lake Winnebago area in the east central portion of the state. Here, the sturgeon reigns supreme among spearfishmen.

Up to three or more sturgeon decoys, called coaxers, are used at a

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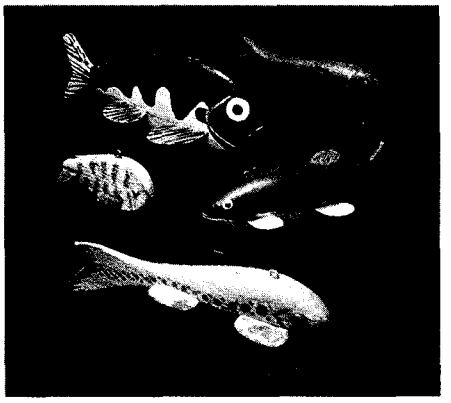
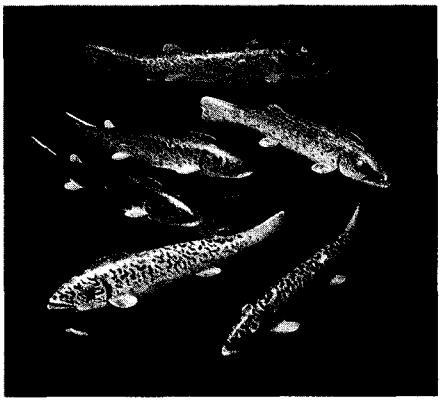


(Top, top left, center left), Decoys by unknown artists from Illinois, 1930s; Michigan; Minnesota, 1940s. (Center right) Perch, Butch Schram, Lake St. Clair, Michigan, 1950s. (Bottom) Raymond Stotz, Minnesota.



Brook trout decoys carved by Oscar Peterson of Cadillac, Michigan between 1935 and 1940 have tack eyes, metal fins, carved mouth, and multiple line tie.

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80 Years Ago in the Post

WALKING FOR HEALTH

If you think the fitness theme is new to the Post, *you'll be in for a surprise reading this fascinating essay on the benefits of walking . . . published in our pages 80 years ago.*

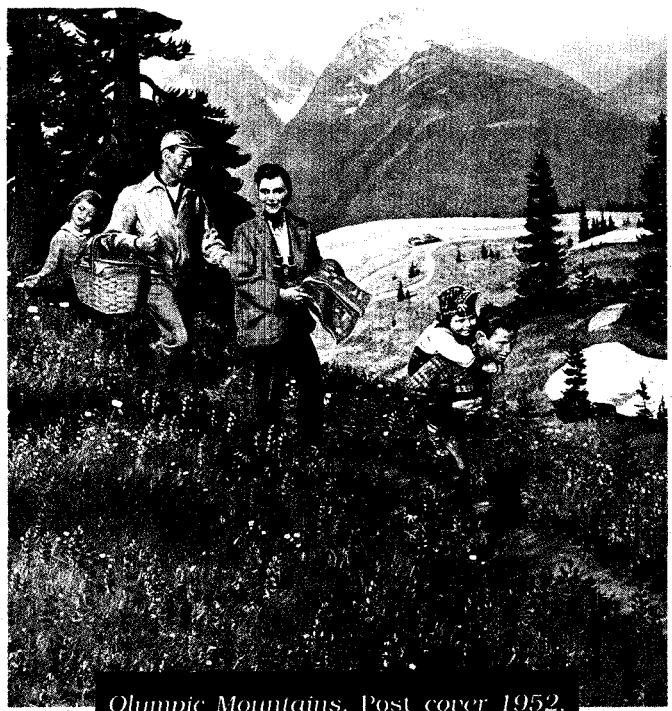
by William J. Cromie

Editor's note: *If someone should tell you to "Go take a hike," he likely wouldn't have your good health in mind. But such, as we now know, would be the case.*

William J. Cromie knew it very well when he wrote the following article so many years ago. And it was our own Benjamin Franklin who remarked, "You will observe with concern how long a useful truth may be known and exist, before it is generally received and practiced on."

In the days of Franklin and Cromie, of course, "shank's mare," as walking was then called, was a common means of transportation. That it also was healthful awaited discovery. Alas, the habit of walking began to decline with the invention of the bicycle, a luxury that still allowed walking while giving the rear end a ride. Then came Henry Ford's Model T that allowed even the legs to ride.

Now it is time to go back to those thrilling days of yesteryear—by reading, and heeding, the joys of walking for health.



Olympic Mountains. Post *cover 1952.*

Walking is one of the commonest acts of life and, consequently, is considered by many persons as unimportant and almost devoid of beneficial results. This is an erroneous supposition, as a brisk, vigorous walk in the open air is one of the best forms of physical activity that one can indulge in. Although walking is a common exercise, it is not unimportant, as one can in a few hours reach the highest total of labor of which the body is capable. To prove that it is not a trifling act, observe an infant while it is learning this most necessary mode of locomotion. It has hundreds of falls before perfect equilibrium becomes established. After the infant has mastered the art of walking, the will is scarcely used, and this rhythmic exercise becomes semiautomatic, due to the fact that each step or movement tends largely to prepare for the next.

The reason walking is such a health-giving exercise is that the work is distributed over many muscles, and these are the strongest in the body. None of these muscles needs be taxed to its full capacity, but may merely be used in a slight or moderate effort. It is the addition of these slight efforts which makes the whole force so great. The writer, together with nine students from the University of Pennsylvania, recently walked from Philadelphia to New York City, a distance of 105 miles, in three days. Each of these students testified to the fact that he felt better after the walk than before; that, instead of losing energy, he had increased vigor. This is very interesting from a physiologic and anatomic standpoint when one considers that, in order to walk 33⅓ miles, each lower limb must be moved about 40,000 times, or both of them 80,000. The arms swinging at the sides would move about the same number, thus making a total of 160,000. Multiply this sum by 200 muscles brought into greater or less action at every step, and we have a total of 32 million.

A Cheap Cure for the Overworked

Of course, some will say that after a person had walked 100 miles in three days, and performed 32 million muscular movements, he would be "all in," and would require a week's rest to recuperate. This statement is fallacious, as long-distance walkers keep at it month after month, and declare that they are benefited. Take for an illustration Edward P. Weston, the 71-year-old youth, who averaged daily, during his recent trip from coast to coast, 37 miles, and completed the trip in 105 days. Carrying out the average of 37⅓ miles per day for 100 days gives us the startling product of 3.2 billion muscular movements. Mr. Weston does not seem to have lost vigor with his increasing years, for, when he was 28½ years of age, he walked from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1,234 miles. Forty years later, or when he was 68½ years of age, he repeated this performance, breaking his former record by a day. On the first trip, the longest distance in one day was 82 miles, while in the latter, 95.3 miles were accomplished. On the second trip he had an average of over 40 miles per day. No one can doubt, after observing these figures, that great force is expended in a walk of 30 or more miles.

The writer has found that the best

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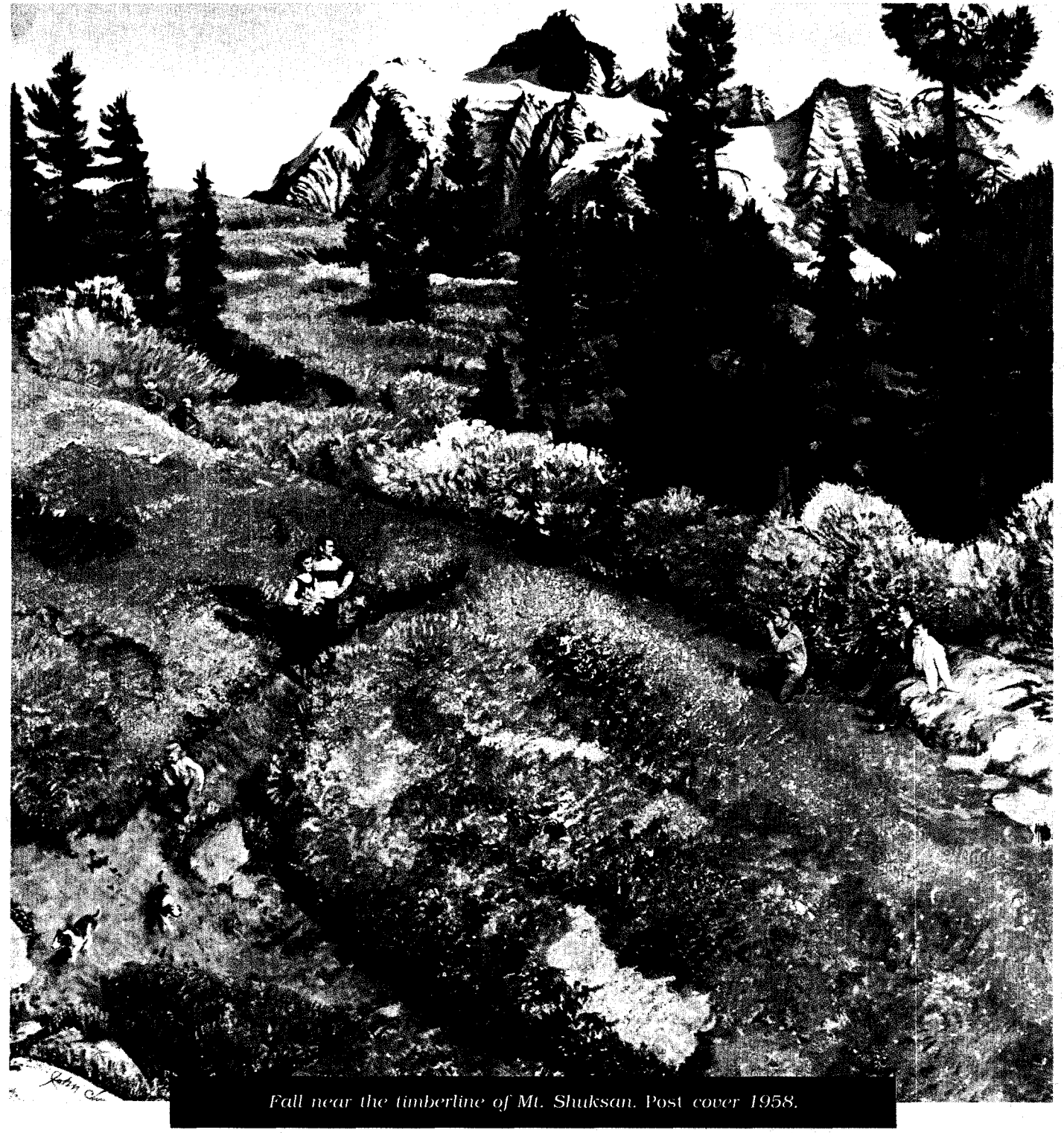
way to regain physical poise and efficiency after a strenuous winter's work is to take a five or six days' hike among the hills, or through the country. This tramping expedition is not only more economical than the shore or mountain resort, but it also gives one recreation, due to the constantly changing scenes. If a business or professional man is suffering from nerves and approaching the ragged edge, he will find that a week's walking trip will tone up the vitiated blood by highly oxygenating it, and cause it to flow through the body with increased energy. Horace Greeley said, "A walk of two or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October is one of the cheap luxuries of life, as free to the poor as the rich." The writer heartily concurs with this statement, but, instead of limiting it to one month, would make it good for all 12.

During a walking trip it is not necessary to make a town or a city in order to sleep in a hotel. Explain to a farmer your undertaking, and seek lodging with him. He can tell by your appearance and manners that you are not an ordinary tramp. He will, at least, let you have part of a hay or straw stack for a bed, and such a bed! It must be slept upon to be appreciated. After a breakfast of ham and eggs, bread, butter, coffee—and pie—you feel no ill effects, whereas had you eaten the same food at home you would probably have visited the drug-store before noon, to find relief.



Fall near the timberline of Mt. Shuksan. Post cover 1958.

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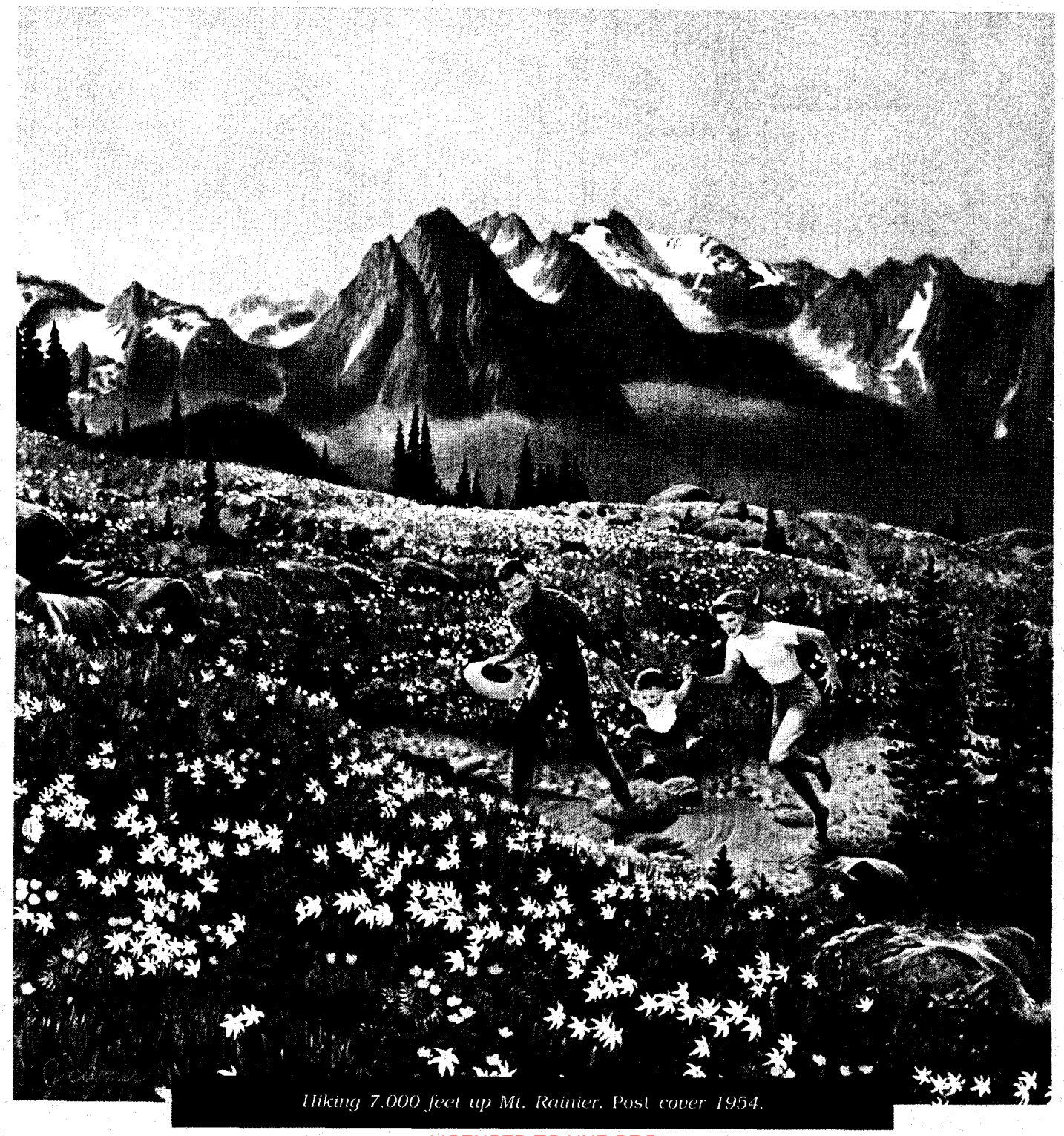
Philadelphia Walking Clubs

Group walking appeals to some, whereas rambling alone is apt to become irksome and monotonous. The association and enthusiasm of others of the same mind prove an incentive to walking, and transform it from an act of labor to one of recreation. Join a walking club, or, if this is not f sible, form one. Two years ago a walking club was started among students of the University of Pennsylvania, a club which now has over 300 members enrolled. During the college term, walks are taken on Saturdays to places of interest, and culminate in a long walk during the Easter holidays. Many colleges now have clubs of this nature, some of which give credits for walking in lieu of the physical training otherwise required of them. The Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Overbrook, Philadelphia, has a walking club for its sightless boys, who find pleasure in the changing scenery and beauties of Nature as they are revealed and explained to them by their seeing leader. During the recent street-car strike in Philadelphia, walking clubs were formed, and many now prefer walking to riding.

Make walking a hobby, and walk it hard. You may be looked upon as being afflicted with brainstorms; but what of it if you get results? One of Philadelphia's most successful

continued on page 94



Hiking 7,000 feet up Mt. Rainier. Post cover 1954.

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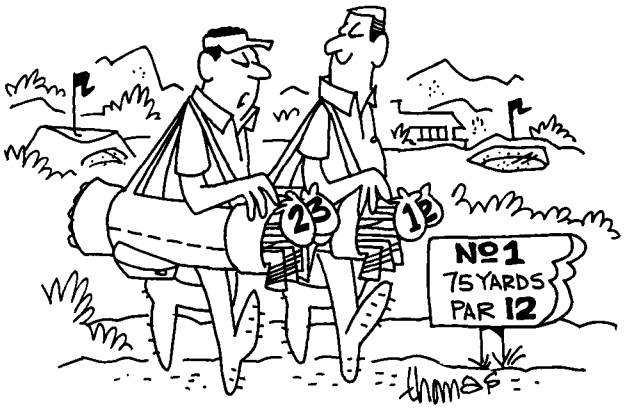
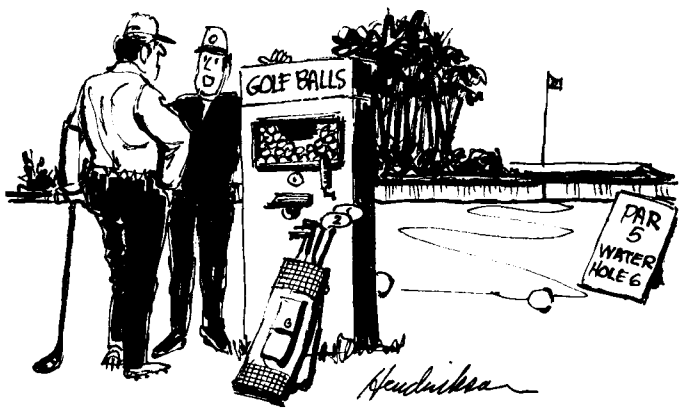
LIFE ON THE LINKS

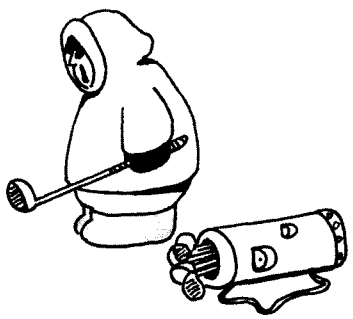


"I see the campaign for new members has started..."

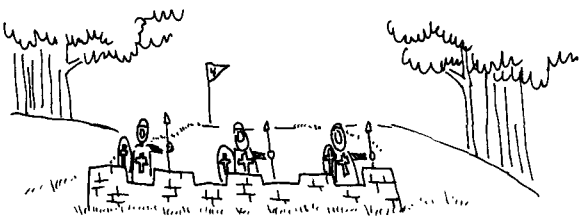
"Great drive. Too bad about the surface-to-air missile."

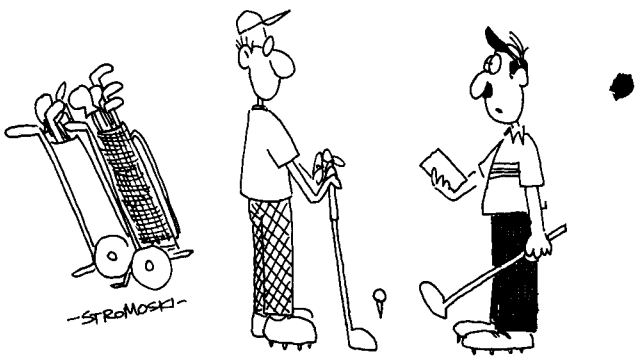


"The treasurer says that this is the best investment the club ever made."



"You know what we need? We need some of those colored golf balls."





"It's a par 3 but the green is well-protected..."

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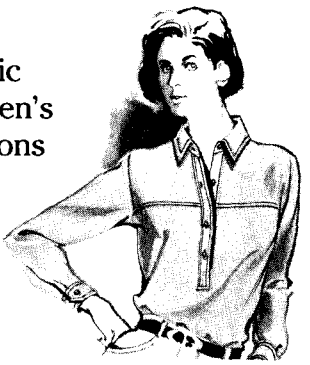

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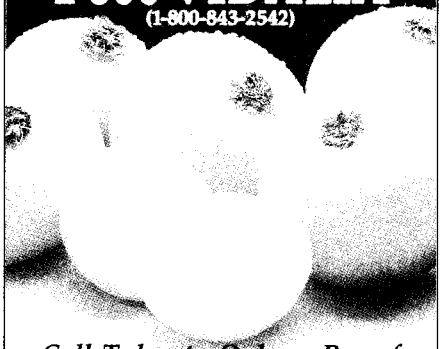

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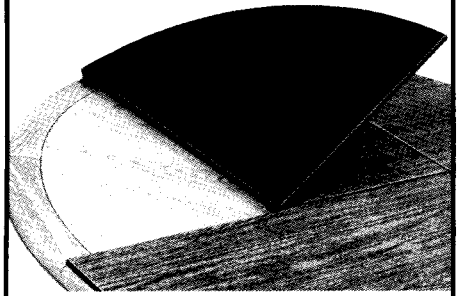

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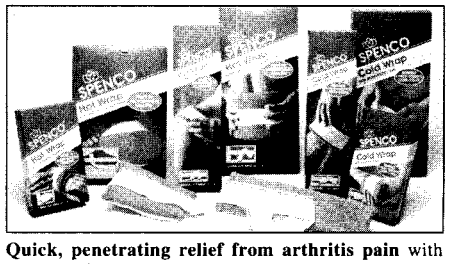

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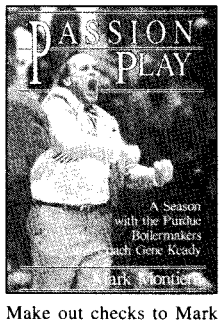

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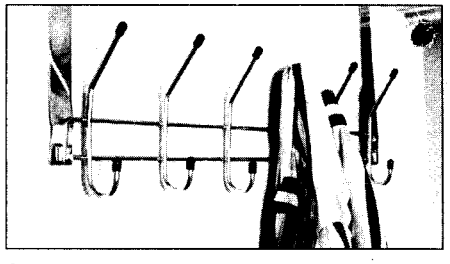

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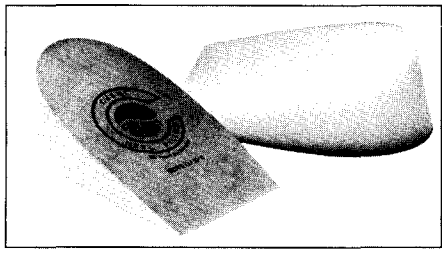

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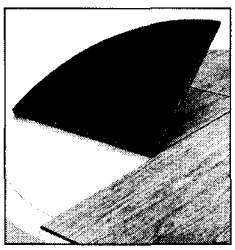

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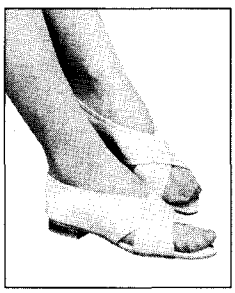

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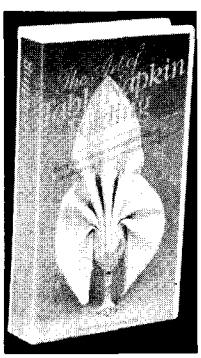

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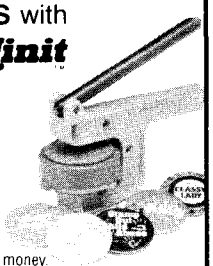

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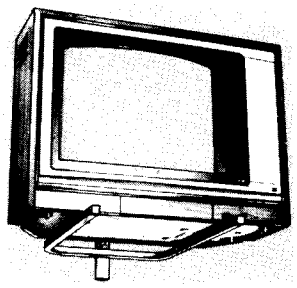

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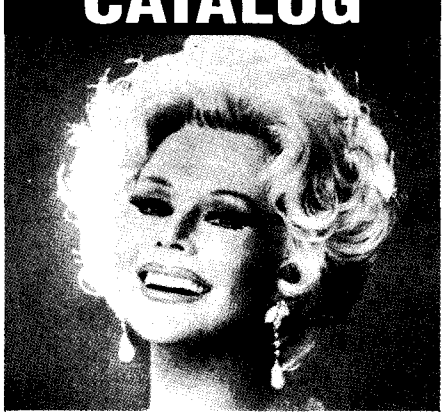

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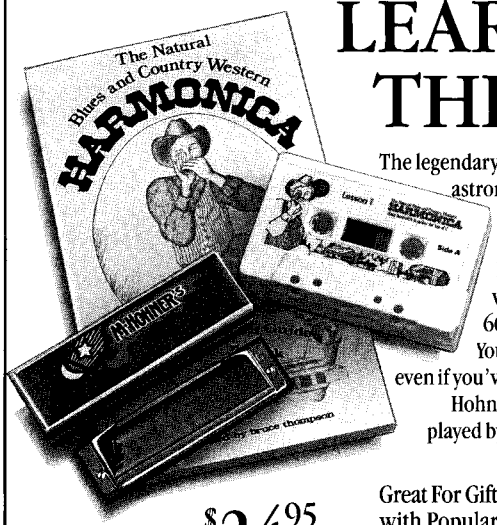

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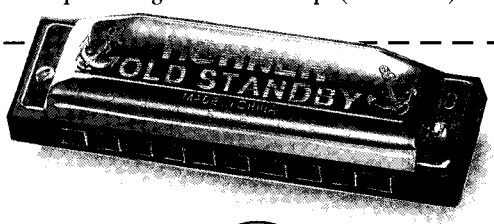

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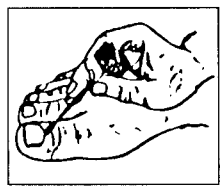

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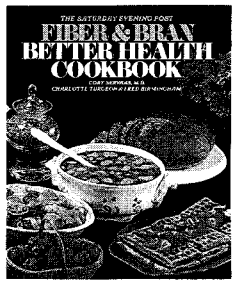

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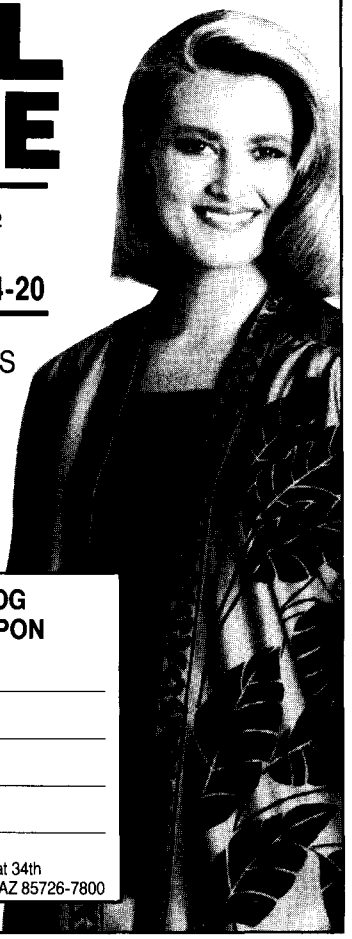

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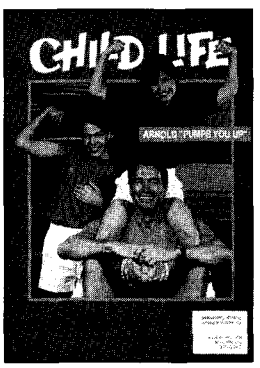

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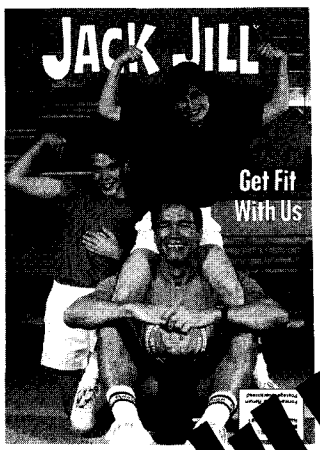

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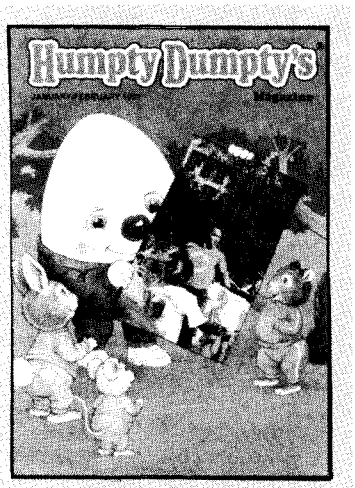

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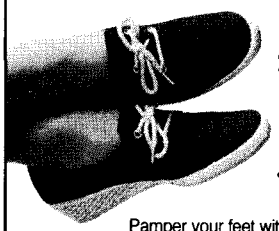

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Lent

continued from page 49

She heard his echoing voice strained through the cool racks, a voice hopeless and forlorn among wilted lettuce leaves, food they would never eat but could not bear to throw away.

"Don't you see the cheese?"

No answer. Paper rattled. She couldn't, she told herself, hear teeth sinking into white fontiana any more than Peter could see her and Chris in bed, Chris's long smooth arms pulling her to him, his long smooth body hairless and pure in a way she thought only women's bodies could be. Only the ravenousness of the two men made any sound.

She heard the phone receiver—black like Peter's robe, slipping on its short cord from the church kitchen's Formica countertop, falling, dangling, *knock nothing, knock nothing.*

Jo Ellen felt she was falling, too, not just into the arms of a perfectly legitimate husband—the church had sanctioned that, though you weren't supposed to do it just for fun—but into a mortal neglect of duty, the guilt she had felt the last few weeks of Lent because she had stopped putting on the meals when Peter had gone into the hospital about his weight.

They had felt so happy the first weeks of Lent; then one Saturday morning she'd had her feelings hurt. In the soup kitchen she had put out what she thought was a tasty meal: French toast, homemade quince jam, stewed apricots, ham. A little black child wrinkled his nose, looked down at his plate and up at his mother. "Oh, go on and eat it," she said. "I'll buy us something good later on." Peter was standing next to Jo Ellen. He put his arm around her. "You know you cross the most intimate boundaries when you offer food to people? Hey!"

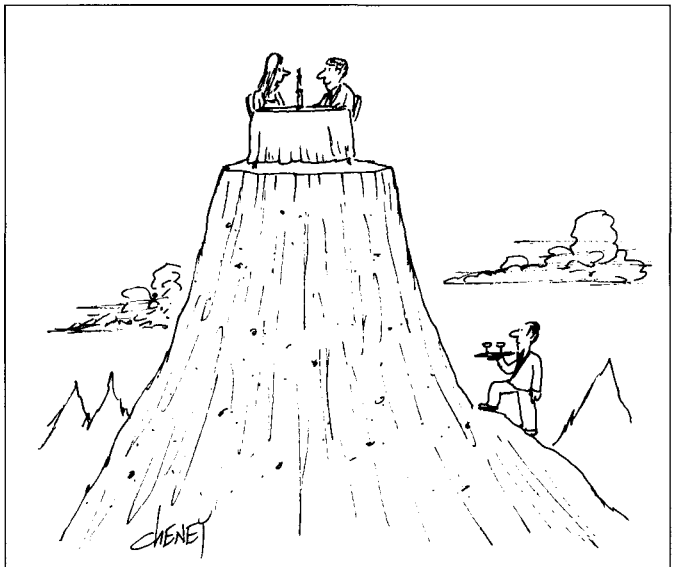
She saw suddenly it was unreasonable: her spending more time at church cooking for strangers, or for God, than for Chris and the children at home. God—his brides, the nuns' meals witnessed—didn't care: canned peas, instant mashed potatoes, meat boiled to death.

Tim, Jo Ellen and Chris' son, had begun to fail math; their little girl, Kate, protesting being alone so much, had kicked in a glass bookcase door in her classroom.

Time. The house, the yard, the children. Chris's tie for tomorrow evaporated into her presence in the church kitchen. So easy saying yes, so hard doing, buying food, cooking it.

Chris had finally put his foot down. "I don't think I want to go anymore." Two weeks before Palm Sunday.

Jo Ellen's mouth opened and her mother, 20 years before, flew out. "But it's your obligation, your *sacred* obligation." Chris looked at her coolly, as if somewhere along the climb of their marriage, he'd made a mistake, left a piton out or a rope unknotted.



"You weren't kidding when you said you knew a quaint little out-of-the-way place we could try."

She'd taken refuge as she always had, in church, on her knees, alone. She saw the congregation—the "audience," Chris called it—was thin. It was the weekend of the regionals, the basketball tournaments. Chris hadn't let little Tim go because of his math grades. Kate was being punished for the bookcase door.

Lost in thought, Jo Ellen hadn't heard for a minute the assistant priest praying for Peter. Peter was in the hospital, he said. Diverticulosis. The assistant priest, a stickler for detail, said they were feeding him nothing but Jell-O. Raspberry Jell-O. She could see it in the stained glass window over the altar, the color of clear, translucent blood.

The news that Peter was sick had calmed her, equalizing her guilt over not wanting to cook for the church anymore and her anger with Chris.

Kneeling, she had imagined buckets of Jell-O in the hospital corridors. The light poured in through the stained glass window, and with the light, a sense of loss. In the dazzling light she saw the white communion dress of her childhood consumed. She had tempted Peter. His being out of control was her fault. Her melted butter, her heavy cream, had forced his vascular walls. Her wrongs transcended the church's.

The last time she'd seen Peter, he'd seemed huge but fine. She'd been in the kitchen, bent over the oven, drawing a skewer from a line of lamb kabobs. The air was sweet with onions and bell peppers bubbling in butter. She hadn't known he was behind her. Burning her fingers slightly, she had lost her balance and tumbled backward across the kitchen, shoving Peter in her path. The thought of impaling him on the skewer had crossed her mind. Stuck, the air would have slowly hissed out of him.

Everybody, she thought, had suffered from her talents. Her children. Chris. The garden, which should've been plowed, ready for the seed Good Friday when they always planted, was a tangle of last summer's weeds.

She knelt long after the assistant priest had absolved them.

When she opened her eyes, everyone was gone. Snakes of smoke rose from the extinguished candles. She felt a part of her, a noisome duty, had been extinguished, too. The altar guild woman was stripping the flowers from either side of the cross and the last note of organ music hung in the air, an accusation.

The assistant priest was waiting at the back of the church. He was tall and thin with a beard. He looked ascetic, but someone had told her he had his own stockbroker.

"Aren't you going to feed us?" he asked.

"I didn't think anybody was coming. The basketball."

"Weren't you going to feed Peter?"

"I didn't know he'd gone into the hospital. I feel sorry. There should be something. I always have something."

He followed her through the

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church, the robing room, to the kitchen. He sat down at the table, his expression and posture a history of husbands waiting for wives to feed them. She put down a paper-towel mat in front of him.

"Coffee?"

"I have to go to the hospital," he said. "The chaplains have a pool. I won't get home till after eleven."

She saw them, in black bathing suits, racing each other in the blue chlorine water. She put the plate down, the cup and saucer, the knife, spoon, and fork, though she had only a chicken sandwich and potato salad for him.

She watched him bite into the sandwich. Was she laying the same curse on him she'd put on Peter? The bite left a jagged half moon on the bread, the shape of a cry.

He sighed as if he wanted to take Peter's place in her ministration. "You don't know how good this is!"

"I made the mayonnaise," she said, looking at the tiny white dots of it on his mustache and lips. He licked at the spots.

She put potato salad on his plate. He ate it with the exhilaration Peter had shown when he spoke of roasting the fatted calf for the prodigal son.

"More?"

He put his plate up, a mendicant.

She plopped one big spoonful on the plate. He held it there, still. She put another half chicken sandwich on it. He steadied the plate. She scraped the bowl.

She watched him eat, seeing Peter blowing up in this man's thin face. He put his plate up to her again and cocked his head a little, waiting.

Resolved, she had gone home then, surfacing among her housework, a diver with the bends, overcome by the enormity of small tasks. At first, the work, unpraised by Peter or the other parishioners, unsanctioned by God, had seemed sacrilege. Then, digging in the vegetable patch, dust-mopping under her and Chris's bed, making school lunches, became quietly satisfying.

Peter called when he got out of the hospital. She had left food in the church kitchen freezer. He wanted her to come thaw it. He cornered her when she went in Palm Sunday, saying, "You're still the chairman of the committee." He said "still" as if the appointment was eternal. He had lost very little weight though she had heard the doctors had taken out his entire lower tract and cleaned it on a towel. She felt an odd love for him as a person. "If the people aren't here," he said, speaking to a child, "we can't very well ask Him to be here." She listened for the capital "H" as if it were coming from a long way off. She thought of the hugs of ten anonymous women in the church kitchen, of how their embraces had been worth so much more than little Kate's defiance or Tim's math grades. Public love. Could she ever go back to the small arms of the children, Chris's alembic grasp?

As Chris soothed her now, Easter, in his arms, sun pouring through their bedroom window, little bubbles of pleasure popping through her body, she remembered trying unsuccessfully to calm Peter, unable to use physical means as Chris could with her.

She closed her eyes. This seemed right, this feeling, the results—children—the church and life for once coinciding. Chris's weight, usually gentle upon her, bore down. She closed her eyes tighter. She imagined someone dancing on his back. Peter? The weight seemed to increase. The weight, heavier and heavier, tried to exorcise the exquisite pleasure she felt. She wondered if she'd hung up the phone, whether she could. Whether her connection with Peter could be severed. The weight bore down, heavier and heavier. Dozing, the pleasure seemed farther and farther away. When she opened her eyes, the bed was shaking. Kate was jumping up and down. Tim was behind her shaking the headboard. Chris, a sheet draped around his waist, leaned on the windowsill, looking at her, waiting. She thought he might have been St. Sebastian waiting for his arrows. The hole in her stomach where breakfast should've been whimpered, harmonizing in her mind with the other stomachs she'd left empty at the church. Everyone must suffer: that was Lent. She was the eggs in the children's baskets. There was a new one: chocolate with a yellow fondant yolk. She wanted one. The thought of taking it from them, against their will, gave her an odd pleasure.

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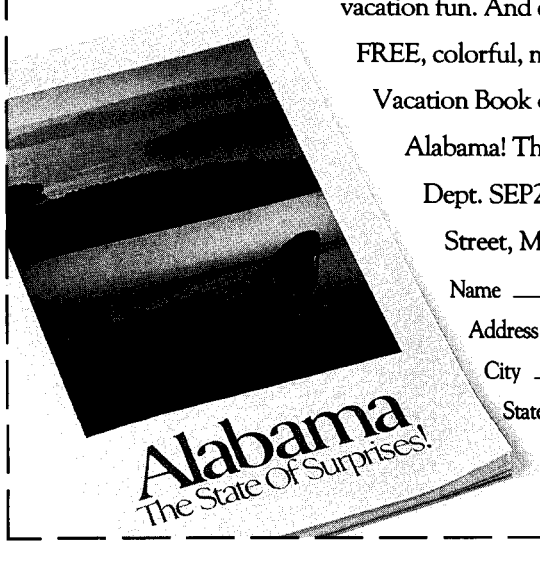

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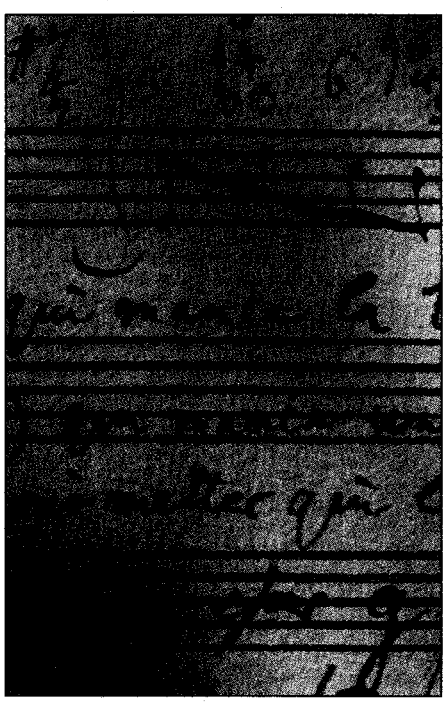
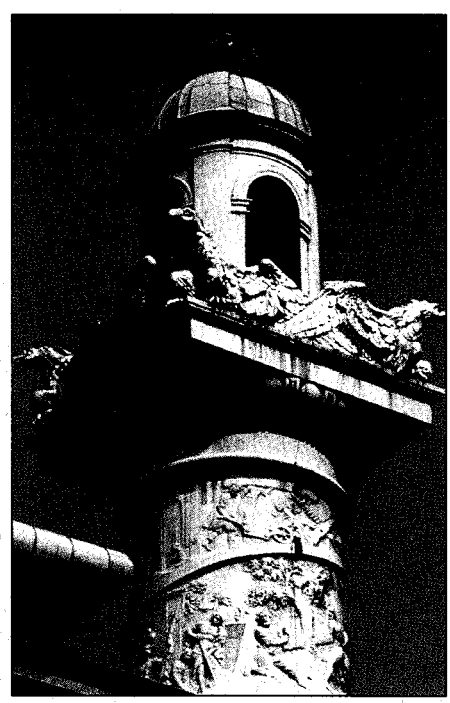
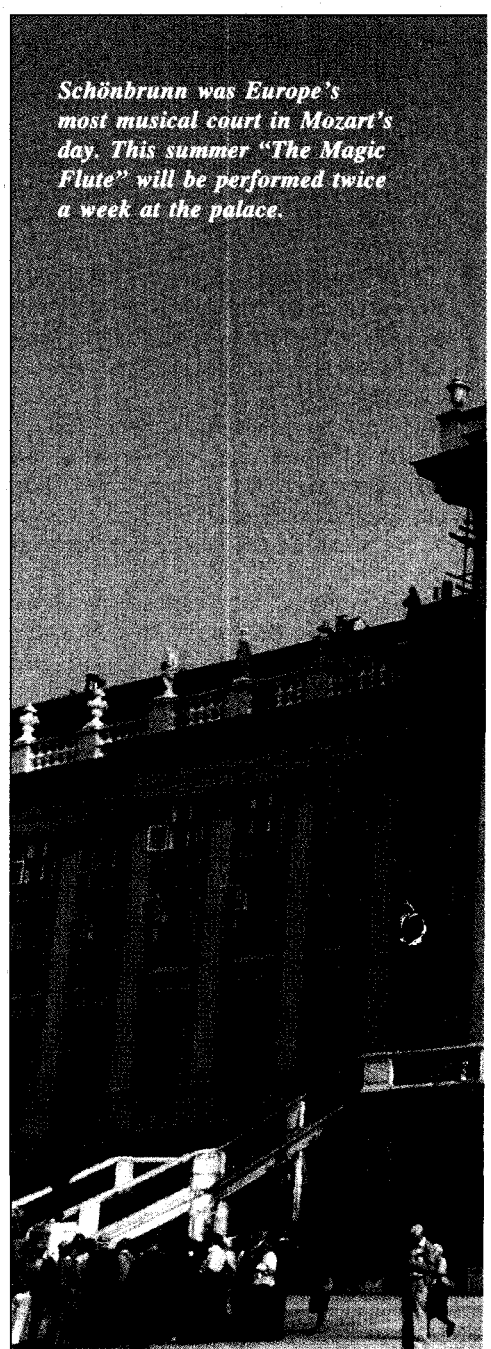
MOZART

Austria's hills are alive with the sound of music as Vienna and Salzburg remember the wonder boy.





Mozart's tribute won't be limited to Vienna landmarks such as Karlskirche. Lincoln Center's 1991 program offers every note Mozart wrote.



Schönbrunn was Europe's most musical court in Mozart's day. This summer "The Magic Flute" will be performed twice a week at the palace.

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"You know that I am immersed in music, that I am busy with it all day—speculating, studying, considering," Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote his father. Throughout 1991, the two Austrian cities in which Mozart's music is rooted will immerse themselves in Mozart's astounding achievement of 626 works—all written by age 35. Salzburg, where he was born, and Vienna, where he spent his 10 last and most productive years, will hold musical events to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the composer's death.

Musicians will perform all of Mozart's string quartets and all of his piano sonatas in the Grand Gallery of Vienna's 1,500-room Schönbrunn (Beautiful Fountain) Palace. The Vienna Kammeroper Company will perform "The Magic Flute" here twice a week during July and August.

At this former Habsburg summer residence, built 1695-1749, Mozart performed at the age of six in the Hall of Mirrors. Just before he began playing, he turned to court musician and Kapellmeister Antonio Salieri, and said, "I'll play, but you have to turn the pages." After his performance, he climbed on Empress Maria Theresa's lap to kiss her and announced when he was a grown man he would marry one of the archduchesses present, Marie Antoinette, then not yet seven.

Today 40 rooms at the palace are on view, including Napoleon's study, which includes tapestries depicting military life, and the Millions Room, ornamented from floor to ceiling with rare wood paneling and Indian and Persian miniatures set into gilded Rococo frames. Behind the palace lies the large formal park, divided by 40-foot hedges and two lovely fountains, including Neptune's Fountain with its sea goddess, Thetis, accompanied by

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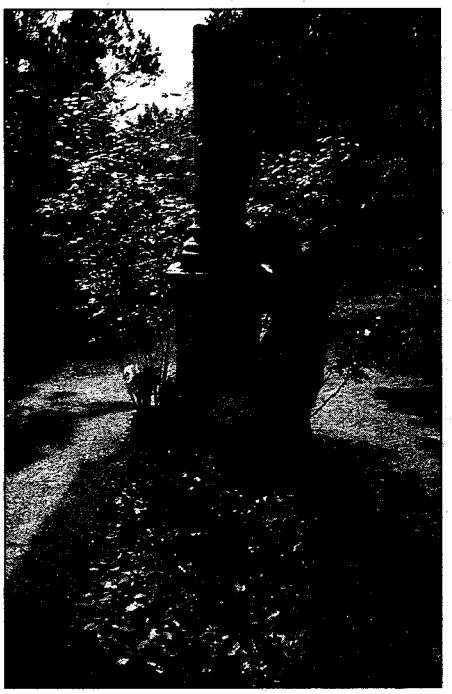
naiades, water gods, and fabulous creatures. Visitors are encouraged to climb the spiral staircase to reach the platform of the "Gloriette," which affords an extensive view of Vienna, the Vienna Woods, and the garden parterre, which has approximately 200,000 flowers.

St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna's landmark in the heart of the city, is where Mozart was married in 1782 at age 26 to 20-year-old Constanze Weber, and where his body rested briefly in 1791 on the way to burial. While some reports say Mozart died a poor man, a state-licensed tour guide in Austria said that in his last year, Mozart earned "10 times the average man's salary and lived the life of a nobleman. He hired a private carriage just before his death and had 16 silk suits. That shows he wasn't poor." However, Mozart left the broken-hearted Constanze with huge debts, and she went into a state of nervous collapse. She later recovered and married a Danish diplomat.

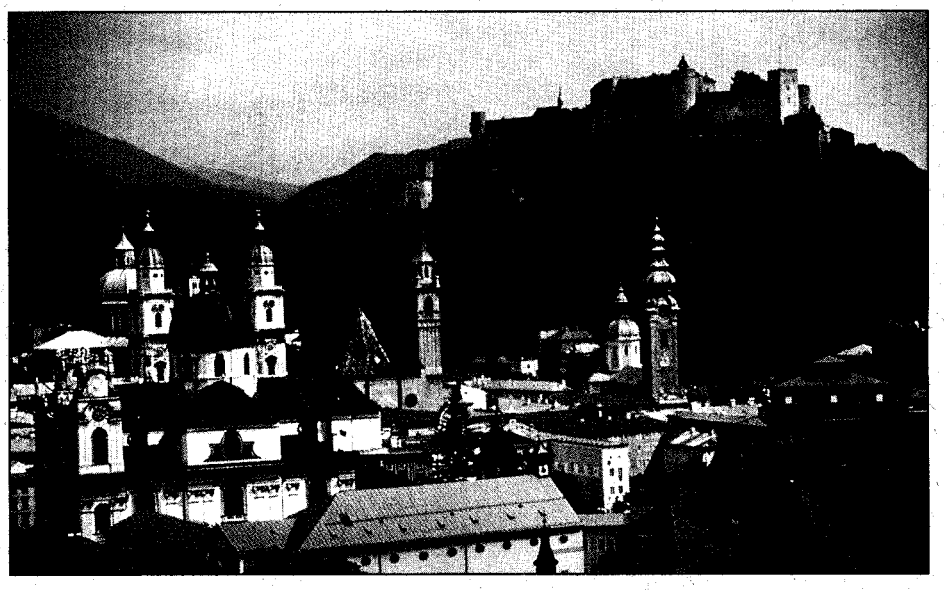
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra will perform at St. Stephen's Cathedral December 5, 1991—exactly 200 years after Mozart's death from "acute miliary fever," his death certificate states—in a free performance of Mozart's "Requiem," his last work. In an overwrought state, Mozart became obsessed with the idea that his Mass for the Dead was intended for himself and that he would not live to finish it.

"Here is my death-song," he wrote the librettist of three of his works. "I must not leave it incomplete." His premonition came true; he died while in the midst of the work. His favorite pupil completed the Mass from Mozart's sketches, with some additions of his own.

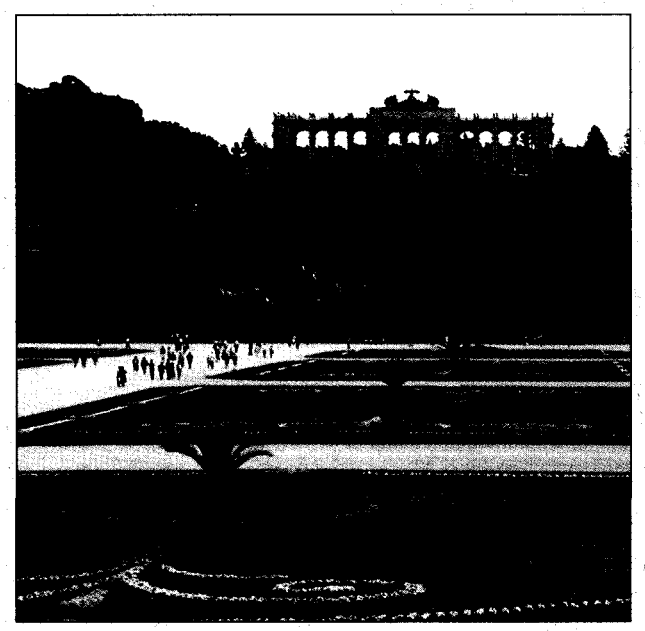
St. Marx (an old spelling of Mark's) Cemetery, now a walled garden with



Mozart was buried during a rainstorm so severe even his widow stayed home. The city of Vienna erected this monument years later.



Salzburg is dominated by Festung Hohensalzburg, a 12th century fortress. The fort's imposing presence is accentuated by floodlights in the summer.



The gardens of Schönbrunn are a favorite photo stop for tourists. Visitors hear how Mozart, age 6, dazzled the royal family.

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30 different types of lilacs, gnarled old trees, white and pink chestnut trees, 100 species of birds, dense shrubbery and wooden benches, is where Mozart is buried. He received a third-class burial: individual interment with a ceremony attended only by the gravedigger. Shortly after, the gravedigger only could recall Mozart's coffin being lowered into an opening near a lilac shrub. A bronze tablet reading "Mozarts Grab" (Mozart's grave) points to a sculpture of a four-foot-tall angel or genius with an unlit torch gazing at a column. "W.A. Mozart 1756-1791," the gravestone's inscription says.

Mozart created the greatest number of musical pieces in Vienna's Figaro House on Schulerstrasse (5 Domgasse), now a museum, where he lived from 1784 to 1787. Beethoven studied here briefly as a 16-year-old. After hearing the teen-aged Beethoven play, Mozart exclaimed, "This young man will make a great name for himself in the world."

Haydn was a visitor, too. He remarked to Mozart's father, "I assure you, your son is the greatest composer I ever met—whether by name or by person. He has the greatest possible knowledge of the art of composition."

Between June 27 and August 31, all 20 piano concertos that Mozart wrote during his time in Vienna will be performed in the Imperial Palace (or Hofburg, the residence of the Austrian rulers ever since the 13th century). Also here are the National Library and the Collection of Historical Musical Instruments. There will be an exhibition focusing on Mozart's "Requiem" in the National Library from May to December and another exhibition entitled "The Sound of Mozart" in the Collection of Historical Instruments from April to October.

The Mozart Week, taking place every year in January in honor of the composer's January 27, 1756 birthday, is the first highlight in the Salzburg music calendar. Mozart was born in house No. 9 on the main thoroughfare, Getreidegasse, in the old town just a few steps from Salzburg's little town hall and only a block from the river on the west bank. Today it's a museum. It contains family portraits showing Mozart at the piano he purportedly used to compose some of his earliest works; his silk wallet; a locket containing some of his hair; a snuff box; buttons from his court coat; an exercise book with 41 written pages of counterpoint study; and the violin he played as a child.

A friend of the Mozarts had a touching memory of that violin. He wrote to Mozart's sister in 1783: "Wolferl asked that he might play the second violin, but his father refused this foolish request, as he had not the smallest instruction on the violin and Papa thought him not capable of the least achievement. I begged he might be allowed to play with me and finally Papa said, 'Play with Herr Schachtner, but so quietly as not to be heard or you must go.' Wolfgang played with me and I was soon astonished to realize that I was quite superfluous. I quietly laid my violin aside and looked at your father. Tears of wonder were coursing down his cheeks at this scene."

The Festival for Mozart will continue every weekend in June, weather permitting, in Salzburg's Hellbrunn Palace. In August at the palace and its gardens is the Hellbrunn Festival, which will include Mozart's "Musical Dice Game." The audience will roll the huge dice to determine the sequence the pianist and the string quartet, dressed in historical costumes from 1791, will play the minuet.

During this festival the castle restaurant will feature a special menu offering only dishes and drinks from around 1791 and Mozart's favorite dishes. The Hellbrunn Festival will emphasize Mozart's conviviality and cheerful traits.

Hellbrunn Pleasure Castle, three miles from Salzburg on its southern outskirts, was built in the early 17th century for a bishop and was the playground of a mad fountain designer. On summer evenings the Archbishop invited the court and his huntsmen to garden parties. The guests sat at a long stone table where the wine was cooled in a trough of running water down the middle. To get people's attention, the Archbishop gave a sign to his servant to turn on a hidden tap, causing a jet of water to spout from each stool. Etiquette demanded that no one should rise until

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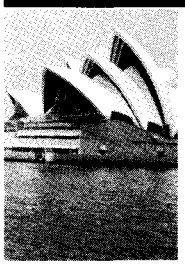

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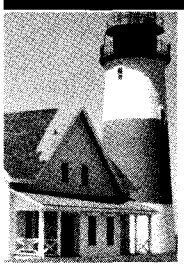

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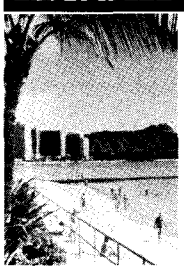

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For the Birds

Florida-bound tourists can spend a morning with Salvador Dali and an afternoon with a hobbling heron, crippled crane, and a one-eyed pelican named Pat.

By Maynard Good Stoddard

Florida is officially known as the Everglade State. Its 280 or more days of sunshine each year, however, give it 280 or more reasons for competing with New Mexico and South Dakota for the nickname of Sunshine State. Poll the annual influx of visitors who "come on down" when cold winds rattle the windows up north, and you'll find their No. 1 inspiration is sunshine, beautiful sunshine.

But after the beaches have yielded their souvenir shells, mouth and lungs have proved the saltiness of the sea, and that old devil sun has transformed skin to scarlet red, is it time to call the experience a vacation?

Not by a long shot.

Added to the Florida souvenirs should be "I'm for the Birds" T-shirts for all the family; at least a reprint, poster, or postcards from a collection of Salvador Dali masterpieces, and don't forget photos, movies, and memories of wild animals in their natural habitat—without having to make a side trip to Africa. Indeed, you can add them all without leaving the Tampa area.

Before taking your exciting safari into "The Dark Continent" at Busch Gardens, however, with the lighter side of its memorable theme park, there are two stops you should make on the way. Nor will the kids protest too vociferously when you brake the old Chevy for stop number one.

Ralph T. Heath, Jr., says he founded the Suncoast Seabird Sanctuary at Indian Shores for the benefit of all seabirds not covered by Medicare or Medicaid. The birds' only requirement for admission to this field hospital for wildlife is a broken wing, a shattered leg, loss of sight, or being born out of wedlock, so to speak.

A half-hour before our arrival, one of the 14 employees (all wearing "I'm for the Birds" T-shirts) had netted a brown pelican with a lengthy slit in its pouch. No longer able to scoop up fish, the bird would have starved had it not been retrieved and fish chucked directly into its gullet. The patient was scheduled to have its wound stitched by a volunteer veterinarian. "Without leaving a seam," Heath says. As many as 5,500 sick and injured birds have been treated since he, a 26-year-old zoologist, founded this sanctuary in 1971.

Broken wings appear to be the most common complaint. Here's a baby bald eagle that broke his wing from fooling around in the nest and falling out. The night heron over there has a compound fracture. The red-tailed hawk with its wing in a splint doesn't appear to be at all grateful for the free treatment as it convalesces (about one month). Yet it's still better off than the sandhill crane that wheels past us missing one wing altogether.

Disease from water polluted by human waste combined with the "sport" of fishermen contribute to keeping the hospital full and the volunteer vets busy. Heath crumples a sheet of paper and tosses it to a cripple-winged pelican with only one eye. He catches it in his beak and tosses it back. As the game continues, Heath explains that a fisherman snagged Pelican Pat with a hook, ripped out his eye and smashed his wing. Nine such victims of fisherman sport have been admitted in a single day. Oil spills also take their toll, as the devoted women working in the "intensive care" ward can attest.

Though much of the work is voluntary, paying the yearly fish bill of $15,000 and other expenses depends upon the tax-deductible contributions of concerned citizens. Checks come in daily from as far away as New York and Texas. Memberships in Adopt-a-Bird programs also help to keep the sanctuary out of the red. Various clubs around the country raise funds for the cause. And though visitors are admitted free, few can leave without showing appreciation for the labor of love done here by dropping a donation into one of the barrels positioned on the narrow, beachfront premises.

The T-shirts also are for sale. The

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Do The Zoo, Too

Busch Gardens, as you've likely heard, is not your run-of-the-mill brewery theme park. Oh, all the thrill rides are here, the games, the shops of exotic gifts, the ethnic restaurants and exhibits, the entertainment—even performing dolphins. But after you think you have done it all, the "Sarengeti Plains" monorail safari still awaits you. With its more than 3,000 animals, Busch Gardens is ranked among the top zoos in the country.

Let us take you even closer as we board the flatbed truck on its way to feed the big game herds that freely roam the Plain. But first we'll inspect the kitchen and talk to Louis Barroso, the "chef" in charge of food for these thousands of wild and hungry mouths (plus 2,000 birds in their free-flight aviary).

How does Louis coax an eagle in captivity to eat? By forming sausage into the shape of a snake, of course, and then putting the sausage into a casing that makes the eagle believe it is tearing snake skin. For the monkeys, it has to be Jell-O. Red Jell-O. If it's any other color, thanks but no thanks. As for the birds, they insist upon their fruit salad being spiced with live, wiggly "meal worms."

The chef tells us that his most perplexing challenge was a pet monkey that refused to eat. After a week of trying every kind of food on the monkey menu, he gave up and phoned the woman whose pet it had been. She promptly showed up carrying a sack. The monkey as promptly leaped onto her shoulder. And from the sack its former mistress began passing up his customary fare—boiled lobster, soft-

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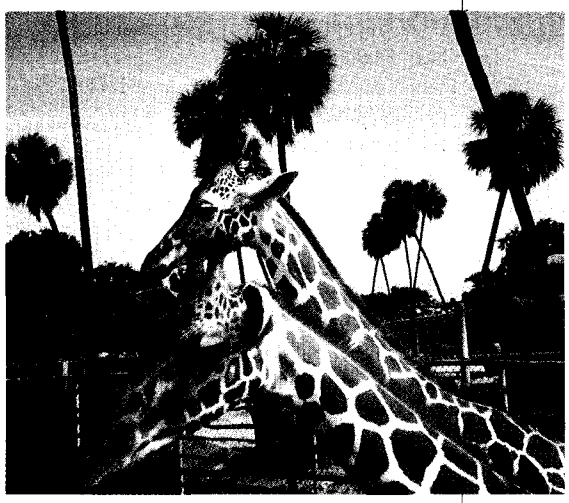

reason we bought one had nothing to do with the first bird rescued here (a cormorant with a broken wing) being named Maynard.

The Salvador Dali Museum in nearby St. Petersburg is not free. A $3 charge (for students and senior citizens), however, will entitle one to view the largest collection of the Spanish artist's works in the world. Insured by Lloyds of London, it is valued conservatively at $35 million. After a lecture tour covering many of the 93 oil paintings, 200 watercolors and drawings, and 1,000 graphics, sculptures and objets d'art, one comes away with new, or renewed, respect for the late impressionist artist with the outrageous mustache ("my antenna to the world," as he preferred to call it).

Though a Dali original may be beyond your price range—Christies in London sold "Le Sommeil" (sleep) for $870,000—poster reprints are available in the lobby for as little as $10. Postcards of his works sell for only 40¢. Why the museum is located in St. Petersburg and how A. Reynolds and Eleanor R. Morse made it possible is a story you'll take with you as you move on to Tampa and the 300 acres of fun and excitement surrounding the gigantic Busch brewery.

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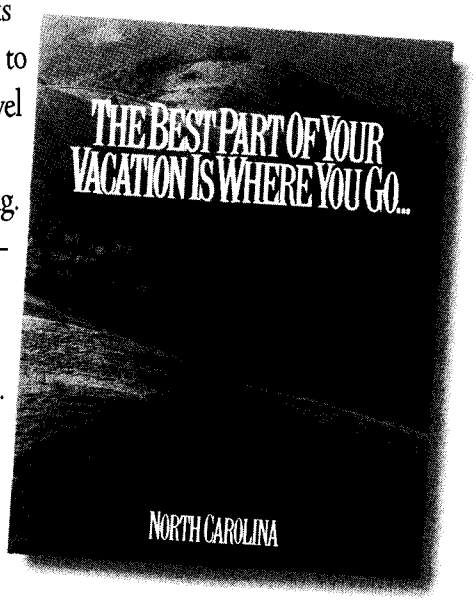

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Do The Zoo, Too

continued from page 87

shelled crabs, and spaghetti (hold the meatballs). That gourmet little sucker was destined to be one of the Gardens most expensive boarders.

The animals on the open veldt are themselves by no means slouches when it comes to putting on the feedbag, as the $2 million annual feed bill will attest. The attendants had loaded onto the truck several bags of grain to be dumped into troughs spaced across the Plain. A four-foot rack, however, is no barrier to 17-foot giraffes who haven't the patience to wait for the dumping. Ignoring the visitors, they surrounded the truck to lean down and stick their muzzles into the groceries intended for their brunch. Such sloppy eaters. But to stroke their long necks and velvety soft noses well made up for the shower of molasses-coated oats which they bestowed upon us.

Leaving a wake of galumphing giraffes, the truck soon approached a stand of tall grass, in the center of which the head of a day-old fawn peeked out. But not a flicker of an eyelid could we detect as we drove past. Ahead, we soon spotted the mother deer keeping an anxious eye upon her baby, making sure it minded her warning to stay put or risk becoming the entree for a lion looking for an easy meal. Not a chance, of course, but instinct cultured over millions of years prevailed.

Upon arriving at the rhinoceros quarters, attendant Dave Seager literally put the seat of his pants, if not his life, on the line by jumping the moat and coaxing the mother and her offspring out of their habitat.

"Have they ever slipped into the moat?" someone asked.

"Only once," said Dave. "The male was feeling amorous that day and she evidently had a headache and pushed him in. We had quite a time getting him out."

This evidence of the similarity between animal and human behavior led to a heated discussion that continued all the way back to Clearwater's Belleview Grand Hotel, where we were staying.

Apparently when it comes to amour, there is little difference between the two.

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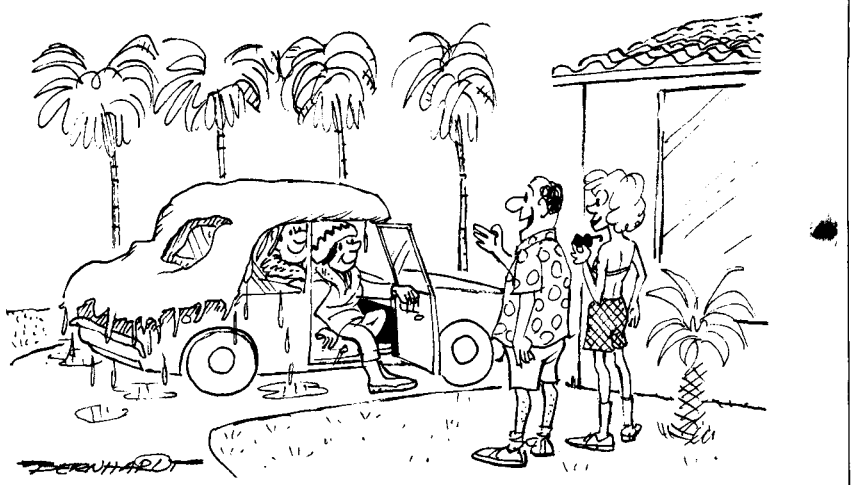

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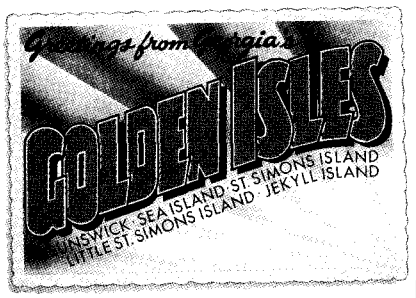

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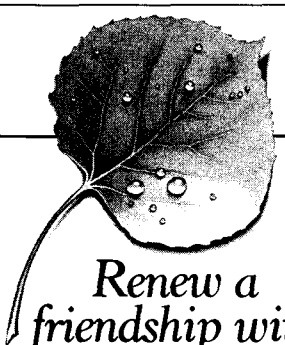

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Alexander Botts, Firebug

Synopsis: In part one, Botts pledged "by fair means or foul" to get an Earthworm electric generator for Mike Savonarola, a Vermont ski resort operator who was threatened with a $1,000-a-day fine if he did not have a generator working by October 1. While trying to acquire a set, Botts uncovered a scam set up by his rival company, Superba, which bought the only Earthworm set in the region and paid another ski operator to keep it over the winter, presumably forcing Savonarola to buy a Superba set.

But Botts' boss at the Earthworm Tractor Company, Gilbert Henderson, was shocked to read a newspaper story claiming that Botts acquired another Earthworm generator, set it afire, and pushed it into a lake—at the company's expense.

By William Hazlett Upson

Illustrated by Walter Skor

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Wednesday, October 1, 1958

DEAR HENDERSON: By great good fortune, your highly critical letter of last Monday has reached me after I have had several days to recover from the somewhat disturbing events of last Saturday at Chandler Lake. I am thus able to discuss the situation in a calm and objective manner. I would only suggest that you refrain from believing everything you read in the papers until you hear all sides of the question. In this case, honesty compels me to concede that the facts in the news dispatch which you quoted are substantially correct—in a superficial sort of way. However, I have a number of additional facts, explanations, and excuses which may serve as a partial extenuation of my conduct.

I freely admit that last Saturday afternoon, without the knowledge or authorization of our dealer, I took possession of the electric set, the packing case in which it was enclosed, and the truck on which it was loaded. I will also admit that I drove the truck in a somewhat devious manner to the Chandler Lake Hotel. However, I will pass over at this time any detailed description of these events and launch directly into an account of what happened in the evening when I arrived at the hotel.

I stopped the truck in the middle of the lawn between the hotel and the brink of the cliff known as Lover's Leap.

I was met by Mr. Chandler, who introduced me to another gentleman. "Mr. Botts," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Simsbury, salesman for the Superba Tractor Company. Mr. Simsbury, I want you to meet Mr. Botts, sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company."

Mr. Simsbury smiled an evil smile. "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Botts," he said. "Before long I may have a little surprise for you."

"And I am pleased to meet you," I said. "I have a feeling that I am going to have a little surprise for you."

I then walked over to the truck, pulled out a rope which I had brought along, tied one end to a tree, looped the other end around the big packing case, and drove the truck out from under. As I was removing the rope, Mr. Chandler started yelling, "Hey! That's a delicate piece of machinery. What are you trying to do—bust it all to pieces jerking it off the truck that way? And what's the idea of unloading it out there on the lawn?"

Before I could answer, our Burlington dealer came driving up, yelling a question of his own, "What's the idea of stealing my truck and my electric set?"

As I could think of no good answers to these questions, I changed the subject. I said, "I think I smell gasoline. Possibly the fuel tank of this electric set is leaking. I'll investigate."

I lit a match and held it close to the lower part of the big packing case. Sure enough, it was saturated with a liquid which turned out to be highly flammable. There was a puff of flame,

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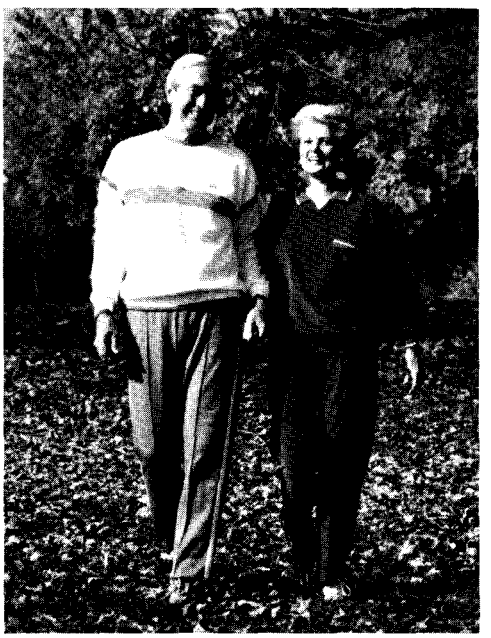
My Feet Were Killing Me... Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip we had always dreamed about. We had the time and money to go where we wanted–see what we wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, my wife tried to keep me going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom formed foot support called Flexible Featherspring® Foot Supports. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like



cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that my wife also can wear them–even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're practically invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I decided that I should bring my discovery to America.

In the last 15 years over a half million Americans of all ages–many with foot problems far more severe than mine–have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Featherspring work for them and why they can work for you. These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom formed and made for your feet alone! Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem–corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Featherspring will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Germany can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today. No salesman will call.

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"I continue to praise Featherspring to my patients, as I feel they will be a benefit to them."

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"I was extremely skeptical when I placed my order and was expecting to be disappointed. Much to my surprise, I found almost immediate relief from knee and leg pains and corns and my right foot which were a source of continuing pain and irritation have ceased to trouble me."

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"Wish I had believed your ad five years ago."

Mrs. W.C., Fayetteville, N.C.

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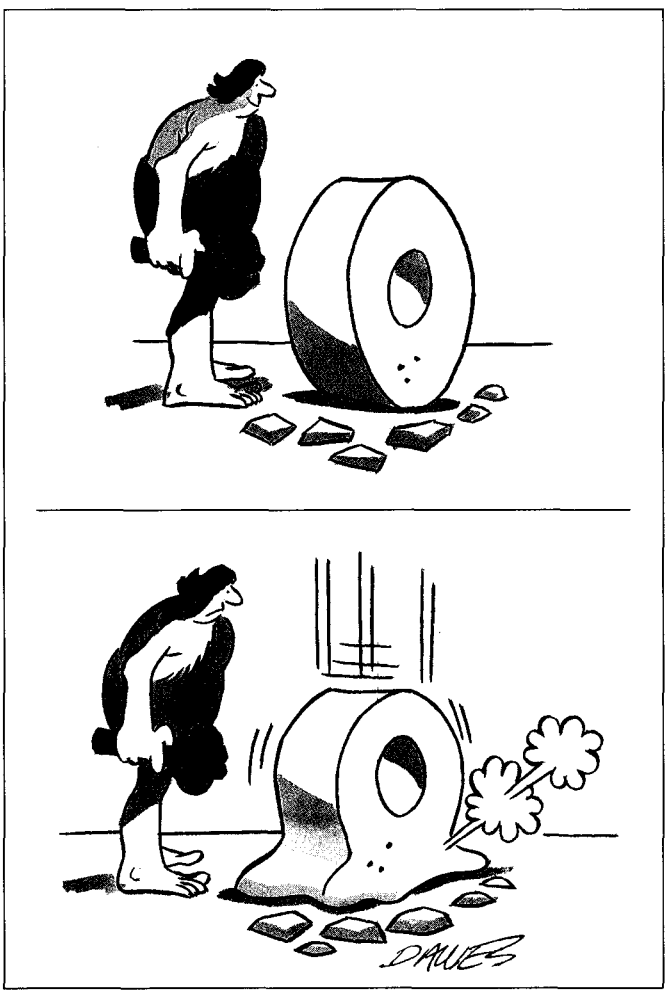
and almost at once the entire case was burning furiously.

I leaped into the nearby truck and drove it in a circle around the lawn so as to approach the burning case on the side away from the lake. I nosed the bumper against the case, pushed it across the grass and over the cliff. As I backed the truck away from the edge, I heard a splash and a hiss as the case disappeared into the water. I alighted from the truck. And right away I ran into a barrage of questions from our dealer, from Mr. Chandler, from the Superba salesman, and from a man I had not previously noticed; he turned out to be a newspaper reporter who had been interviewing Mr. Chandler regarding his plans for remodeling the hotel.

Most of the questions from these people were so emotional and unreasonable that I will not repeat them. Suffice to say that I succeeded in calming things down by promising that the Earthworm Tractor Company would pay for any losses that any of them might have incurred. The newspaper reporter then rushed off to file his story. As I have previously indicated, he wrote a fairly accurate account of the facts as he had seen them up to that point.

After the newspaperman had disappeared, Mr. Simsbury, the Superba man, turned to Mr. Chandler. "What a shame!" he said with a bit of a sneer. "That big Earthworm electric set is now at the bottom of the lake."



"I'm afraid it is," said Mr. Chandler. "Maybe we could get a frogman to go down there, put a cable around it, and pull it up. But it would be in pretty bad shape. I suppose you'll want your $500 rent money back?"

"No," said Mr. Simsbury. "As long as nobody tries any salvage operations, I am perfectly content. You can keep the $500."

"Thank you," said Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Simsbury then spoke to me. "I want to thank you, Mr. Botts," he said, "for being so clumsy as to dump that electric set in the lake. If the set had remained in good shape on dry land, those Dog River Ski people might have fooled around for weeks trying to make a deal to buy it. But now that it is definitely lost, and there are no more Earthworm sets available, I am sitting pretty. I will now drive over to the Dog River Ski Development and sell them a nice new Superba set. Good-bye."

After he had left, I congratulated Mr. Chandler. "You are an honest man," I said. "You have kept your agreement with Mr. Simsbury. You have the $500. And we are all witnesses to Mr. Simsbury's assurance that you can keep the money as long as there are no salvage operations. I can assure you there will be no attempt at salvage by the Earthworm Company, by our dealer, or by myself. Furthermore, the Earthworm Company assumes full responsibility for this accident. Your down payment will apply on an electric set which the Earthworm Company has now promised for January delivery. Is all this satisfactory to you?"

"Absolutely," said Mr. Chandler.

I then grabbed our dealer, who had been a bit overwhelmed by the flow of language I had been pouring out. I escorted him to his car. And before he drove away I remarked that everybody should now be happy—except the Superba man.

"But what about Mike Savonarola over at Dog River?"

"He is feeling fine," I said. "He has beaten the deadline. He has avoided the penalty payments."

"What happened?"

"I delivered an electric set to him this afternoon."

"How could you do that? Where did you get it?"

"That's what Mike wanted to know. I didn't exactly lie to him, but I talked to him in such a way that he has the idea I located the set down in Massachusetts somewhere. That is what he will tell the Superba salesman. The Superba salesman may, of course, have his doubts, but he can't prove anything. So he won't be able to get that $500 back from Mr. Chandler."

"Listen, Mr. Botts, was it the set from my warehouse that you delivered to Mike? And was it just an empty box you shoved into the lake?"

"If it had been empty," I said, "it would have floated. Of course, there might have been some rocks in there. But we don't have to worry about that now. When you come to check up, you will find that the serial number on the set at the ski development is the same as the one on the set you had at your warehouse. So you have sold an electric set to Mike. Your sale to Mr. Chandler will go over in January. And your Superba competitor has just wasted $500 on one of your customers. Everything is wonderful."

So that just about wraps it up, Henderson, except for that set we have promised to deliver to Mr. Chandler in January. If our Production Department falls down again, just call on your chief trouble-shooter,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

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Hisnia

continued from page 57

as late as 2.

And did my ploy work? Does a concrete life preserver work? Not only was I monitored as usual, but at 12:20 it was discovered that my lower sheet had slipped its mooring, an emergency just short of Code Blue. At 1:00 someone tippy-toed in with a flashlight to check my IV tank, and while at it why not flash the light in my eyes to see if they were open. They were open.

They were still open at 2:00, when I again was checked for vital signs. And my vital signs were such that I had no trouble expressing my opinion of the proceedings with a vehemency that must have threatened my incision. A nurse, at any rate, came in a half-hour later to check.

By 3:00 I had given up and turned on the TV. And just in time to catch the thrilling finale of "The Last Days of Pompeii." I also underwent a "Three Stooges" and an exercise program before getting to the calamities in the morning news.

At 7 a.m. my doctor, looking well-rested, came in, admired his handiwork, and said I could go home. BUT—no lifting, no riding the mower, no chopping wood, no shampooing the dog. I couldn't even carry out the trash.

Well...shucks. This meant that my dear wife would have to do it all. Too good to be true? Not exactly.

At that moment, dear wife is sawing the kitchen table in two. Something about needing more space. That it's a metal table and she's using a wood saw should keep her at it for at least a week. What other atrocities she will have committed by the time I'm again able to intervene—it's not a pretty picture. I'll more than likely be ripe for another hernia getting things back together.

Or maybe this time I can hold it to a mere rupture and save 200 bucks.

(P.S. Included in my hospital bill was a charge of $61.10 for oxygen. I really didn't need oxygen until I got my hospital bill.)

Walking

continued from page 72

merchants was observed every morning by a street-car conductor hiking along at a fast pace many miles from home. Turning one morning to a young man standing beside him, the conductor remarked: "I wonder who that old fool-killer is I see hitting it up every morning!" "Why," exclaimed the youth, "that is Dad. You see, he belongs to a walking club composed of one. Dad is all right, nevertheless—just a bit queer on the subject of walking. He says your Philadelphia trolleys are too slow for him."

A system of walking that has considerable merit is the bent-knee walk, in which the whole sole of the foot is set down flat at the same moment, the feet being pointed straight forward, and not outward. For many years, experiments in regard to this way of marching have been made on a very large scale by the French Army, and the results seem to favor this method. Marey, the French scientist, claims that his apparatus shows that less force, less pressure, is used by the foot in the bent-knee walk than in the ordinary walk. It is also claimed that in walking one mile very quickly when the legs are straight, the body is raised more than twice the height that it is raised when the legs are bent. While bent-knee walking may be best, still it will never become popular because, on level ground, it looks ridiculous. It may be the best for marching, it is the best for hill climbing, and it rests one on a long tramp if one changes from the straight-leg to the bent-knee walking.

The correct way to walk is to place the heel on the ground first, and have the foot turn slightly outward. The posture of the body is important while walking. The chest should be thrown out strongly, the abdomen drawn in, the chin drawn in toward the chest, the body erect and leaning slightly forward. A good way by which to tell whether one carries the body in a correct position is to stand with the back against a wall, the head, shoulders, hips, and heels touching it. Another method is to practice balancing a moderately heavy book on the head. Place a soft cushion on the head, as this gives the book more surface to rest upon. Observe the erect figures the Italian women have who carry heavy burdens upon the head. Practice any of these methods for form, and then lean slightly forward.

Never begin a long walk in new shoes or Oxford ties. Procure shoes with heavy soles and light, soft uppers, which lace a trifle above

You be the Judge

by Gerald I. Ralya

Wealthy Mathilda contracted with a fuel-oil supplier to keep her 3,000-gallon tank filled, and never gave it another thought. For two years the supplier busily kept the tank brimming. Then Luke, next door, traced the damage to his costly trees and shrubs to oil seeping from a leak in the tank. He sued the supplier.

"The supplier was negligent in supplying such enormous quantities of oil without checking to see where it was going," Luke contended. "In two years he poured 26,000 gallons into Mathilda's tank, whereas previously she never used more than 3,000 gallons a year."

"We simply had a contract with Mathilda to keep her tank filled," counsel for the supplier replied. "It wasn't our job or duty to check for leaks. Mathilda never complained that too much was being delivered."

If you were the judge, would you make the supplier pay?

The supplier did not have to pay. The court said he was not negligent, as he did not know of the leak in the tank or the amount of oil previously used.

Based upon a 1959 Michigan case.

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The Soviet Union

Millions of Scriptures Needed in USSR

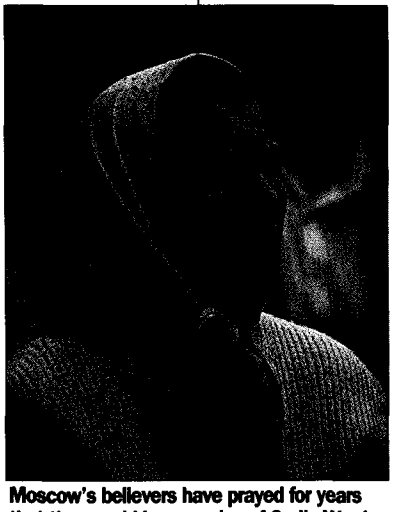
Need, opportunity combine to overwhelm Bible providers. Help sought from Western Christians.

While European and American politicians and businessmen are left amazed by the speed of change in the Soviet Union, Western Christians are being challenged by one of the greatest opportunities for evangelism in this century.

The Soviet Union's new openness makes it possible to print the Bible in large quantities on presses that once printed Communist propaganda.

But it is the spiritual hunger of the people themselves that has turned a possibility for printing into an opportunity for evangelism.

At the 1989 Moscow Book Fair, this hunger for the gospel was clearly demonstrated when Russians received New Testaments and began tearing out individual pages and sharing them with others. Men and women were seen with tears in their eyes, clutching the precious pages to their hearts.



Moscow's believers have prayed for years that they could have copies of God's Word.

International Bible Society, which had been providing Bibles for Eastern Europe even before the communist walls began to crumble, is now involved in two historic projects attempting to meet the tremendous demand for God's Word.

One outreach—for the Soviet Children's Fund—came at the request of a member of the USSR's Congress, the Supreme Soviet. The other, called THE MOSCOW PROJECT, was initiated by a coalition of U.S. Christian organizations.

Children's Fund founder Albert Likhanov cited the moral vacuum in his country when he asked the Bible Society to provide at least one million Scriptures for his people.

In response to this request—and to the tremendous need for Scriptures in the USSR—the first 250,000 New Testaments have already been delivered.

Bible Society President James Powell praised the Children's Fund project as a breakthrough because it provides Scriptures to Soviet citizens who may not be reached by any church.

"Until now," he noted, "most of our Bible distribution in the USSR has been through churches."

The even more massive MOSCOW PROJECT will deliver 4 million Russian New Testaments to the people of the capital city before the fall of 1991.

International Bible Society is co-sponsoring the Moscow effort with the Evangelical Christian Publishers Association, the Christian Booksellers Association, and CBLI-World Literature Ministries.

The Bible Society is funding the total $550,000 cost of the Children's Fund project, and has agreed to underwrite half of the $1.6 million needed for THE MOSCOW PROJECT.

Commenting on the importance of these projects, Bible Society Vice-President of Ministries Eugene Rubingh said, "The future direction of the Soviet Union—and the rest of Eastern Europe—is now being decided. These Scriptures will help show the way!" —by Larry Jerden

You can place Russian New Testaments in 65 Moscow homes for only $26.

Just fill out the coupon below and mail with your check today. Or pledge your gift by calling International Bible Society ***TOLL FREE*** *at* ***1-800-448-0456.***

YES! I want to send New Testaments to the men, women, and children of Moscow. Enclosed is my gift of:

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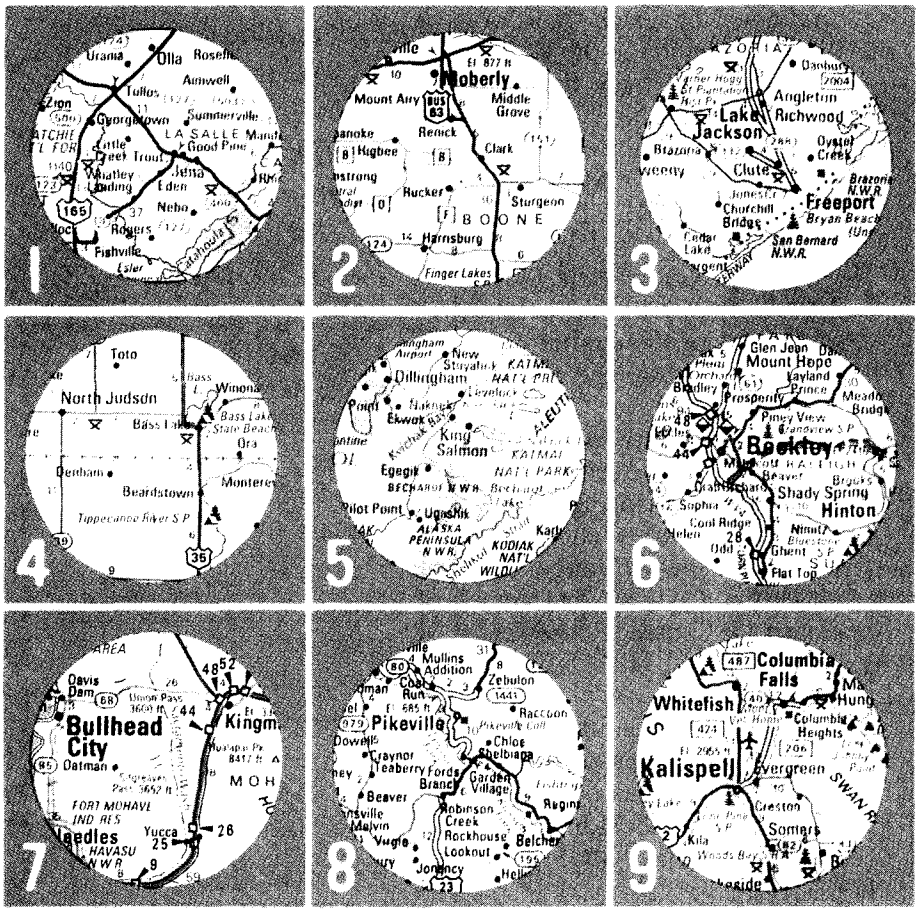
the ankles. In a long walk it is not the heart and lungs that give out first, but the feet. To toughen these, bathe them in a strong solution of salt water. If they are extremely tender, add a little powdered alum and vinegar. Heavy stockings should be worn, and two pairs if the shoes rub the heels. In case of sprain of muscles or tendons, the best treatment is rest and hot applications. In tours lasting several days, put the feet in cold water and rub them well at nighttime. Stop in the middle of the afternoon and rest the feet a few minutes by removing the shoes.

Upon observing the walk of over 1,000 students, the writer found that every one stepped out by placing the heel on the ground first, and that the foot turned slightly outward, but in many instances the carriage and posture of the body were improper. When students on a long tramp are becoming tired, and are walking with seeming difficulty, a college song enlivens, and the pace is consequently quickened. The whistling or humming of a song or march when alone gives a pleasing rhythm to the step. Occasional uphill and downhill walking is easier than all on the level, as different sets of muscles are employed. Walking tours should be conducted not for record breaking but for health. A long walk should be broken by an occasional pause. These rests should be of about five minutes' duration. Experience proves that to sit or lie down makes one more liable to be stiff and tired when one gets up again. A short halt before beginning a steep ascent gives one fresh strength and lowers the respiration. An occasional slow trot sometimes rests one.

Do not hold yourself too rigid as you walk, but swing your arms, go slow at the start and gradually increase the pace to a fast walk, and keep this up, as slow walking tends to tire one. Do not be too ambitious and, in your enthusiasm, begin with a 20- or 25-mile walk. If not accustomed to this form of exercise, begin with one mile a day the first week; two miles a day the second. After the first month, double this distance, and, in the course of two months, you will find yourself walking 8 or 10 miles daily with ease and increased vigor. You will further observe that your digestion has improved. This is due to the influence of powerfully oxygenated blood which causes the intestines to perform their peristaltic movements—which are necessary for digestion—with increased energy. Not only are the muscles of the legs developed, but also the muscles of the chest and back are strengthened, due to the swinging of the arms and to deeper breathing. Walking gives one health by increasing the digestion, assimilation, and excretion—in fact, by toning up all the organs of the body.



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 105)

Boning Up

continued from page 20

2 stalks fresh broccoli, chopped
8 ounces tofu (firm type), cut into 1/4-inch cubes
4 flour tortillas
2 ounces Monterey Jack cheese, shredded
1 small tomato, chopped
4 tablespoons picante sauce

Preheat oven to 300° F. Heat olive oil in a large skillet and sauté onion until translucent. Add broccoli and tofu. Cook until broccoli turns bright green and tofu is heated. Set aside.

Place tortillas on cookie sheet. Evenly distribute one-quarter of shredded cheese on each tortilla. Place in oven just until cheese is melted; remove from oven.

Put about 2 to 3 tablespoons of broccoli/tofu mixture in a strip 2 inches wide down the middle of each tortilla. Add 1 tablespoon of chopped tomatoes. Return to oven for 5 to 10 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Remove and add 1 to 3 teaspoons of picante sauce (depending on personal taste) to each tortilla. Roll the sides in and serve immediately.

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THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE COLLECTOR PLATE

Officially authorized by Shirley Temple...

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in diameter.

"Stand Up and Cheer"™

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©1990 MBI

A numbered *first edition* porcelain collector plate featuring Shirley Temple in one of her most beloved movie roles.

No child star in Hollywood history was more famous or beloved than Shirley Temple. Her sparkling personality and extraordinary talent lit up the silver screen—and her golden curls, adorable dimples and radiant smile captured millions of hearts around the world.

Now, you can acquire a first edition porcelain collector plate that perfectly depicts little Shirley, as she appeared in "Stand Up and Cheer"... the memorable 1934 movie that rocketed her to stardom.

A serially-numbered first edition.

"Stand Up and Cheer" is an exclusive first edition issue. Each plate will be individually numbered and accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, bearing your exclusive serial number. Crafted in fine bisque porcelain, the plate is richly colored in vivid detail and luxuriously finished with a band of gleaming 23kt gold.

A remarkable value—guaranteed satisfaction.

This enchanting collector plate is a Danbury Mint exclusive, and is attractively priced at just $24.95—an exceptional value considering its superb quality, exquisite artistry and first edition status. Moreover, if you are not completely satisfied, you may return your plate within 30 days for a prompt replacement or full refund.

Order now to obtain the lowest possible serial number.

"Stand Up and Cheer" is sure to be prized by your family for generations to come...and a low serial number will make it all the more precious. Serial numbers will be assigned in order of receipt of Reservation Applications, *so return yours today!*

the Danbury Mint

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Conn. 06857

RESERVATION APPLICATION

THE SHIRLEY TEMPLE COLLECTOR PLATE

"Stand Up and Cheer"

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Limit: two plates per collector

Please accept my reservation for *"Stand Up and Cheer,"* as described in this announcement.

I wish to reserve _____ (1 or 2) plate(s) at $24.95 (plus $2.95 shipping and handling — total $27.90*) each.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Check ☐ My check or money order is enclosed.

One ☐ Charge my credit card at the time of shipment.

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover

_____
Credit Card Number Expiration Date

Signature _____

Please allow 8 to 12 weeks for shipment. All orders subject to acceptance.

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment.

490ESE1

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"You will observe with concern how long a useful truth may be known and exist, before it is generally received and practiced on."—*Benjamin Franklin*

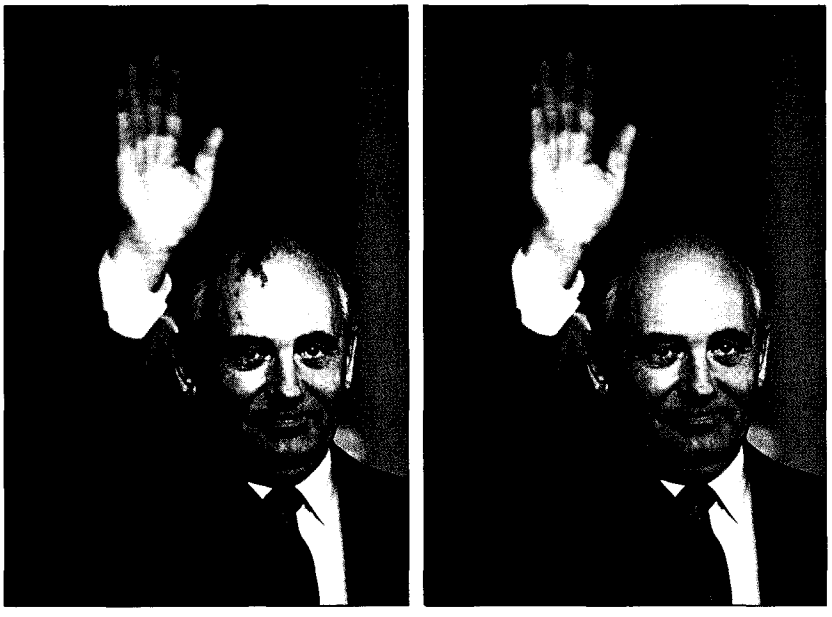
A Way to Remove Port-wine Stains

Laser technology—a beam of light that can destroy a red balloon inside a clear balloon without harming the clear balloon.

It can erase the red hemoglobin that puts color in a birthmark without harming the surrounding cells.

The flashlamp laser is color specific. Seeking only red, it erases only the red hemoglobin in the small blood vessels without harming the other tissues through which it passes.

The latest technology is another modern miracle for dermatologists who have long had to tell parents of birthmarked infants that the birthmark must wait until the child is a teenager. By then the psychological damage to some children has taken its toll. With this new tehcnique, however, birthmarked babies can have port-wine stains removed without scarring or general anesthetic as early as one week after birth.



***Post* artist Lucian Lupinski retouched the port-wine stain right off Gorby's forehead and the SatEvePost Society would like to do the same in real life. We've offered Indiana University dermatology professor C. William Hanke to do the honors in this goodwill gesture.**

The world needs to know that a marvelous red-seeking laser can now remove these birthmarks on newborns or adults without general anesthetics and scarring. President Gorbachev, public relations whiz that he is, would spread the word quickly just by showing his unblemished pate via national television, and port-wine birthmarked kids would be the winners.

Dermatologists and psychiatrists tell of sad case histories of birthmarked patients who became recluses probably as a result of their perceived unacceptable appearance.

It would appear that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev has gracefully overcome any stigma he may have felt as a result of his famous port-wine stain birthmark.

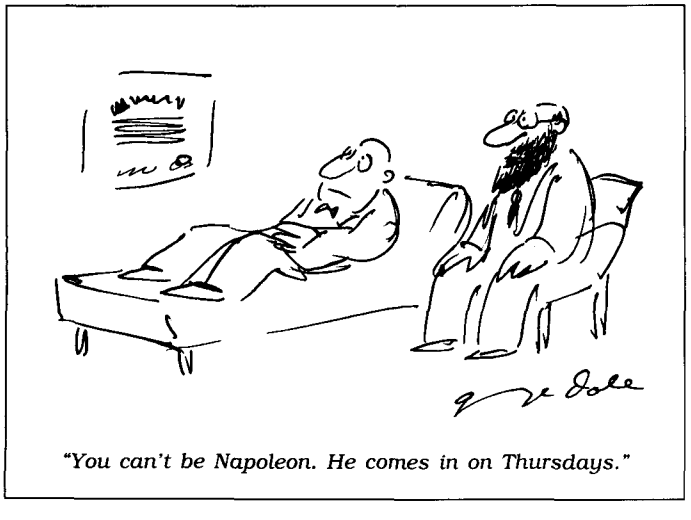
If Soviet President Gorbachev had his blemish removed, many parents would be alerted to hunt for the red-seeking laser for their port-wine birthmarked baby.

What better way, we thought, as a goodwill gesture to President Gorbachev, than inviting him to have his stain removed by one of our most experienced dermatologists from the faculty of the Indiana University School of Medicine. Dr. C. William Hanke is the professor we chose to accomplish this outpatient procedure for President Gorbachev.

Because of his worldwide prominence, we hope President Gorbachev will accept our offer. If his port-wine stain disappeared, public awareness of the red-seeking laser's capability would spread rapidly.

This would inspire thousands of parents to help their children at an early age before the development of any associated psychological effects. Port-wine stains progressively darken and thicken with age—another reason they're better treated early in life.

The red-seeking laser can puncture the red balloon without damaging the clear balloon surrounding it—a perfect device for removing birthmarks.



"You can't be Napoleon. He comes in on Thursdays."

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WORKING ON A FIGURE IN THE SIX DIGIT RANGE... 36-24-36

Having time to work on your ultimate figure is never easy... That's why Altero has developed an in-home fitness and conditioning machine with you in mind.

Working with leading engineers and kinesiologists, Altero designed this award winning fitness system so you can develop a great body through safe and proper exercise. The ease of its four track system, unique computer monitoring device, and state of the art styling puts it in a class all its own. You and the man in your life will notice the difference.

Order now and receive your Altero Fitness Machine FREIGHT FREE. Regular freight charges are over $90.

ALTERO

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Crippling Back Pain

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read your articles each time in *The Saturday Evening Post* and thoroughly enjoy them. I am writing to you about a condition that my husband has. He has had a terrible back problem over the last nine years and has had a laminectomy, the chymopapain injection, and about eight or nine myelograms performed.

He still has chronic back pain and is disabled. He cannot perform his job anymore. He has had an MRI done on his back and our doctor thinks he has a condition called "arachnoiditis" of his back. I know it has to do with the arachnoid membrane in his back, but I cannot find any specific information on this subject. I hope you can tell me where I can get some information on this condition.

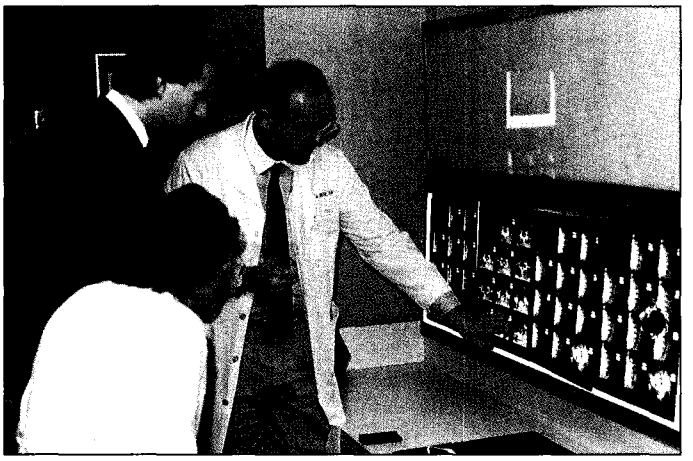
Joanne McIntyre
Marietta, Georgia

We spoke with Dr. Norman Oliver of the National Institutes of Health (NIH) about arachnoiditis. He wishes we could do more for these sufferers. Unfortunately, there are no self-help support groups for people with this inflammation, which causes a great deal of pain.

The arachnoid, lying between two vascular membranes, the pia mater and the dura mater, is a very delicate fiber that covers the brain and spinal cord, and, as its name implies, it's much like a spider's web. Arachnoiditis is a nonspecific inflammatory process causing fibrosis and degeneration of the arachnoid. When irritated, the arachnoid mounts an inflammatory response and produces a fibrous growth containing no blood vessels. As these fibrous growths proliferate, the spinal cord and adjoining nerve roots can be injured by the proliferation of the arachnoid membrane. The medical journal *Spine* reports that, at present, most reported cases of arachnoiditis are associated with intervertebral disc disease and subsequent myelographic and surgical procedures.

Arachnoiditis occurs most commonly in the lumbar spine. There are many etiological factors. It may develop secondary to pre-existing spinal conditions, such as spinal stenosis. However, the vast majority of cases seen today are caused by medical intervention, primarily spine surgery and myelography, especially with the once popular iophendylate, a radiographic contrast dye. Other causes include trauma, infection, and adverse reactions to anesthesia.

"I'll just say this about your cholesterol count—if you set your oven on that number, you could cook a turkey."



Magnetic resonance imaging is a noninvasive method of diagnosing the source of back pain. Dr. Richard Smith, a neuroradiologist who specializes in spinal problems, shows a sciatica patient why pain descends down his right leg.

The frequency of this condition is largely unknown. The NIH reported that arachnoiditis is primarily responsible for incapacitation of at least 11% of patients with "failed back surgery syndrome." When one considers that 200,000 to 400,000 patients undergo back surgery in the United States each year, and that 25% of these are not improved or are made worse, it is evident that arachnoiditis is a public health concern of some magnitude.

We checked with Dr. Richard Smith, a neuroradiologist at Indiana University School of Medicine, to learn more about arachnoiditis. Fortunately he was able to report that the materials that are being used for myelograms today are not nearly as likely to cause arachnoiditis as an aftermath. They do not contain oils that were formerly used. A little blood that enters the arachnoid tissues, however, can cause irritation that can spread. Even with the best technique, a myelogram can cause future complications.

The Arthritis/Copper Connection

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing to you because you seem to be able to find answers to so many things.

A friend in New Zealand told me that wearing a necklace (or something) made of copper was helpful for arthritic pain. I didn't really believe this until this week I got an ointment from a very reliable company for "arthritic pain" and it has copper in it.

I have looked, but cannot find anything I could wear made of copper. Do you have any idea where I could find something?

Vera V. Crouch
Carlsbad, California

The idea that wearing a copper bracelet to relieve arthritis pain might not be too far off the mark; however, you'll probably find more relief by increasing your intake of copper-containing foods.

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"What works for me can work wonders for you."

Angela Lansbury

"Let me tell you my secrets!"

Angela Lansbury shares her personal secrets for an active lifestyle, feeling good about yourself and looking attractive to others—at any age. She reveals her intimate views on femininity and sexuality. It's a breakthrough video for women.

Visit Angela's home and learn her fitness secrets. Easy does it! No strain, no special equipment. Just easy stretches and gentle exercises to melt away tension.

Discover how to face each day with a positive attitude. Angela's woman-to-woman confidential talk with you will clear the way for a whole new outlook on life.

Learn Angela's sensible approach to weight loss. Just counting calories and dieting doesn't work for most of us. She takes you into her kitchen for a chat and shows you what works for her.

As featured by People Magazine, Entertainment Tonight, USA Network, Woman's Day Magazine—and enjoyed by these "Positive Moves" users:

"Beautiful, wonderful, inspiring exercises."—D.B., Blue Jay, Ca.

"...like having a special friend stop in for a visit."—D.L., Long Green, Md.

"Thanks for a tape for normal people. Excellent."—C.P., San Diego, Ca.

"Great! Well worth the money. Bought one for a friend."—C.S., Dallas, Tx.

"Makes me feel good physically, mentally, emotionally."—C.L., Valdosta, Ga.

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A Personal Plan For Fitness And Well-Being At Any Age.

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Includes—Angela's 50 minute original home video... Free Exercise Poster... Plus, mail-in card for Free copy of Angela's own recipes for "Salad Sandwich" and "Power Loaf" bread!

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Please make payable to Armchair Shopper. Specify VHS or Beta. IN residents add 5% sales tax. 30 day money back guarantee.

You may charge your order to your MasterCard, Visa or Discover Card. Include your card name, your account number, and the expiration date.

M91

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Robert DiSilvestro, a nutrition researcher at Ohio State University who has studied the relationship between copper and health over the past decade, says: "We have evidence that arthritis increases copper requirements; what we don't know is the significance." However, the combination of a marginal diet and an increased need for copper could contribute to the severity of the symptoms.

The average American diet supplies only about 60% of the recommended daily copper requirement. Good dietary sources of copper include: liver and shellfish, especially oysters; nuts; kidney beans; chili beans; cocoa; avocados; and whole-grain cereals. Several vitamin and mineral supplements contain copper in their formulas, including One-A-Day Maximum Formula Vitamins and Minerals, Stressguard Stress Formula Vitamins, and Centrum.

Reading Can Continue If Sight Weakens

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Where could we find a Braille chart and information about learning it?

Gertrude Wilson
Chicago, Illinois

"Grade 1" Braille has one symbol for each letter, as shown in the chart on this page. To be able to read books, one needs to learn "Grade 2" Braille. There are many symbols that represent common words, making reading faster. These classes require attendance for a four-month period. If this is not possible, a correspondence course is available. You might contact the Hadley School for the Blind, 700 Elm Street, Winnetka, IL 60093-0299.

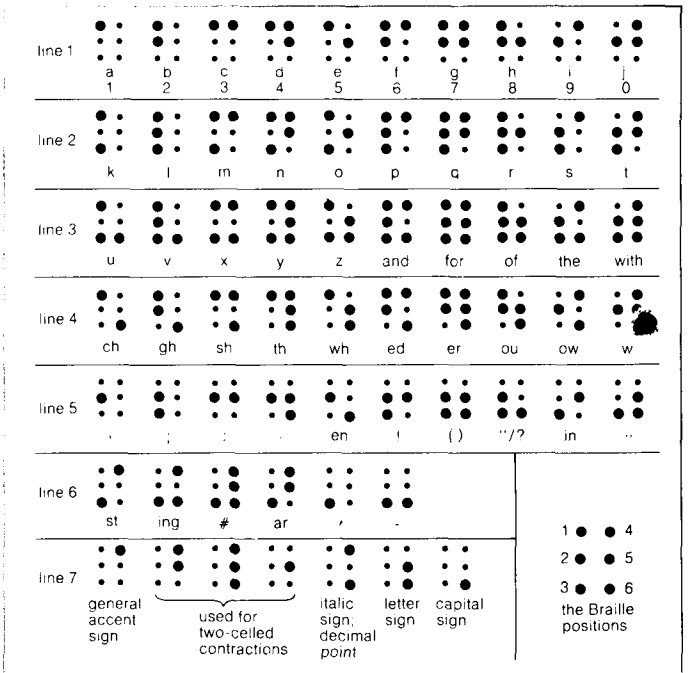
Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read *The Saturday Evening Post* every issue and have grown to respect your "Medical Mailbox." You seem to have answers for so many problems and questions about our health. Perhaps you could take a little time to give some information about drusen on the retina. Is this the same as macular degeneration? If so, why the change in terms? What is or are drusen? Its cause? Might it be a malignancy? Is there a remedy?

I am 78 years old. I had cataract surgery with a lens implant on the right eye a year ago. My doctor said I have drusen on the retina. It cannot be helped unless it is the kind that bleeds. The vision in the right eye is almost gone. Reading (my favorite pastime) is increasingly difficult since there is a developing cataract and drusen on the left eye also. I need to use a magnifier more and more often.

I have also been taking Ocuvite tablets recommended by my ophthalmologist. It has apparently made no change in this condition.

Name withheld
Keystone Heights, Florida



Who knows, if the lights go out in an elevator, some night you might wish you knew the Braille numbers.

"Now just relax and tell me all about this short attention span of yours."

Drusen refers to a collection of homogenous protein within the retina or a degeneration in the pigmentation of the retina. The word is of German origin and means "stony granule." Drusen are small, white lipofuscin (fat) deposits that develop beneath the retinal pigment epithelium, sometimes appearing as nodules within the optic nerve head. The size of these spots is smaller than a grain of salt.

According to Dr. Ronald Dannis of the Indiana University School of Ophthalmology, drusen lie underneath the retina and are a sign of impaired metabolism in the pigment layer beneath the retina.

Everyone has drusen to some extent, although the number varies. Once the spots occur, there is no known treatment that will eliminate them. Drusen appear most frequently in persons older than the age of 60. They are not malignant.

Drusen, when very numerous, can affect visual acuity. When this occurs the condition is known as macular degeneration. There are many different forms of macular degeneration, one of which refers to the growth of unnecessary minute blood vessels beneath the retina, which can hemorrhage. When this occurs, loss of sight begins with a blind spot in the center of the visual field and expands outward.

If detected early enough, lasers can cauterize the

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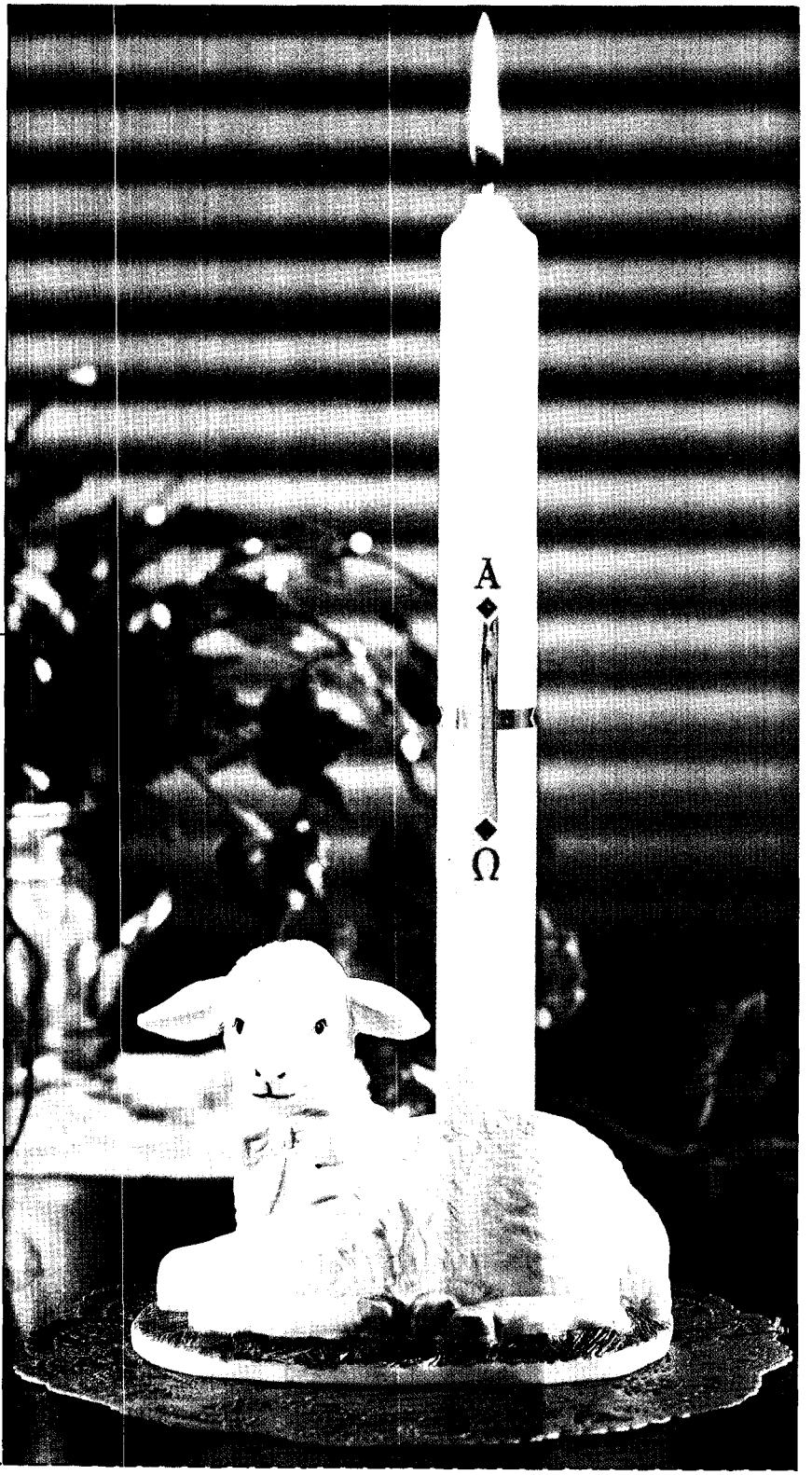
EASTER CANDLE with Lamb Candle Holder



This attractive Easter Candle with Lamb Candle Holder beautifully enhances your Easter celebration. Designed especially for home use, the 8-inch ivory candle is decorated with the same symbols found on the Easter candle in parish churches - the Cross of Christ and the Alpha and Omega letters.

The Lamb Candle Holder, 4¼ x 3⅛ inches, is made of fine imported porcelain, hand-painted in true-to-life pastel tones to accent the exceptional detailing.

The Easter Candle with Lamb Candle Holder, offered exclusively by the Missionary Oblates, will be sent to those making an Easter donation of $12* or more for our works among the world's needy.

The Missionary Oblates serve the poor and abandoned throughout the world. Offerings given to the Missionary Oblates will help bring Christ's hopeful message to the missions.

Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate
National Shrine of Our Lady of the Snows
Belleville, IL 62223-4694

Enclosed is my offering for the works of the Missionary Oblates.

☐ $12 ☐ $20 ☐ $25 ☐ $ _____

Please send _____ Easter Candle(s) with Lamb Candle Holder(s). #270 ($12 offering or more per set.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

#6 1 1 4

Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate
National Shrine of Our Lady of the Snows - Belleville, IL 62223-4694

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offending vessels and halt the progress of macular degeneration. If detected too late, there is no current method to reverse the damage.

Ocuvite tablets are unproven therapy, Dr. Dannis said, but there is some scant evidence that they can slow degeneration. Ocuvite contains vitamins, C, E, and A, and minerals, and it often is used for the prevention, but not the treatment, of cataracts. Some studies are said to show that those who have taken Vitamins C, E, and A for extended periods have less chance of developing cataracts than those who did not take these vitamins.

A vision-impaired patient enjoys the free use of a talking book and tape player.

Eye problems do not mean that you have to give up on the things in life that you now enjoy. You can learn about support programs for the visually impaired elderly through your state's Department of Human Services.

You can still enjoy books through the Library of Congress's Talking Book Service. This program provides visually handicapped persons with a tape player and books on tape. This service is free; even the mailing charges are included. Once you have listened to a tape, you return it to the library and request another selection. You can contact The Library of Congress, National Library Service for the Blind & Physically Handicapped, 1291 Taylor St. NW, Washington, DC 20542, or call 1-800-424-9100.

Low-vision prosthetic aids are available for the person with very poor or very blurred vision. Low-vision specialists are most often optometrists who fit these telescopic aids.

Caring for the Polycystic Kidney

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I write in response to "Medical Mailbox" in the Nov./Dec. '90 *SEP* magazine. A reader from Wichita, Kansas asked for information about diet and "care" of polycystic kidneys. Polycystic kidney disease has more victims than these other genetic diseases combined: multiple sclerosis, cystic fibrosis, and sickle cell anemia. Your reader's best source of information is close to home—the Polycystic Kidney Research Foundation, 922 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64106, (816) 421-1869. This organization supports research throughout the country and shares with PKD families the best possible research information as it becomes available.

Please provide this information to your reader, M. M. Fleagle, and, if space in your magazine permits, I am sure there are many in your reading audience that would appreciate your printing my letter.

Jill McMaster
Falls Church, Virginia

"I'd like a note excusing me from my wife's natural childbirth."

What's the Formula?

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am a brand-new grandmother and I'm concerned what my grandchild and other children are getting in their formulas.

I've checked every formula in the stores, and I've found that all of them have coconut or palm oil in them. I'm very distressed at this because we hear so much about how bad these two products are. Babies drink from 50 to 60 ounces of formula a day, and they are receiving these fats that are so harmful. We also read how high the cholesterol level of children and teenagers is, and I'm sure it must start with their formulas. I feel certain other fats could be added to the formulas to give the babies the fat they need in their bodies.

Thank you for your time. I enjoy your magazine and your health advice very much.

Dorothy Tennyson
Santa Fe, Tennessee

Breast feeding is generally the safest and most desirable method of nourishing a baby, and human breast milk may be considered the ideal starting food. If not possible, however, infant formulas do offer the best alternative.

Nutramigen is the brand name of a baby formula that contains no palm or coconut oil. It uses corn oil as a fat source and has more essential fatty acids per calorie than many formulas. Nutramigen was designed for infants who have allergies to whole protein. It contains milk proteins (mostly casein) in a hyrdolyzed, more digestible form that does not evoke an immune response. While it has this special feature, it is still safe for infants who do not have these allergies. One should consult a physician before changing baby formulas.

Jon A. Story, Ph.D., Department of Foods and Nutrition at Purdue University, addressed your concern over fat in infant formulas:

"Companies which make infant formulas take great care to make sure they duplicate the composition of human milk as closely as possible. Human milk is usually 4% fat, about 30% of calories. When trying to duplicate human milk, a mixture of fat sources must be used, and these are almost always selected from plant sources, like corn, soybean, coconut, or palm oils. Thus the composition of the fat in infant formulas is very similar to that found in human milk. The source of this fat becomes unimportant when the level

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of the fatty acids is balanced and the total amount of energy provided by fat in the formula is adjusted to the level needed by the infant."

Dr. Karyl Rickard, professor of Nutrition and Dietetics on the faculty of Indiana University School of Medicine, explains that human milk, although more saturated than formulas, is still relatively well absorbed and this is part of the magic of breast milk that no one fully understands.

A Remedy for Restless Legs

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I was reading what a lot of people have asked regarding restless legs and what to do about them, if anything.

Let me tell you what I used—vitamin E and calcium pills. I had terrible restless legs at night. I could hardly sleep and hated to see night come. I feel bad for the people that have this, but by taking large amounts of vitamin E (1,000 to 3,000 IU) and 500 mg calcium each night, I would get a warm feeling in my legs and I could keep them still so I could sleep. After a few weeks, I took 800 IU of vitamin E and 500 mg of calcium each night. This was two years ago. I still take 400 IU of vitamin E and my calcium each night, and my restless legs have stopped for two years now.

But don't take any supplements with iron in them, because it tends to knock out vitamin E. If you do take iron, take it 12 hours apart.

A person with restless legs may have low blood sugar levels, and vitamin E improves the glycogen storage in the muscles of the legs. Blood sugar levels are at low ebb in the middle of the night.

I hope you could mention in your column something about this vitamin E treatment. I am grateful it helped me so much.

Judy Weston
Minneapolis, Minnesota

User-Friendly Advice

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

An article in your September 1990 *Saturday Evening Post* refers to a user-friendly computerized defibrillator. You had an article on this device in your April 1988 *Post*. Can you send me information about this device, where it is available, etc.?

Albert J. Delinger
Elgin, Arizona

Several portable models of the defibrillator are available. Persons interested in buying a portable defibrillator for their home, office, or community can contact these companies: Ware Form Systems (1-800-942-0442), Burdick Corp. (1-800-777-1777), or Physio Control (Box 97006, Redmond, WA 98073-9706).

We believe every large factory or office building should have one. Defibrillators, which usually cost about $5,000, should be as widely required as fire extinguishers. For some, it's a good idea to keep one under the bed at home.

Time is of the essence for persons experiencing sudden cardiac arrest. The American Heart Association reports that 60% of all deaths from rhythm disturbances occur within the first hour. If defibrillated within three to five minutes, the patient has a 70% chance of survival. Since the average urban ambulance takes six minutes to arrive, the importance of having a defibrillator becomes more evident. Most ambulances are not equipped with defibrillators.

Persons who have experienced one cardiac arrest have a nearly 15% chance of having another attack within a year. Ideally, all of these patients should have an automatic defibrillator nearby and ready to be used at any time.

For the man who has everything and bypass surgery to prove it, his best investments are a wife and secretary who know how to set in motion a user-friendly automatic defibrillator.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

(Theme: underwater creatures)

1. Trout, LA	4. Bass Lake, IN	7. Bullhead City, AZ
2. Sturgeon, MO	5. King Salmon, AK	8. Pikeville, KY
3. Oyster Creek, TX	6. Crab Orchard, WV	9. Whitefish, MT

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"Since you're a vegetarian, we'll be giving you an artichoke heart."

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Mystery Cake

continued from page 55

kerchief, "haven't you ever heard of military channels? That's what this cake did, I'll bet a dollar." The President stopped talking to laugh some more. "Yes, sir. This cake has been through channels, just as sure as I'm a born sinner. If my guess is right, the company commander gave it to the regimental commander who passed it along to some general who was coming to Washington. The general gave it to Stanton, who brought it to me with a cock-and-bull story about how it had been baked special for me with a flag on top."

Mr. Lincoln slapped his knee and had another laugh that drove the tired lines from his face for a little. "I haven't had a laugh like that in a week, son," he told grandfather. "A laugh sure does me good. If I didn't get a laugh once in a while I'd cry all the time. Mr. Hay," he said, referring to his secretary, "had a little errand to do for me and won't be back for a few more minutes. Stay here and help me stave off those fellows outside for a little while. Tell me about Chancellorsville."

So grandfather told Mr. Lincoln about the battle, how the volume of musketry was as loud as any he had ever heard, about the woods catching fire and burning wounded men to death, and how Stonewall Jackson had thrown away the book and divided his forces, giving the Army of the Potomac a hard battering before he was cut down in the dusk of a bloody day.

As he talked, grandfather said, the President would shake his head and brush at his eyes and all the good the laughter had done was washed away in a few minutes, and Mr. Lincoln looked more than a hundred years old, his features sagging and his eyes bottomless.

Mr. Lincoln left his desk and walked over to a window and stood lost in thought. The rain had stopped, and a watery sun was peeking through the dripping trees. Later it would probably be a fine day, but hot, and the rain hadn't done any good at all. Grandfather remembered how still it was in the room, as if the world outside had withdrawn to leave the tall, lanky man alone with the crimson pictures grandfather had drawn to drive away laughter.

"I shouldn't have asked you," the President said. "You tell it too well." He came back to the desk, beating on the polished wood gently with his fist. "But I have to know. I'm responsible for it. I sent those boys in there to be hit and to burn. And the chances are pretty good," he added in a dead voice, "that I'll have to do it again and again."

Just then Mr. Hay returned, and grandfather remembered that he was very glad to see him, because in another minute he would have been blubbering at the sight of that tall man with the haunted, anguished look in his eyes.

Mr. Hay handed something to the President, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Stand up, son," and then he pinned the shoulder straps of a captain on grandfather's weather-beaten blue coat, and he handed him the official-looking paper which turned out to be his commission, filled out by the President himself.

Grandfather was overwhelmed and tried to form words for his thanks, but Mr. Lincoln clapped him on the shoulder with a big hand and brushed the words aside. "Don't thank me, son. Your officers recommended you highly for a commission, but they didn't say what kind of commission, so I'm exercising my prerogative as commander in chief and making you a captain. I'm just making a good investment for the Army of the Potomac. I need good captains. I just hope this commission doesn't turn out to be your death warrant. Captains don't last long, boy, so hurry up and be a general and you'll be safe."

A twinkle appeared in Mr. Lincoln's eyes. "I'll give you a little extra 'souvenir of the occasion.'" He replaced the cover on the cake and gave it to grandfather. "I'll have Mr. Hay arrange some leave for you through the War Department. You'll want to go home and show off those new shoulder straps to your folks."

Busy as he must have been, the President took another minute to scribble several lines on Executive Mansion stationery:

To Whom It May Concern:

This patriotic fruitcake was baked by Capt. Sam Davis, Army of the Potomac, and is the best I ever tasted.

A. Lincoln

He handed grandfather the paper. "You keep that just in case anybody ever doubts it's your cake—and we'll keep the little secret from Secretary Stanton. God bless you, boy."

The Perfect Squelch

A traveling evangelist always put on a grand finale at his revival meetings. When he was to preach at a church, he would secretly hire a small boy to sit in the ceiling rafters with a dove in a cage. Toward the end of his sermon, the preacher would shout for the Holy Spirit to come down, and the boy in the rafters would dutifully release the dove.

At one revival meeting, however, nothing happened when the preacher called for the Holy Spirit to descend. He again raised his arms and exclaimed: "Come down, Holy Spirit!" Still no sign of the dove. The preacher then heard the anxious voice of the small boy call down from the rafters: "Sir, a yellow cat just ate the Holy Spirit. Shall I throw down the yellow cat?"

—contributed by Ervin G. Roorda
via The Joyful Noiseletter

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Grandfather said that when he marched out of Mr. Lincoln's office, he would have charged the whole Confederate Army with nothing more deadly than a willow switch if the President had ordered it.

When he got outside he took off his new shoulder straps and put them in his pocket, because he didn't want to look like a freak with a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve and a captain's straps on his shoulders. On his way back to Willard's Hotel he got roundly chewed for not saluting a dandy-looking second lieutenant whose straps were so shiny that they couldn't have been more than a week old.

Grandfather explained to the lieutenant that it was hard to salute when you had both hands full of fruitcake.

The lieutenant didn't think that was very funny. "A sergeant in the United States Army has no right to be marching along Pennsylvania Avenue carrying a fruitcake," he said harshly. "It isn't military and it looks silly."

Grandfather assured the lieutenant that he didn't plan to make a permanent thing of it. He said that he had a long way yet to carry the cake and he was beginning to get tired of it already. He explained that he was hurrying to Willard's, where he planned to leave the cake while he went out and got into proper uniform.

The lieutenant's eyes took on a hopeful gleam. He inspected grandfather's uniform carefully. "Your uniform looks all right to me," he announced, "unless you're—ha, that's it! You must be a private masquerading as a noncommissioned officer!"

Grandfather sighed. "Hold the cake," he said, and the surprised lieutenant found himself holding the cake before he could bluster at taking orders from an enlisted man. Grandfather fished in his pocket and unrolled his commission. "Just the other way around, kind of," he said. "I'm a captain masquerading as a sergeant. Now let me see you try saluting me with your hands full of fruitcake. There's nothing in the regulations that covers such a situation—a serious oversight of the War Department," said grandfather, and he took his cake and walked off, leaving the lieutenant as crestfallen as the Sunday-school teacher who was caught writing naughty words on the courthouse door.

Grandfather left the cake at Willard's and went down the street to outfit himself in a style becoming his new rank. He said it took nearly everything but his train fare home, but he looked fine in a slouch hat with cold cord on it and sporting a shiny saber that he would probably never use—except for parades and when he pulled Officer of the Day.

Then he took the train for home to show himself off, and that was how he met grandmother for the first time. He picked a seat right across the aisle from a pretty young lady and her mother. Grandfather hadn't had much practice in wearing his saber and, as he was heading for his seat, the saber got tangled between his legs, he tripped and ended up sitting in the young lady's lap. He said he could probably have avoided landing on her, but he didn't want to risk smashing the cake, and anyway she looked pretty nice to fall on.

The way it turned out, both the young lady and her mother were good sports about it, and grandfather must have cut a pretty dashing figure in his new regalia, even if he did appear to be a bit eccentric with his fruitcake. Both ladies were hungry, having had no time for food before boarding, but they refused the offer of some cake when they learned that Mr. Lincoln had eaten the only slice. Grandfather showed them the paper to prove that he wasn't just an ordinary zany with delusions of grandeur.

He put the cake on the rack over his seat and was so engrossed in conversation with the young lady that he nearly forgot it when they got off to change trains at Philadelphia. He was down on the platform, and the empty cars were slowly gliding away when he remembered the cake and went tearing back after it, clutching his new hat with one hand and his new saber with the other. They had to stop the train to let him off, and he said the conductor was as mad as a cat caught in the rain.

The young lady and her mother were traveling to Boston, too, which made it fine with grandfather. When they got there, he almost lost the cake to two shoeshine boys who tried to swipe it when he placed it on a baggage wagon while he turned to help the ladies with their luggage. So grandfather had to clutch his hat and saber and start running again.

After he had seen the ladies to a carriage, he caught a horse car for

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home. He sat down next to an old gentleman and put the cake on the empty seat on his other side. The old gentleman, sizing up grandfather in his new regimentals, wanted to know how the war was going.

"Well," grandfather admitted, "I don't know much about the high-level stuff, but speaking as a sergeant—which I was up to yesterday morning—I'd say it isn't going too well."

"Ah," the old gentleman said, "seeing that you were a sergeant up to yesterday I won't hold your shoulder straps against you. I must say it's good to hear an Army man admit this war is being run in pretty shabby fashion. Why is it you people can't fight as well as the rebels?"

This graveled grandfather, who had done more than his share of fighting and had seen many a good man go down for the Union, from Ball's Bluff through Chancellorsville. He got hot under his new uniform collar and started telling the old man what it was like to "see the elephant," which was the term the soldiers used for combat in those days.

Grandfather was so worked up that he failed to notice the horse car stop and gulp up some more passengers. A fat woman loaded with bundles climbed on last and she headed for the empty seat next to grandfather with all the aim and dedication of a homing pigeon. Grandfather let out a yelp and grabbed his cake just before she sat on it. It scared the fat woman half out of her wits. He said she jumped about two feet straight up and three feet forward, spilled her bundles all over the car and ricocheted into a clergyman, who let out an anguished "whoosh!" when she flattened him against the side of the car just as neat as a wrinkle under a hot iron.

The fat woman, the old gentleman, the clergyman, the conductor and just about everybody on the horse car had some strong things to say about grandfather and soldiers in general, so he got off at the next corner and spent his last 50 cents on a hack to ride home in style—and safety.

Grandfather said it was the most nerve-racking trip he ever made, short of the famous Mud March right after Fredericksburg, but it was worth it because he met grandmother, and they were married right after Appomattox. He said she finally broke down and married him because she said that any man who could get into all that trouble with one fruitcake certainly needed a woman to look after him.

Cover to Cover

continued from page 58

an artist was chosen who could best graphically express a required theme in an area slightly less than one square inch. ("Think small," in other words, as Dohanos titled the stamp section of *American Realist, Stevan Dohanos*, his beautifully illustrated book of lifetime achievements.) The space for illustration was further limited by the title, the text, the name of the country, and the denomination of the stamp.

Many years after the event, Dohanos portrayed from memory his sons and their favorite tree house.

Other hindrances included the need for historical accuracy and a restriction on the number of colors the artist could use, but Dohanos enjoyed the challenge.

Philatelists may look for Dohanos' distinctive style in Cancer Crusade, Airlift ($1), U.S. Savings Bonds, Freedom From Hunger, and many Christmas stamps.

As Dohanos' stamps became miniature windows presenting America's past, present, and future, so do his covers prove better than words how little the artist missed in depicting the lifestyle of middle America at work, at play, and at war.

Many of the artist's original framed cover paintings are on display at the American Illustrators' Hall of Fame in Indianapolis. Here paintings are hung next to the actual covers so that visitors can see dramatic differences in color and size from the originals to the finished magazine covers. In the past two decades numerous cover artists including Stevan Dohanos have returned to see their paintings. Dohanos was particularly pleased to see his originals in all their glory preserved for posterity.

Stevan Dohanos, now semi-retired and living in Westport, Connecticut, once pointed out that magazine illustration, having come into its own, is looked upon as an important pictorial history of the American scene.

"It is my hope," he said, "that I have added my small share to the cultural repository."

Mozart

continued from page 85

the Archbishop did, and his stool remained dry.

Other water at Hellbrunn is put to more serious uses. The Mechanical Theatre, whose small figures are run by water power, shows the everyday life of a small baroque township, with all its guilds and trades, including a butcher killing a calf in the open street, a band playing, Gypsies dancing with a tame bear and the guard marching up and down in front of the town hall. A water organ plays an attractive chorale, almost drowning the hammering and noise of the stage characters.

Visitors to Hellbrunn should wear old clothes because the guide periodically turns on hidden faucets. Water from stag horns on a building entrance especially surprises people, as do the trompe l'oeil decorations in the banquet ball.

This year at the Salzburg Marionette Theatre, two-foot tall carved, painted, and exquisitely clothed actors will fight with swords, waltz together, write with quill pens, drink, and eat to Mozart's operas. When the lights dim on the diminutive stage in the 700-seat theater and the prerecorded music begins, the puppets come to life. They are less wooden than many real opera singers. Detailed sets suggest Cecil B. DeMille on a microscopic scale. Ten minutes into the program most people in the audience have forgotten they're watching wooden figures manipulated by puppeteers above the stage.

All of this is an effort to get visitors as immersed in Salzburg and Vienna as native son Mozart was immersed in his music. Despite his short life, Mozart and his music left powerful legacies in his home cities.

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Rocky Road

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52nd Street back in New York, he said, "Just remember that even though you have a loud voice, even though your voice may reach 16 million people every time you speak, that doesn't make you any *smarter* than you were when your voice only reached the end of this bar." Those who work in the celebrity-making craft of television news ought to remember Murrow's dictum. Overweening pride is an occupational hazard.

Of course, sometimes there is an advantage to being recognized. The police chief of Nebraska City, Nebraska, paid us a visit as we were parking the bus on the main street to film the Arbor Day parade.

The Chief: "You shouldn't park here, you'll get in the parade's way."

I: "Well, we sure do need to, Chief."

The Chief: "Say, you're that 'On The Road' feller, aren't you? Well, h---, all right then, go ahead."

But in general, we try to slip into town quietly, do our work unobtrusively and make our getaway before the Rotary Club invites us to lunch or the mayor shows up with the key to the city. And we try to make sure the story we are working on ends up being about the subject of the story and never about ourselves.

With respect to my own appearances on camera, we have adopted the Tricycle Principle. We were somewhere in the Midwest, watching the local news on the television set in the bus before going out to supper. There was a feature about a children's tricycle race, cute little toddlers pedaling away and bumping into one another, an appealing story pretty well filmed and edited.

Izzy said, "You know what? Before this is over, the reporter is going to ride a tricycle."

"Oh, no!" I said. "That would ruin the whole thing."

Sure enough, the reporter signed off in close-up with a silly grin, the camera pulled back to show that he was perched on a tricycle, and he turned and pedaled clumsily away, making inane what had, until then, been charming. The anchor couple came on laughing to sign off the show.

The Tricycle Principle is simple: "When doing a tricycle story, don't ride a tricycle." The story is about

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children, dummy, not about you. Keep yourself out of it. Try to control your immodesty.

Even when some guy in a bar is buying you a beer.

Even when a smiling stranger comes up to you with a grease pen wanting you to autograph his chain saw.

Fitness

continued from page 45

tummy, and that's all right. Women are supposed to have that. I like having a well-defined waistline. It isn't as small as it used to be, but it's in proportion.

These days, I'm not wild about the way my arms look in short sleeves. I have terrific muscles in my arms from gardening, but there are areas of loose skin that are just genetic. After a certain age, it's more becoming for a woman to have a little extra on her upper arms, and have a well-rounded face, rather than a face that's scrawny and gaunt from dieting, that has lost its skin tone. I have friends who live in fear of their scales, as if those inanimate measuring devices had some sort of power to affect the quality of their lives. Let's keep some perspective and remember that the goal is to be healthy and attractive.

A few years ago, I was invited to host the Tony awards. That evening celebrates excellence in the theater, and I reasoned, the theater's a theatrical place. So why shouldn't I look theatrical for the evening? I went to the wonderful Hollywood designer Bob Mackie for a gown. Everybody said, "Bob Mackie! You don't want to come out looking like Cher!" I said, "Well, there's nothing wrong with looking like Cher; however, I want to look like Angela Lansbury, but with all of the drama and excitement and that heightened, larger-than-life look that we expect from the theater." Bob Mackie really came through. He made me a fabulous slinky, elegant, feminine gown. I've never had such a reaction to a show in my entire career as I did from that appearance. The telephone calls and letters poured in. People I hadn't heard from in years called me up and said, "Good heavens, Angie, what did you do to yourself?" They were absolutely floored. They were as excited and as thrilled, and got as much of a kick out of it as I did. It really was lovely. But it also put the fear of God in me, because I thought, "Good heavens, I'm going to have to keep this up now. Usually I've been able to slink out in a caftan or something rather nice but very played down. Now I'll really have to watch my figure. Every time I step out of the box I'm going to have to come out in another sensational gown."

After the hoopla died down, I realized that, as always, I'd fare best if I merely continued to do what felt right for me. If I believed the occasion warranted, I could go for drop-dead glamour again. Or not. And if I was going to stay in shape, it was because I wanted to, not because I felt the pressure of having to look a certain way. I think what's important isn't so different for anyone who isn't in show business. We want to eat well to look good, to be healthy and have energy, to enjoy life with those we love. If that requires eating tofu ice cream instead of the real thing most of the time, that seems a fair price to me.

Hooked

continued from page 67

time. Often one of the decoys is made to the exact minimum length established for sturgeon (currently 45 inches) so the fishermen will know immediately when a legal-sized fish swims into view. Other general size ranges are 12 to 18 inches.

Sturgeon are now known to chase live fish, but apparently it doesn't take much to get their curiosity up. Some coaxers from this region are no more than a long, brightly painted piece of weighted wood. Another decoy discovered here was made from a bowling pin. And—giving a whole new meaning to bottom fishing—some fishermen have even been known to use toilet seats to attract fish.

In contrast to the big, crude decoy creations from around Lake Winnebago, the fish carved by the Ojibway Indians at Lac du Flambeau, about 200 miles north, are relatively small and precise.

"I think they're the most interesting decoys of all," says Kimball, "because they have to work right. I mean, normally there's only one line tie on them, so with a wood tail it's got to swim in just the right circle. It has to be made and weighted very carefully, which is a task."

To the west, in Minnesota, where the lake tally is more than 10,000, there are at least that many different varieties of decoys for collectors to discover.

"Minnesota probably has more different styles of fish than any other state," says Kimball. "There are probably more spearfishermen, per capita, than anywhere. The decoys are often more colorful, more folksy, and generally brighter—probably because they get a lot of use in the dark-tinted water; and because the fishermen are after northern pike, which like bright colors.

"You can also see ethnic differences throughout the state," Kimball continues. "You can even tell a Norwegian's fish from a Swede's. The Indian fish there vary from tribe to tribe. Most of them are wood-burned, straight fish with metal finds."

The Gopher State also has the distinction of producing more "critter" decoys in the shape of frogs, mice, gophers, muskrats, crawdads, salamanders, turtles, and even butterflies and ducks.

With the rich spearfishing tradition in Minnesota and the other Great Lakes states, the region is clearly at the center of the fish decoy world. But New York fish make strong showings of their own on occasion—at least from a collector's point of view. Last summer, a Lake Chautau-

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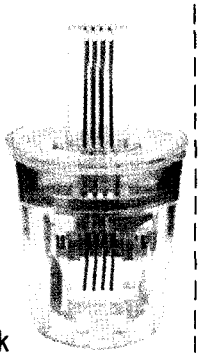

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qua fish sold for what was then a world-record auction price for a fish decoy: $6,600.

These western New York fish were often characterized by a through-the-body line tie and a leather tail. They were usually painted in dark, subdued tones.

Steve Michaan, a collector from New York, has amassed one of the finest line-ups of Lake Chautauqua fish in existence. In fact, coupled with his assemblage of top-notch works by Oscar Peterson and the legends of Mount Clemens, such as Hans Janner, Sr., he has what he unflinchingly calls the best collection of fish decoys in the world—in terms of its quality.

But Michaan, who has collected everything from Tiffany lamps to antique reels over the years, didn't get hooked on fish decoys one piece at a time. He went to the Donald Trump school of collecting.

"I started watching the duck decoy market, not knowing, in my mind—and I still don't know, to tell you the truth—if there is any connection between fish decoys and duck decoys," says Michaan. "But early on I figured there might be some relation. At that point, a pair of ducks sold at auction for about $80,000 or $90,000, and then I really started paying attention to the fish. I bought a few here and there, and then at Oliver's (an auction house for sporting collectibles) about three summers ago, a duck decoy went for $319,000. So I said, 'Okay, if that's what's happening here, then fish have to be next.' That was in July of 1987, and that September I bought a major collection of Oscar Peterson decoys, totaling about 250 pieces."

Michaan, a real estate developer by profession, then set out to build his fish decoy empire, buying as many of the top pieces that he could find. Today his collection, which is valued in the millions, makes up the bulk of the decoys shown at the Museum of American Folk Art exhibit.

Where does he expect the fish decoy field to be ten years from now?

"Where the duck decoys are now," he says. "I'd say the top ducks are selling for $100,000 now, on average. I think that the fish can do the same thing."

But, let's face it, unless they win the lottery, most people don't have a few thousand dollars to invest in a wooden fish. Don't worry. There are thousands of decoys floating around the country that can be had for a fraction of that amount—less than $100.

Where do you find them? Just about anywhere—flea markets, antique boutiques, sport shops, garage sales—who knows, maybe even your grandpa's attic.

But be warned—there are a flood of fakes on the market today. If you're really serious about starting your own collection of genuine, old fish decoys, you should use the same principles that Michaan applies to buying museum-quality pieces.

First, once you've read everything you can about fish decoys, try to find an area to specialize in. Soon you'll discover carvers and styles within each region that you especially enjoy.

Before you buy your first fish, make sure you're doing business with a reputable dealer. If you have any question about the authenticity of a decoy, don't hesitate to get a second opinion.

In time, you will create your own mini-empire of artful fish, full of life and history, that will last for generations to come.

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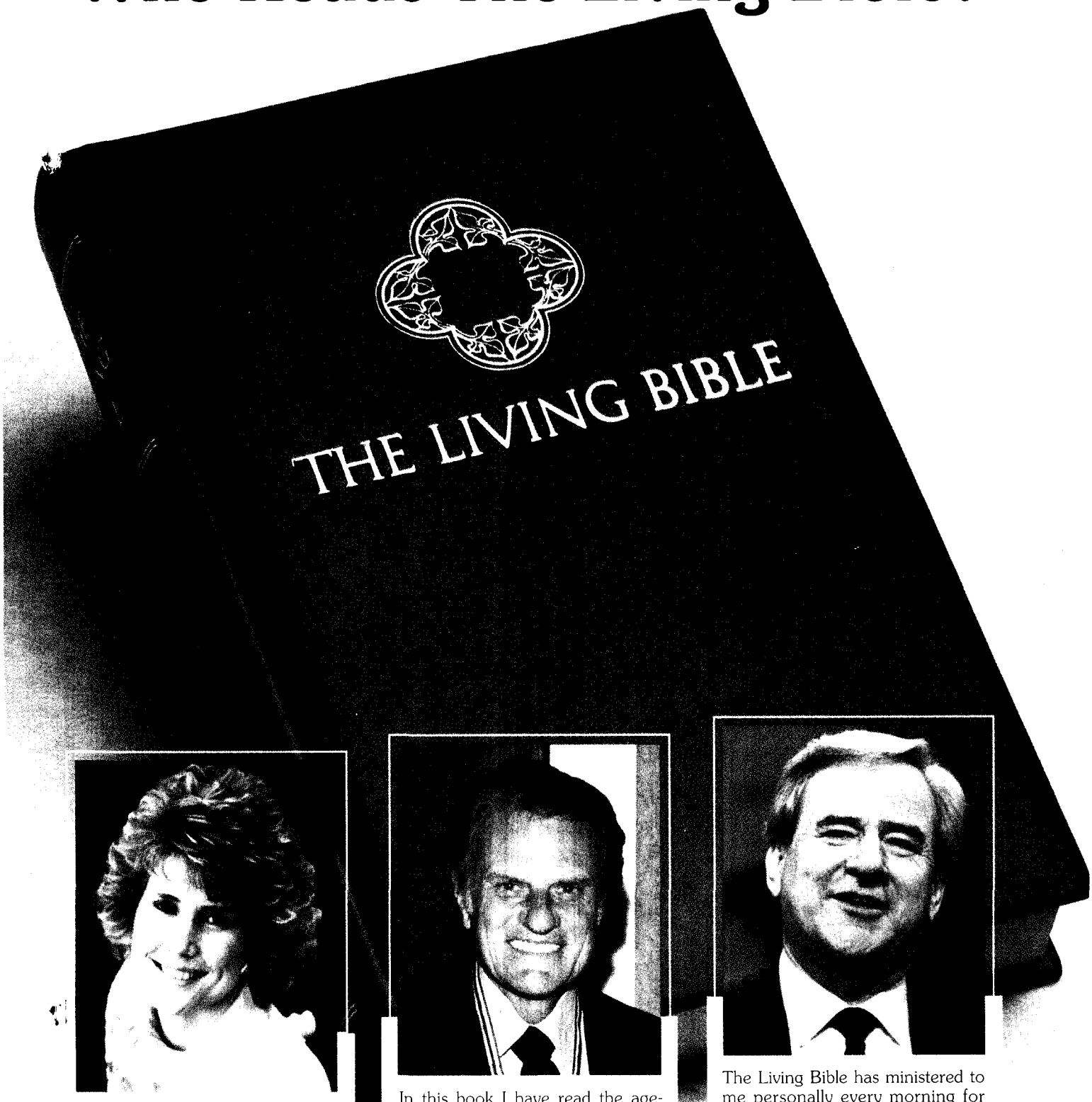

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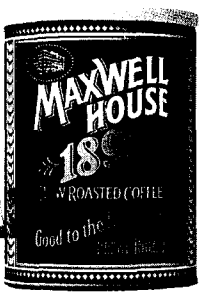

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